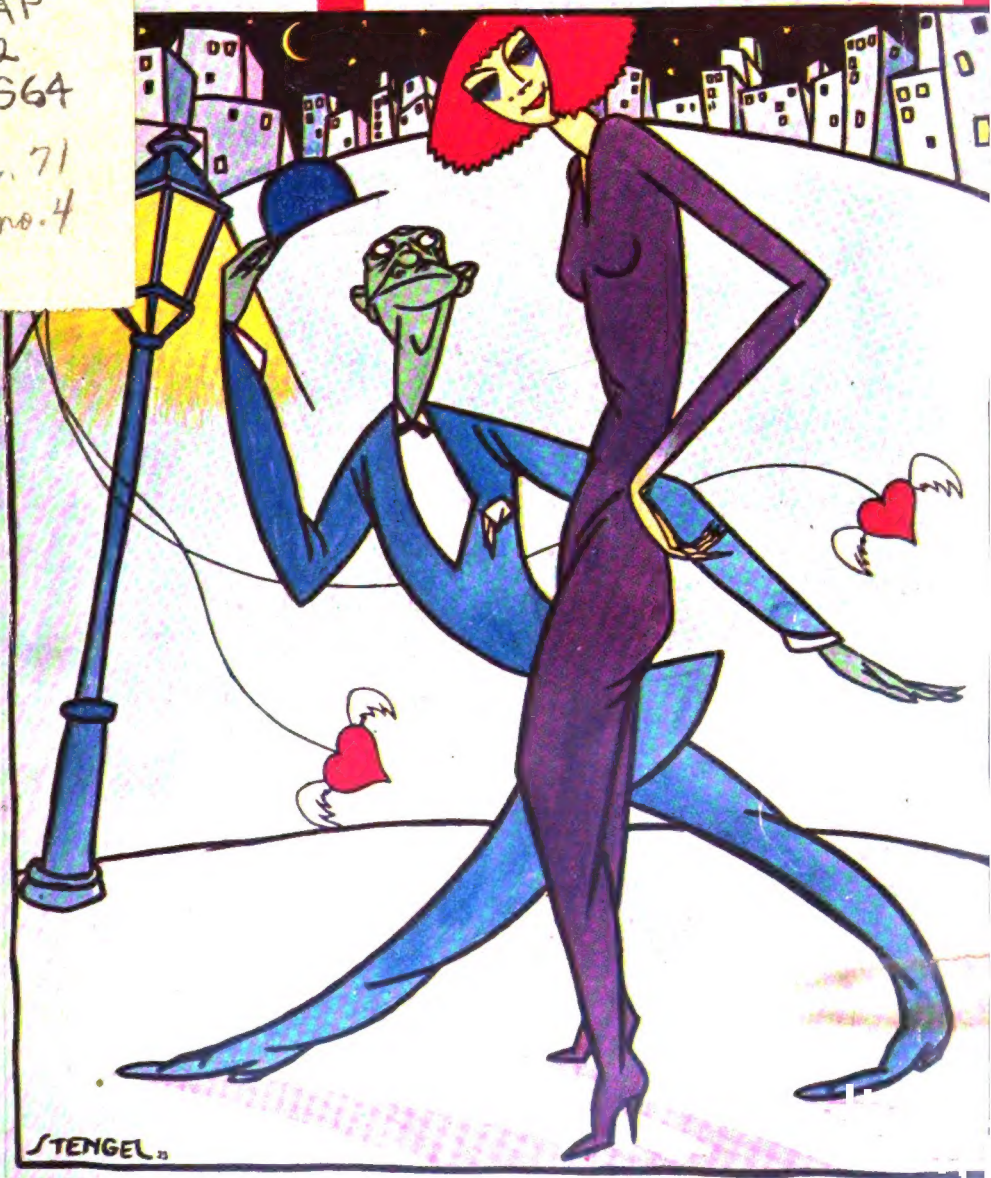


# The SMART EX

Edited by  
George Jean Nathan  
and  
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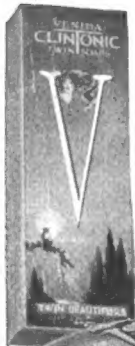
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## Vacation Time Is ClinTonic Time

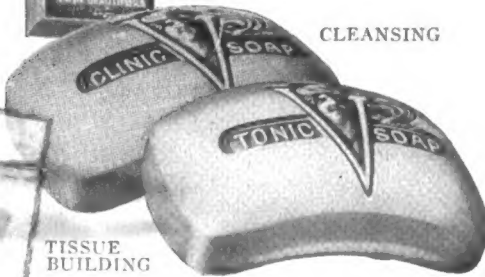
Vacation time! Outdoor life plays havoc with your complexion. The harsh sun burns your skin; brings freckles out, too. Motoring and Sports such as tennis, golf and other strenuous outdoor exercise are attended by more or less dust absorption and windburn, either of which is bound to affect your skin.

The latest and most successful beauty aid yet found is the ClinTonic method of cleansing your skin. It is successful, due no doubt to the fact that this new method not only cleanses your skin antiseptically, but nourishes it just as the best of creams do. Your skin becomes fresh and clear.



CLEANSING

TISSUE  
BUILDING



Physicians declare the Venida ClinTonic Twin Soaps to be the most hygienic beauty aids yet discovered! Even beauty specialists concede the merits of these two fragrant cakes of soap. And those discriminating women who have already used them will tell you how easy it is to keep your complexion good, or to improve your poor complexion with these soaps, and how inexpensive.

VENIDA  
CLINTONIC  
TWIN SOAPS

**SPECIAL!** Ask for Venida ClinTonic Twin Soaps at your druggist or department store, or wherever Venida Hair Nets are sold. If you are not conveniently supplied, send us twenty-five cents in stamps and your retailer's name and we will supply you direct. We guarantee that you will like these soaps, or we will refund your money without question.

THE RIESER CO., INC., 220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

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FASHION DICTATES, SOCIETY APPROVES—Venida Hair Nets

---

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# Get Ready For a Big Pay Job

# Be an Electrical Expert

Men like you are needed right now to fill big-paying jobs in the electrical field. There never was a time when opportunities for money-making were as good as they are now. Good jobs are open everywhere to men who know "what's what." Electrical Experts earn from \$12 to \$30 a day. Even the ordinary electricians get top-notch pay. Why don't you get in on this and get a real man's size job now? With my simplified Electrical Course I can quickly fit you to hold one. Read W. E. Pence's letter below. This is only one of thousands of such letters I have received.

*Earn  
\$75 to \$200  
a Week*

## You Can Be a Big Money Maker

I have trained over 20,000 men in electricity—thousands of successful men all over the world attribute their success to my training. I can make you successful too. In fact I will guarantee your success. If you will follow my home study course you can become an expert, drawing a fat salary, in the same time it takes you to get a little raise in the work you are doing now.

**Jumps  
From \$125  
A Month to  
\$750 and  
Over**  
**READ**  
the Story of  
**W. E. Pence**



**W. E. Pence**  
in his working togs

**Mr Cooke:—**

When I enrolled with you less than a year ago I was a common mechanic earning \$25 to \$30 a week. Today I am an "Electrical Expert" with a business of my own that gives me a clear profit of over \$750 a month.

I have more work than I can do. The people around Chehalis come to me to fix their starters, generators and ignition troubles because they know that I know how to do it right.

My success, I owe to you, Mr. Cooke. The thorough practical training which you gave me through your Easily-learned Home Study Course in Electricity has made me an independent, highly respected business man in this community. Sincerely yours, W. E. Pence.

Chehalis, Wash.,  
Oct. 9, 1921

## Age or Lack of Education No Handicap

No matter how old or how young you are, or what education you have, there is a real future for you in electricity. If you can read and write I can put you on the road to success. I can help you to a position that will make people admire you and look up to you.

## Cash In on Your Spare Time

Use your spare time to get a better job. Most of us have enough spare time every day to sell a little at about \$10.00 an hour. Sell some to yourself at this price. Watch how quick you will earn the money back if you put the time into study.

## Electrical Working Outfit Free

Every man who enrolls for my electrical course gets a big outfit of tools, material and instruments free. This includes an electric motor and other things not usually found in a beginner's outfit. These are the same tools and the same material you will use later in your work. Everything practical and good right from the start.

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## Act Right Now

Let me send you my big free book giving details of the opportunities electricity offers you and a sample lesson also free. Mail the coupon and get this at once.

Learn how other men "got themselves ready to hold good paying jobs" and how I can help you do the same. This is your big chance—take it.

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....



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# How Do You Look In a Bathing Suit?

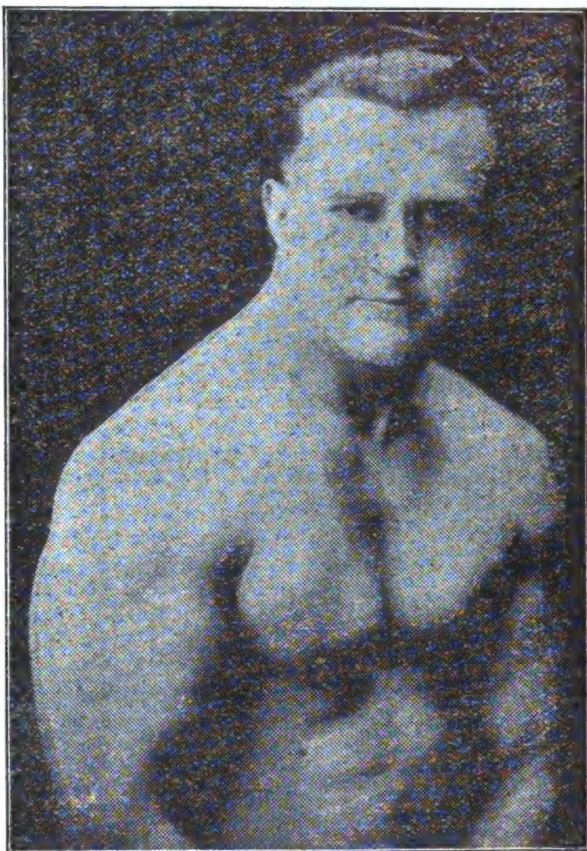
**T**HE good old swimming days are here. Oh, boy! But it's great to rip off the old shirt, into your suit and take the splash. But what a shock to some of the poor girls when they see their heroes come out with flat chests and skinny arms instead of the robust frames they expected to see.

## You Can't Fool Them

Don't try to make excuses. You should have knobs on your arms like a baseball. A fine protector you would make, when you can't even fight your own battles. What are you going to do? She is going to find you out.

## Look Your Best

It's not too late. I can save you yet. It means hard work and plenty of it, but think of the results. In just 30 days I am going to add one full inch to your biceps. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I am going to broaden out those shoulders and put real pep into your old backbone. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye, showing you to be a real, live man. Before summer is past you won't recognize your former self. You will have a physique to be really proud of. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on and make me prove it.



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Dept. 1708, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly).

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# Mysterious Gland Governs Your Weight

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Excess weight and fatness in both men and women is now generally ascribed by scientists to defective functioning of certain endocrine glands. Metabolism is dependent upon the secretions of these glands—the secretions making possible the assimilation of those elements in the blood which are considered vital to a correctly proportioned body.



*It is impossible for the fat person to dress attractively.*

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*Correct weight and proportions bring that fashionable slenderness.*

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Don't send any money, but just your name and address to H. C. Haist, 3464 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and it will be mailed immediately under plain wrapper.

If you want to reduce 10 pounds or 100, you should accept this introductory offer before it is withdrawn, as it is fully guaranteed, never costs you anything, and does not obligate you in any way.

# Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can't afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair this special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25c. a package at toilet counters or postpaid direct. J. W. Kobl Co., 153 Spring Street, Seattle, Wash.

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you immediately destroy Fat at its source!

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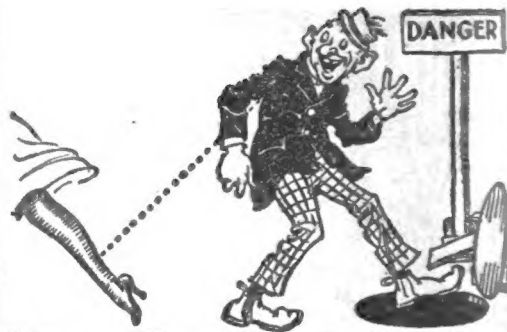
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No. 4

# The SMART SET

The  
*Aristocrat  
Among  
Magazines*



## The Crusader

*By Mary Jane Hammett*

BERT PIRTLE fidgeted impatiently with his newspaper until the last loose thread had been severed by his wife's little sharp teeth, and with a gesture of finality she had taken off her thimble; then he bore the robe off to the bedroom.

Drawing it down over his head and shoulders before the bureau glass, he perceived that a miracle had taken place: suddenly, as the folds of the garment had settled, Bert Pirtle had been whisked away, was gone from this room wherein every night for seven years he had slept with his wife. In the place where he had been stood a stranger, though perhaps not a strange man, for the newcomer seemed rather a spirit, a symbol, than a thing of frail bone and flesh. The figure within the white robe—if figure it really was—loomed larger

and taller than the vanished Bert Pirtle had ever been, and was for all its shapelessness more pronouncedly existent. Out of twin holes—neatly finished with button-hole stitching—in the peaked hood eyes burned with an almost ineffable glow of holy purpose. It was not a man that stood before the mirror now, but a spirit: the spirit of a nation, even a race.

As he stood there, not moving, Bert Pirtle saw a vision. In one of his old school-books had been a picture of a Crusader, a white surcoat bearing a large cross worn over his armor. He remembered the picture now, not only remembered it but faced it across the oak top of the bureau. For the first time he visualized that Crusader, realized the wonderful pageantry of the Crusades, really saw the flower of Christendom

—separate identities lost within iron helms even as his own selfness was lost behind white sheeting—moving in a strangely clear white light toward Jerusalem.

Beyond the lone figure in the foreground the glass held long marching columns, massive phalanxes of men who were iron under their snowy robes with emblazoned scarlet crosses going out to meet the Saracen; sunlight glinting on weapons and trappings of gold and silver and on plumes and banners of green and crimson and purple; dust swirling behind and overhead. And somewhere in one of those sacred regiments was he who had once been Bert Pirtle but who now was simply—with an almost divine simplicity—a knight.

He was unused to dreams of such intensity—the Bert Pirtle who stood in front of the bureau mirror—his body quivered, he breathed gulpingly, perspiration started from his pores. Never had he known such exaltation, not even at the initiation

the night before, when he had stood on Nigger Hill among a white-shrouded throng, grotesque in the light of a gigantic bonfire, listening to and repeating a long, strange, inspiring, and not easily comprehensible oath.

Presently the swirling dust blotted out the files of men in the mirror and then out of the saffron cloud came a single rider all in white upon a white charger—another who rode in a Cause. A second school-day memory came to the man who dreamed; under the white hood his mouth muttered a name. "Galahad!"

The bedroom door opened. A baby tripped over the sill, thudded in a heap on the floor, rolled into the room, and bounced to its feet with awkward lightness. The child's eyes widened at the sight of the figure before the bureau, two pink palms beat the air, a shriek of pure ecstasy came from its mouth. It tottered across the floor toward the man, gurgling joyously:

"Peekaboo! Papa play peekaboo!"



**B**RUNETTES believe in suffocating their victims. Blondes accomplish the same effect by attrition.



**T**HE most comical sight in the world is the spectacle of a serious man talking to a red-headed woman.



**T**HE most unreliable statement in the world is a fat woman's account of what she eats.



# Pilgrimage

[*A Complete Novelette*]

By *F. Hugh Herbert*

## I

**I**F Agnes Lancing had enjoyed the gift of seeing herself as others saw her, she would have been extraordinarily interested, and also, being very intolerant, she would have found a score of excellent reasons for disapproving of what she saw. But she would never have recognized herself. Acute mental myopia was not the least of the disadvantages under which Miss Lancing labored.

She was a lanky, angular, big boned woman, with a mass of untidy, coarse, brown hair, and a loud, rather harsh but cheerful and not unpleasant voice. She walked, and moved about with the utter lack of grace and the same vigor as a young colt. She had a habit, too, of throwing back her head, and displaying her excellent but prominent teeth when she laughed, which was also rather suggestive of a horse.

You had only to look at Agnes Lancing in her tasteless and inappropriate clothes and listen to her conversation for two minutes, and then you knew immediately that she was a school-teacher. It was stamped all over her; with every gesture and thought she radiated the aura of a pedagogue.

Agnes had become a teacher because she had had the sense to realize that it was about the only profession open to a girl of her type. She had neither the inclination nor the aptitude for a business career. Her mind worked too slowly for a bookkeeper, and her fingers too slowly for a stenographer. There was only one other thing that she

might possibly have become—a hospital nurse. She had contemplated that in high school, but she was nauseated by the smell of disinfectant and the sight of blood unnerved her. So she became a teacher, and, as the years passed, she congratulated herself upon her choice. It was an easy, agreeable life, and made small demands upon her limited education. At thirty she was teaching the eighth grade, and was everywhere considered a capable and efficient teacher. She was very popular with her children, particularly with the girls.

Outside of her work, in which she took a very deep interest, there were two great influences in her life. First, there was her inseparable friend and roommate, Betty Marsh, and second, there was her ancient and battered, but still smoothly running Ford coupé.

Agnes was an orphan, and more or less resigned to the fact that, miracles excepted, she was destined to remain single. Betty, therefore, received all the love and devotion which, under different circumstances, would have found the other and more natural channels. The Ford coupé, Miss Lancing's second love, was, in a manner of speaking, her rather plucky grin of defiance in the face of a world which was not overkind to unattractive and underpaid school-teachers. In moments of depression, during school, or when she came into contact with pretty women or wealthy people, Miss Lancing felt vaguely that life had not given her a square deal; but when she rode in her coupé, with Betty by her side, she felt the equal of every-



one, in culture, looks and wealth, and she was happy. Every jolt of the bumpy little machine was a form of massage to her wilted self-esteem.

Her friendship with Betty Marsh had lasted now for ten years and was, by all counts, the biggest and finest thing in her life. Betty was also a teacher, but you would not necessarily have guessed it by her appearance or conversation. She was a gentle, timid, little person, with soft brown eyes like a trustful baby's, and she might have been almost pretty if Nature, in turning up her nose, had not also unduly prolonged her chin. This gave her a profile that was a continual and irresistible temptation to embryo artists in her classes at school. Nearly every week she had to confiscate the work of some budding caricaturist who had started to commit her features to paper under cover of a conveniently propped geography book. Betty, who had a catholic sense of humor, was always amused to note that even the poorest of their efforts was a fair likeness.

She was four years younger than Agnes Lancing, whom she had met when she was sixteen. She appealed very strongly to all that was masculine in Agnes—which was considerable—and the older girl had immediately responded to that appeal. The result was their ten-year-old friendship which, despite many a quarrel, had survived until today. Betty, of course, had been flattered at first by the obvious devotion of a girl four years her senior, and even now, when four years made little difference, traces of this feeling still remained.

But though Betty was content to let Agnes lead while she followed, to let Agnes speak while she echoed, to let Agnes decide while she concurred; it was Betty, nevertheless, who really called the tune to which their friendship was set. For while Betty was indispensable to Agnes, and was, in fact, the sun round which she revolved, Agnes was by no means indispensable to Betty. Indeed, there were many times when Betty would have welcomed a dissolu-

tion of their friendship. Agnes allowed her no privacy, mental, physical or spiritual. She wanted to share her every thought, emotion and experience and she expressed this in so aggressive, yet hungry and pathetic a manner, that Betty was filled with mingled irritation and pity.

Young girls married to excessively devoted middle-aged men feel much the same way that Betty did. The love they enjoy becomes first an embarrassment, and then an intolerable yoke. But, if they are sensible, they force themselves to become accustomed to it and accept it with grace. To be adored, while it may become irksome, is none the less gratifying. And Betty was very sensible and also very loyal. She permitted Agnes to adore her, and in return gave a very fair simulation of love.

It fooled Agnes completely. She quite thought that the balance of affection was pretty even. After all, who played a greater part in Betty's life than she did? No one. They had lived together, closer than sisters, for ten years. Betty, like Agnes, was an orphan. In fact, it was just after Betty's mother died that Agnes had come along, and wrapped her up in the warm, comforting, if somewhat stifling blanket of her love.

They were both small town girls. A drowsy little California town had given them birth, and within its narrowed confines they had lived and taught school, their serenity scarce disturbed by dreams of bigger, finer things. They took life as it came, placidly and philosophically, with its shadows, as represented by cranky principals and troublesome children, and its high lights as represented chiefly by the Ford coupé.

It is significant that Agnes had saved the sum necessary to buy that luxury without any assistance from Betty, and yet Betty used the car perhaps more than Agnes. Agnes didn't mind. She liked Betty to use her car, and Betty, nothing loath, took full advantage of her friend's generosity. Indeed, Betty traded shrewdly and not infrequently upon her advantageous position as the

passive, tolerant party to their friendship. Though she made a pretense of being rather helpless and undecided, she managed to avoid doing anything which did not quite suit her, and she generally got what she wanted. When necessary, she made Agnes jealous by feigning a deep attachment for some other girl, until Agnes, in desperation, conceded the point in question.

They had both had love affairs that never got them anywhere, the sort of fleeting, halting affairs that almost every girl experiences. They had told each other at the time of these pale, anemic amours, and after the fashion of sex-starved women had exaggerated enormously the erotic significance of their several reactions. These affairs had taken place five or six years ago, but they still pawed over their memories with passionate introspection and inhaled with a rather bitter joy the old pink dust of sentimentality.

Today, though she was four years younger than Agnes, and had a pretty little figure, with ankles and shoulders that were worthy of a second look, Betty was far less interested in men than her friend, or at least, affected to be less interested. You could never tell with Betty. She was a remarkably agile and adept *poseuse*.

Agnes, with her great bony frame, her unlovely hair, and large, coarse-featured face, still clung to the faint hope that she might one day find a husband. She didn't make herself miserable because at the moment he had failed to put in an appearance. She had not the hungry, sour, starved look of many a woman compelled to admit that she is an old maid. For that matter, she did not consider herself an old maid. She was only thirty. Lots of girls didn't marry till they were thirty-five or more. She was an exceptional girl in her own opinion.

Agnes and Betty might have continued to round out their harmless, pleasant, uninspired little lives in their little California town, and their story would never have been written, if some property which Betty inherited from a

distant relative had not become involved in litigation in New York. It was only a little property, a couple of thousand dollars, but it required Betty's presence in New York. Betty was indifferent.

"Let them fight it out themselves. I don't care what happens to it," she declared. But Agnes wouldn't hear of it. She insisted that Betty should go.

"Oh, all right," said Betty wearily, "but you've got to come with me."

"I tell you what," suggested Agnes with sudden enthusiasm, her voice breaking with excitement at the staggering suggestion, "let's you and I go to New York together and stay there for a year to teach! Oh, Betty, let's do that—it would be wonderful, and I'm sure the principal can arrange it for us—they often exchange teachers—I'm just crazy to go East—do let's, Betty!"

Betty looked at the radiant, flushed face of her friend.

"All right, Ag," she agreed, "that's quite an idea—but you'll have to do everything. I wouldn't know where to start. My goodness, I've never left this town since I was born and that's an awful trip all the way to New York!"

"Oh, but it'll be wonderful," said Agnes, and gave her friend a fierce hug of joy.

Betty smiled tolerantly and tidied her hair.

"My, but you're a rough thing, Ag," she said.

## II

So Agnes Lancing and Betty Marsh, three months later, found themselves living in a different world, marveling greatly at its wonders. To you and me, who know the place, its wonders are not so apparent, for it happened to be Flushing, Long Island, but to the two small-town girls from the West it seemed like a different universe.

They lived at The Towers, which called itself a hotel, but which was really nothing more than an overgrown boarding-house. Nobody knew why it was called The Towers, because it was a large, very ordinary frame building, and

certainly nothing so radical as a tower had ever intruded upon the architect's serenity. However, "The Towers" sounded well and looked well on the letterheads and descriptive folders, and it was acknowledged to be one of the nicest family hotels in Flushing.

It harbored the usual medley of humanity of which boarding-houses are composed the world over. There were young married couples waiting to move into houses they were building in the neighborhood, but which never seemed to reach completion; there were widows, both merry and morose, some with marriageable daughters and others under no obligation to be pleasant; there were elderly couples who looked as if they had lived in boarding-houses all their lives; there were voluble, aggressive old ladies who looked as if they kept boarding-houses themselves and were merely taking a holiday; there were cranky old gentlemen who had to have special food and who were either deaf, crippled, irritable, apoplectic or otherwise afflicted; there were the usual young people who flirted on the porches and shot craps on the stairs to a chorus of subdued giggles and exaggerated slang, and, in addition to Agnes and Betty, there were two other teachers.

Nobody could quite make them out when they first came. They had been several weeks before they started work, during which they had gone into New York every day to a *matinée* or a movie or a shopping orgy. Betty's litigation had been rapidly settled and after deducting attorney's fees, she had found herself with some fifteen hundred dollars in cash. As usual, she had given it straight to Agnes. She hated responsibility.

"You keep it for me, Ag—I don't want to be bothered. Let's just have a wonderful time with it till school starts."

For several days after Agnes and Betty arrived at The Towers the guests went around and asked each other, "Have you seen the new girls in room 28?" to which the invariable reply had been, "Yes—what *are* they?" Nobody

seemed to know. They puzzled The Towers for over a week.

"I'm sure they must be heiresses," said Bobby Wick one evening, as the guests sat on the porch discussing them. "They haven't a thing to do, but gad about New York every day and night, going to all the theatres."

"Heiresses my eye!" opined Mr. Fenton. "Have you seen the queer clothes the big one wears? There's one dress that looks as if a cross-eyed carpenter had cut it out of a Navajo blanket with a blunt penknife! Heiresses, indeed!"

"That's what makes me think they're heiresses," replied the imperturbable Mr. Wick. "Only millionaires can afford to wear such impossible clothes."

"Why should heiresses come to live at this dump?" inquired Mr. Fenton.

"Oh, they come from some little hick town and don't know any better. They probably think it's a fashionable hotel!" explained Mr. Wick. He had a plausible explanation for everything.

But several days later everybody knew what they were, the effect of which knowledge was to make them all inquire of each other why they hadn't thought of that before. It seemed so obvious.

"Why, of course!" said Bobby Wick when they told him. "Obviously! They couldn't be anything else."

"You said they were heiresses," Mr. Fenton reminded him.

"I see no reason to change my opinion," said Mr. Wick. "They are probably doing it for love. What could be sweeter?" That was one of Mr. Wick's favorite phrases. That and "What can I do *you* for?"

A jovial fellow was Mr. Wick.

### III

THE first person who made friendly overtures to the girls, and who invited them to her room, was one of the other teachers. She was a Miss Baker, a faded, but vivacious, little blonde, who was very popular in the hotel. She had the room next to theirs, and one evening, after explaining to them the eti-



quette of precedence in the one bathroom on their floor, she asked them to come into her room.

When she had settled them comfortably she produced a box of cigarettes, and offered them around.

Agnes became very red. She had never smoked a cigarette in her life, and had always regarded women who did so as beyond redemption. She didn't know why she felt that way about it, but she just did. On the other hand, since coming East so many strange things had happened to her, and she had been given cause so frequently to reflect upon her very narrow existence before her trip, that she hesitated to admit that she held such a prejudice.

"Don't you smoke?" inquired Miss Baker, noting Agnes' hesitation.

Agnes was still a little uncertain. She wondered whether Miss Baker was "trying them out," as it were, testing them and their habits. She blushed furiously. "Not tonight, thank you," she prevaricated. "I've a terrible throat—I don't think I'll—"

"You'll have one with me," Miss Baker interrupted, turning to Betty.

To Agnes' amazement, Betty accepted one, lit it and puffed away with absolute nonchalance.

Agnes was unable to contain her astonishment.

"Why, Betty," she blurted, "you've never smoked before. I never knew you smoked. You shouldn't smoke! I never knew!"

Betty bit her lip with annoyance. "Lots of things you don't know, Ag," she said coldly, and, ignoring her friend, plunged into an intimate and animated conversation with Miss Baker, which lasted half an hour. Agnes remained throughout on the fringe of their conversation.

When they had said good night to Miss Baker, and were alone in their room the storm broke.

"What do you want to smoke for—showing off like that! You know it isn't right. You always promised me you wouldn't smoke!" Agnes stormed.

"And what do you want to mortify

and humiliate me for?" cried Betty, shrilly. "Can't I smoke a cigarette if I want to without your permission? Can't I do as I like—must you always interfere? I don't want them to think me an unsophisticated little hick, even if you do! I'm East now, and I'm going to do as the girls do here! I wish I'd come East long ago, then I might be married now, and have a husband instead of an old crank like you!"

"Why, Betty," Agnes faltered, "why, Betty, I'm sorry, dear, I'm awfully sorry if I've said anything—I didn't mean—I'm *terribly* sorry—"

In a minute she was all contrition, fearful only of losing her adored friend.

Betty threw herself on the bed and began to cry. When Agnes stooped over her and tried to gather her in her arms, she pushed her away.

"Go away—leave me alone—leave me alone—that's all I ask! Leave me alone!" Her voice rose to a shriek.

In silence Agnes undressed and crawled into her bed, cold fear in her heart. She knew these moods of Betty's. They had been getting worse of late. She lay awake for hours, listening to the gentle breathing that indicated Betty was sleeping with her accustomed calm.

Toward the morning, when Agnes, after an agony of vague but none the less harrowing self-reproach, had fallen into a troubled sleep, Betty woke up, feeling extremely cold. Her feet in particular were almost frozen. She lay very still, trying to summon the energy to get up and find additional covers. Over in the next bed she heard Agnes' jerky, wheezing little breaths, interspersed with queer valvular whimperings. She had known this species of breathing now for ten years. It always annoyed her, when she heard it, which was seldom, for she was a sound sleeper. It reminded her of the breathing of a fox-terrier she had once had, a fox-terrier which suffered from asthma and died as a result of this affliction.

For several minutes she lay still, debating whether to wake Agnes, so that the latter could turn over on another

side and breathe with less sibilance. Then she remembered their quarrel. She had been rather unreasonable and unkind to Agnes, she recalled.

It would be nice to make up their quarrel now, she thought. And anyway, her feet were cold and Agnes would certainly find her another blanket.

"Ag!" she whispered, and tugged at her friend's bedclothes.

Agnes woke up with a start and sat bolt upright in bed, quavering.

"W-what is it?" she asked, through chattering teeth, groping blindly for the electric light.

"Ag—it's nothing—it's only me," whispered Betty. "I—I thought you were awake. I wanted to tell you I was sorry I was so mean to you last night."

"Why, you dear little thing—" Agnes, who had now found the light, was already out of bed and kneeling at Betty's side. "You dear thing—" she murmured, putting her arms tightly around her friend. "That's perfectly all right." She hugged her tightly. There was a lump in her throat.

"Oh, Ag—my feet are so cold!" said Betty, contentedly, confident now that Agnes would take steps to warm them for her.

#### IV

GETTING acquainted in a large boarding-house is not a gradual process. You may be there for months and feel that you are not making any progress at all; there seems to be no more warmth or cordiality in the casual greetings than there was on the first night you caused a perceptible hush in the dining-room on being shown to your table—and then, suddenly, imperceptibly, the barriers melt away and you become one of the crowd, and are privy to their several prejudices and predilections.

Agnes and Betty were beginning to think that the Easterners were collectively unfriendly, when with suddenness they were assimilated, as it were, and, where previously they had merely lived at The Towers, now they were of The Towers, every bit as much as Mrs.

Baldwin, for instance, and she had lived there for twenty years.

Mrs. Baldwin played quite a large part in their lives. She tried to play a large part in everybody's life. She was one of those unfortunate people who have no enemies, but who are cordially disliked by all their friends. Happily for her, she had no inkling of this. If you had asked her she would have told you, in all sincerity, that she was one of the most popular women in The Towers. In fact, she dropped hints to this effect even if you didn't ask her.

"I *understand* people," Mrs. Baldwin used to say, "and I think they know it instinctively and are drawn to me."

It became quite a standing joke at The Towers. Newcomers, temporarily deceived by Mrs. Baldwin's disingenuous friendliness, would hazard the opinion that she seemed a nice old thing. Then a titter would run along the porch, and someone would inquire, "Does she *understand* you?" This would be greeted by giggles and someone else would ask, "Are you instinctively drawn toward her?" It usually ended by the newcomer sitting down and listening, with a slight guilty feeling, while the rest of them roasted Mrs. Baldwin.

Mrs. Baldwin always knew everything about new arrivals long before anyone else did, and was a fairly accurate encyclopedia to the private lives of The Towers' guests. To this extent her claims to understand people could be justified. The process, however, involved cross-questioning the chambermaids as to people's habits, and keeping a strict tab upon their comings and goings from behind the thick muslin curtains of her room. If Mr. Wick arrived home at 3:45 a. m. and was unable to negotiate the stairs without the taxi driver's assistance, Mrs. Baldwin saw it from her point of vantage. If Agnes and Betty received gifts of candy from some of their old pupils in California, Mrs. Baldwin knew the make of candy, because Julia, the chambermaid, happened to notice the box when it was thrown in their waste-paper basket. Very little escaped Mrs. Baldwin.

Agnes and Betty, at first, were very friendly with her. She told them, as she had told others, that she had been a very beautiful girl in her day. They found it difficult to believe her.

Mrs. Baldwin now weighed about two hundred pounds. She was a short, squat, stumpy little tub of a woman, with immense hips and a bust of indelicate proportions. Her legs and arms were much too short. Her head was small, too small, and her unhealthy, cream-colored face had a curious suggestion of being unfinished, as if the Creator, suddenly conscious of the mediocrity of His work, had put it aside and started on something else. The eyes were small, of a greenish tint, and were made conspicuous by their heavy, puffed pink lids. Sparse, reddish, discouraged-looking hair, with dirty grey streaks, was gathered loosely at the back of her head. Wisps of this were forever dangling over her ears and in her face. The insignificant nose, and more particularly the lips, were suggestive of something only half finished. They were colorless, flabby, shapeless, dry, and when Mrs. Baldwin puckered them up, as she very frequently did, in an effort to attain a little rosebud, you were stunned by the realization that lips could be so unlovely.

Mrs. Baldwin's age was never definitely known to **The Towers**. Estimates of it ranged from the generous "about forty-five or six" of young Mr. Fenton to the emphatic and apparently authoritative "sixty-if-she's-a-day" of Mrs. Clayton.

Mrs. Baldwin struggled hard to retain the intimacy of Agnes and Betty. With the exception of little Miss Baker, their colleague, she had been the first to talk to them and invite them to her room. Now she felt their allegiance slipping.

Although it had been happening to her for twenty years, it was always a painful shock to Mrs. Baldwin when newcomers, to whom she had been the first to be amiable, ceased to regard her with affectionate gratitude. It certainly never occurred to her that the experiences were in any way connected. Each

time it happened her feelings were lacerated afresh.

In the case of Agnes and Betty, she was particularly distressed when their secession became quite obvious. Mrs. Baldwin had been a widow for thirty years and a wife for less than three weeks. This meagre ratio made her very bitter and she was fond of working off some of her bitterness by discussing her three weeks of wedded bliss with sympathetic listeners. She always found young unmarried women the most susceptible recipients of her confidences. By all accounts her brief experience of love had been no less hectic than one of similar duration immortalized by Miss Elinor Glyn. Even now, after thirty years, she still found and invented new incidents and emotional reactions with which to embroider the tale.

Agnes Lancing had been a willing listener. She had even been so indiscreet as to confide to Mrs. Baldwin a girlish affair of her own, though Betty continually nudged and kicked her during the recital. Betty was far more shrewd than Agnes. She knew that a secret confided to Mrs. Baldwin was due for intensive publicity. For that matter Agnes knew it herself, and though she urged Mrs. Baldwin to keep her confidence inviolate, she cherished the secret hope that Mrs. Baldwin would do nothing of the sort. Agnes was shrewd in her way, too. It is never acutely distressing to an unattractive girl to have it said of her that she has been party to an unhappy amour.

## V

WITHIN a few months the two teachers felt as if they had been living at **The Towers** for years, and their previous existence seemed to them like some hazy dream. One by one, they discarded their old-fashioned, narrow ideas on deportment and other superficial things. They learned to play bridge, or at least, they claimed to have learned. According to Mrs. Clayton, who sometimes played with them, they would never



learn if they lived to be a million. They grew accustomed to seeing every woman smoke, and though they never smoked in public, Mrs. Baldwin heard from Julia, the observant chambermaid, that they had two ash trays in their room. She mentioned it to Mrs. Clayton in the smooth, unctuous manner which she reserved for such discoveries. Mrs. Clayton, who held no brief for the girls, perjured herself on their behalf. She hated Mrs. Baldwin anyway.

"That doesn't amount to a row of beans," said Mrs. Clayton. "I have one in *my* room—one of those pretty purple ones you can buy at Woolworth's for ten cents, and I keep it for hairpins. You know I don't smoke. They probably keep theirs for pins, too."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Baldwin, not at all ruffled by this plausible theory, "they use it for *ashes*. Julia found a cigarette stub on the window sill. I suppose they tip their ashes out of the window so that Julia *won't* find the tray full."

"Well, what *of* it?" demanded Mrs. Clayton. "What if they *do* smoke?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! It merely seems a curious thing for them to do."

But that was not the most curious thing they did, by any means. One Sunday afternoon, for the first time in their lives, they tasted alcohol. It was not particularly good alcohol, being synthetic gin, but it was the best that Mr. Wick could get. He had met them on the stairs one evening and Agnes, who lacked the barest rudiments of tact, had asked him what he was hiding behind his back.

"That," said Mr. Wick, producing it, "is a cocktail shaker. I am on my way to the Tysons' room, where we are all going to indulge. Won't you join us?"

For a second Agnes hesitated. Cigarettes had ceased to shock her; she played cards; why not a cocktail? She turned to Betty.

"What do *you* say?" she inquired, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Why, Ag! What an idea!" said Betty, with even less ambiguity than the phrase acquires in print.

"Come on!" urged Mr. Wick.

There's only the Tysons and the Proctors and Miss Baker and myself."

"Oh, well, if Miss Baker's there—" Agnes began. Betty took the initiative for once. She wanted to see what a cocktail was like.

"We'll come and watch you anyway," she announced, and taking Agnes' arm, she followed Mr. Wick into the Tysons' room. The Tysons, like the Proctors, were one of the young couples waiting to move into a house they were building.

There was then enacted a scene the like of which may be witnessed in a thousand similar rooms every day in this enlightened country and which constitutes a remarkable exposition of the ironic absurdities of our great Christian civilization. Eight adults, assured under the Constitution of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, were gathered furtively together in the middle of the day, in a bedroom, to consume a little gin manufactured, sold and transported in defiance of the law. They could not have drunk it in a public room at The Towers, for fear that establishment might be raided. Wherefore, they periodically congregated in each other's bedrooms and drank and discussed bad gin at great length, under the additional stimulus of illegality and their unconventional surroundings.

Agnes Lancing made only the weakest protest when welcomed by the Tysons and pressed to taste a cocktail. There were not enough glasses to go round, so she and Betty shared one. They also shared a rocker, while the others disposed themselves on the bed and on the floor.

Mr. Wick brought them their cocktail and for a minute they laughingly debated who should have the first sip. Even at this stage, Agnes was half inclined to refrain.

"You know, really, we ought not to—" she faltered.

"Oh, nonsense," came the chorus. "Why on earth not?"

"Suppose Dr. Pierce should hear of it?" Dr. Pierce was the principal of the school where they taught.

"What if he *does* hear?"

"Well, you know, it isn't right for teachers to—"

"Oh, nonsense!" came the chorus again. But Mrs. Tyson held different views.

"I think she's right, Mr. Wick," she declared, "and if she doesn't *want* a cocktail, you ought not to force her to—"

She was interrupted by a roar of laughter from Mr. Wick. "Well, for heaven's sake," he spluttered, "while you've been chewing the rag, Miss Marsh has swallowed the cocktail! Good for you, Betty Marsh!" he concluded, and ran over to pat her on the back ostentatiously. Betty beamed with pleasure.

She was feeling a strange and not unpleasant glow. She had swallowed, at one gulp, a fairly large cocktail and it was burning her inside, just as she had always read that alcohol did burn your inside. She had never supposed, however, that the process of combustion could be pleasant. She looked up at Agnes with a pleased smile.

"You talk too much, Ag," she said. "Don't talk so much, my dear," she counseled, "and have one—they're delicious."

They roared with laughter at that.

Agnes barely sipped hers when they brought it to her. It tasted bitter and unpleasant. Also she was worried about Betty. Betty ought not to have spoken to her like that in front of all those people. She was worried, too, for fear that Dr. Pierce might hear. Of course there was nothing wrong in just taking one cocktail, but still Dr. Pierce might not like it. They ought never to have accepted Mr. Wick's invitation.

"If you're not going to finish that cocktail, Miss Lancing," said Mr. Wick, noting Agnes' almost untouched glass, "give it to Miss Marsh! She likes 'em!"

Betty stretched up an eager arm for it.

"I'll finish it, Ag," she offered.

Agnes looked at her sharply and thought she detected an unusual flush on her face.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said, and, without enjoying it, finished it herself. Shortly after, the party dispersed and they returned to their room.

In a hotel like **The Towers**, nothing can be kept secret for more than a few hours. The same day everybody knew that Miss Lancing and Miss Marsh had been present at a party in the Tysons' room, and had partaken of cocktails. Some had it that the party had been in Mr. Wick's room. Mrs. Baldwin had it that the two girls had given the party in their room with Mr. Wick as the only guest. The porches hummed with conjecture. As luck would have it, Betty chose that evening to trip over the matting in the dining-room and almost fell as she reached her table. She was saved by the prompt action of Mr. Wick, who had the adjoining table.

"Too many cocktails," murmured that gentleman facetiously as he helped her up.

Betty blushed furiously, but Agnes paled with annoyance. The incident had been noticed by the entire dining-room and there was a dead silence as the two girls sat down.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself," Mrs. Baldwin inquired across the room. She had a voice that seemed to trickle through vast seas of castor oil, it was smooth and gentle and refined. There is a species of castor oil which can be purchased at any druggist's and which claims to be absolutely tasteless. It isn't. The fundamental beastliness is there. Mrs. Baldwin had a voice like that.

"Answer her," said Agnes irritably, knowing what everyone was thinking. But Betty merely smiled, and then looked hard at Mr. Wick. In helping her to her feet he had, of necessity, put an arm about her waist. Betty was wondering whether, in releasing her, he had squeezed her waist accidentally or on purpose. She wondered whether he had actually squeezed her at all, or whether it was her imagination. What was it that Mr. Wick had

said that afternoon: "Good for you, Betty Marsh!"? She remembered now that there had been a distinct pause between the Betty and the Marsh— Perhaps he had intended to call her Betty and had thought it wiser to add the Marsh . . . Mr. Wick was a nice man— He was a good sport, too—and he liked girls who smoked and drank and played cards. He had told her so, one evening on the porch. Also, he didn't like Agnes Lancing, he had confessed. He thought she bossed her too much.

Betty was rather sorry Mr. Wick didn't like Agnes. She felt sure that the three of them could have wonderful times together. Mr. Wick didn't go out very much in the evening. He was nearly always home, either in the Tysons' room or the Proctors'. It was a pity he didn't like Agnes. Dear Agnes, she was wonderfully good to her—for ten years now Agnes had been everything to her, mother, brother, sister, friend. Of course, it was quite true what Mr. Wick had said. She did boss her too much. Or at least she tried to boss her. And she certainly talked too much. She never seemed to stop. She was talking now, relating in her harsh, but not disagreeable, voice a long account of some discussion she had had that morning at school with the physical culture supervisor.

Betty wished Agnes would forget about school in the evenings. She was sick to death of school by four o'clock in the afternoon and wanted to think of other things—Mr. Wick, for instance. Mr. Wick was such a nice man. Betty thought he was one of the nicest men she had ever met. He was an Easterner, too, and Betty liked everything from the East. She wanted to forget California and everything Western. The East had got into her blood. Not so with Agnes. She was a typical Californian, and would rave by the hour about the climate and the crops. She was always quoting statistics about the prosperity and fecundity of California, and calling upon Betty to verify her figures. Betty always pretended she had forgotten,

even when she could have substantiated her friend.

She thought the whole thing very silly. What difference did it make whether there was one automobile for every six and a half persons in California, or six and a half automobiles for every person? Who cared, anyway? Why, only the previous day Agnes had won a box of candy from Mr. Wick on a bet in regard to the population of Los Angeles. Betty had eaten most of the candy, while she had told Agnes that she didn't think it right to make or take bets. But Mr. Wick had been very nice about it. Exceptionally nice. He had said, "I wish I could have the pleasure of losing a bet to *you*, Miss Marsh." He was always making pretty speeches like that. Of course Agnes had spoiled it in her usual tactless way.

"Why wait for a bet, Mr. Wick," she had blurted, "the candy store is open every day." Of all the tactless things! She had meant well, no doubt, but to say a thing like that to Mr. Wick! It embarrassed her terribly. Agnes was always embarrassing her, she concluded. Among other things, she had a silly habit of always referring to Betty as "my little playmate." It sounded so foolish. And she always addressed her as "Sweetheart." That was silly, too. Now, if a man called her that it might sound different. Mr. Wick, for instance. She wondered if Mr. Wick ever called anybody sweetheart. He didn't look sentimental. Still, he was awfully nice. She continued to look in his direction, her mind a jumble of confused thoughts, while Agnes, nothing daunted by her friend's silence, plunged from one dreary and pointless anecdote into another.

Suddenly Mr. Wick looked up, and met Betty's concentrated gaze. He smiled, and raising his tumbler, drank to her with an exaggerated little bow. Betty blushed again and a little shiver of excitement ran through her. Agnes went on talking—

## VI

ALTHOUGH they were known to The



Towers as "the inseparables" and more or less justified the designation, Agnes and Betty were never so near to each other's hearts and needs in Flushing, L. I., as they had been before their Eastern trip. True, they roomed together, and visited together, and to all outward appearances seemed to be the most devoted friends, but each was conscious of a tendency to drift apart.

It worried Betty very little. Since coming East she had developed a new and more virile personality. She found it easy to make friends, far easier than Agnes did. She no longer permitted Agnes to formulate the plans and express the opinions of the two of them. She felt not only capable, but desirous of fending for herself. In many respects she felt much older than Agnes, older in experience. She began to patronize Agnes, as being of rather inferior intellect, as indeed she was. On the other hand, in all other respects she felt far younger than Agnes. She was conscious of a difference in age that far exceeded the four years which actually divided them. Betty felt and looked younger for her trip, while Agnes looked older. Betty began to spend a considerable time in front of her mirror. She would turn her head from side to side, preening herself, like a bird. She began to experiment with her hair. She even contemplated having it bobbed. Agnes was horrified at the suggestion.

"Oh, Ag! I think it would look kind of—cute—don't you?" asked Betty, her mouth full of hairpins.

"Why, you're much too old," said Agnes rather brutally. "It's all very well for a little flapper, but not for a staid old teacher."

"I'm only twenty-seven—not quite twenty-seven," Betty answered coldly.

Agnes saw that Betty was a little hurt. She decided to laugh it off. She had rather a heavy hand for these pleasantries, however.

"Well, my dear," she said cheerfully, "do what you like—but if you *do* have it bobbed I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

Betty favored her with a swift glance and smiled mirthlessly.

"I'll bear that in mind," she said, and took the pins out of her hair.

Agnes, who was darning some stockings, pricked her fingers deeply, her hands were trembling so. She began to make matters worse.

"I didn't—I didn't mean that, Betty dear," she blundered.

Betty was now coolly powdering her nose. She made no comment. Agnes watched her, hungrily, with that cold fear again in her heart. Betty was drifting away from her—Betty, gentle, timid, affectionate little Betty, whom she worshiped inordinately. She wished to God she had never come East. Betty was so different now—Agnes was terrified. At home she had been happy, with her simple, unspoiled Betty and her Ford coupé. Now she was rapidly losing Betty and she hadn't even the Ford coupé to solace her.

She began to wallow in self-pity. After all, who was there on earth who gave a rap whether she lived or died, if it were not Betty? Hadn't she devoted ten years of her life, the best ten years of her life, to Betty? And now she was losing her. Betty was growing colder and more irritable every day. Well, what if she did lose her? What then? She supposed she would go back to California—No, she couldn't do that—not alone. Everyone would ask where Betty was and she would have to admit that Betty had left her.

She couldn't blame Betty for getting tired of her. She knew that she was only an old crank, an old teacher, an old spinster. Thirty-one and she looked thirty-five. People laughed at her—yes, she was sure they laughed at her. They didn't laugh at Betty. Betty looked younger than her years and pretty, too. What would she do without Betty? What would Betty do without her? What would become of them both? The long years ahead . . . empty . . . loveless . . . cruel. Oh, God, why had they come East . . . ?

Betty was now deftly applying a lipstick. She had soon acquired the habit.

All the girls did it. Why not? Mr. Wick had said he liked it. She continued, absorbed in her task.

Suddenly she looked round to find Agnes stretched out on her bed, in a passion of tears.

"For heaven's sake," said Betty, irritably, "what on earth is the matter?"

Agnes continued to sob hysterically. Her whole body was shaking. She drew in shuddering breaths through her clenched teeth.

With a weary sigh, Betty strolled to the side of the bed, and looked down at her friend. She controlled an impulse to shake her even more fiercely than she was being shaken by her emotion.

"Ag—what's the trouble?" she asked, in a cold, clipped voice.

In a voice choked with sobs, Agnes made faltering answer.

"Oh, Betty—I'm so unhappy—I'm so afraid—afraid that I'll—I'll lose you—afraid that you don't—that you don't—" she hesitated, half fearful now that it had come to the point, to frame the words.

"Afraid that I don't *what*?" Betty prompted harshly.

"Afraid that you don't—that you don't love me any more," she barely whispered.

"Oh, Ag—don't be a fool!" exclaimed Betty impatiently. She went to the door. "I really thought something was the matter," she added as she left the room. She tried to whistle as she walked down the stairs, but no sound came.

Agnes lay on her bed, sobbing—sobbing. She clutched the bedclothes in her strong, bony hands, twisting them fiercely. She drew her knees up to her chin and lay huddled up, like a heap of clothes thrown carelessly on the bed. Her eyes burned painfully and each fierce sob seemed to scorch her entire body. She wanted to scream, a shrill, chilling scream, like a child in terror—she fought desperately not to scream. Afterward she was not perfectly sure whether she had screamed or not—the scream still echoed in her brain.

## VII

THAT evening Agnes remained in her room, and her dinner was brought to her. Betty, feeling strangely free, went to the movies with Mr. Wick. It was the first time he had ever asked her. Agnes Lancing had always been around before, and Mr. Wick had no use for three-cornered parties.

Mr. Wick, known to The Towers as Bobbie, was a cheerful, if not particularly intellectual, individual. He was about forty, but by reason of a healthy, ruddy complexion and a rather sprightly manner he managed to convey the impression that he was not much more than thirty. He was a bond salesman by profession, and a very successful one. There was only one reason why Mr. Wick was not at the moment a tolerably wealthy man, and that was his ineradicable prejudice to thrift. If Mr. Wick had money he spent it, preferably upon himself, but also, on occasion, upon others. He was very fond of playing poker, which he played very badly, having an altogether exaggerated opinion of the value of two pairs. But he never minded losing. He would cheerfully go down two or three hundred dollars in one session, if, during the evening, he had managed to bluff some opponent out of a relatively insignificant pot. With a friendly grin on his weak but amiable face he would then write out a check for his losses, chuckling, "That's all right, Ed, but I put it over you that time when I stood pat on a flour flush."

Of liquor, too, he was fond, and in his room he kept an expensive private stock with which he was very liberal. And then, in his own words, "he loved the ladies—the little dears." It was this last weakness which had kept him comparatively impoverished. Mr. Wick, at the moment, was paying alimony to one of the ladies whom he had loved and, by the terms of what he called "a gentleman's agreement," another lady was in receipt of a large and regular monthly check from him.

The Towers, of course, knew all

about Mr. Wick's matrimonial and other ventures. He had once, under the influence of too many cocktails, confided his troubles to Mrs. Baldwin.

It was understood, however, that these affairs had been comparatively youthful indiscretions. Certainly he had been living an outwardly blameless life at The Towers now for four years and everybody thought him a very nice man.

"After all," said Mrs. Baldwin, "if a man only gets drunk once in a long while—and I'm sure Mr. Wick hasn't been drunk since last Tuesday week—after all that doesn't amount to much. And you must admit," she added, "that he knows how to carry his liquor. He's *never* offensive. Of course," she went on, "we don't know what he does in New York, though I *did* hear that he was following a chorus girl again—but he's really a very nice man."

And Mrs. Baldwin was right. Mr. Wick had not been drunk since last Tuesday week, and that had been the first time in months. Also he *was* following a chorus girl in New York—but she was a very nice chorus girl. And he really *was* a very nice man. He made himself pleasant to everyone at The Towers, particularly to the women. Married or single, it made no difference to Mr. Wick. He was pleasant to them all. As Mr. Wick himself used to say to the other men in explanation of these studied attentions, "Well, you never can tell." When pressed to be more explicit, he would lay one fat forefinger along his nose and wink.

Once again, to use Mr. Wick's own words in describing himself, it might be said that he was a great little kidder. He kidded the teachers along wonderfully. He always had some wise-crack about California to spring on them. Agnes Lancing rather resented his manner. She had never come into contact with a great little kidder before. It made her feel foolish.

"I don't like him," she said once. "I think he's too familiar."

"Oh, nonsense, Ag—I think he's aw-

fully nice," Betty had said.

"Well, Miss Baker doesn't like him—and you know what they say about him and Miss Baker."

Betty, of course, had heard what they said about him and Miss Baker. It was common gossip at The Towers. They said that Miss Baker had spent her vacation the previous summer at Atlantic City and that, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Wick had selected not only the same resort, but the same hotel for his vacation. So far as that goes the facts were accurate. However, they went on to say that Miss Baker had returned, looking even more faded than usual, and had been strangely unhappy for weeks, and that Mr. Wick had returned and had been treated very coldly by Miss Baker. That was all there was to the story. You could draw your own conclusions. Mrs. Baldwin had drawn plenty.

Betty did not quite know whether to believe it or not, or, to be more accurate, she was not sure whether she wanted to believe it or not. Naturally, if there had been an affair between Mr. Wick and Miss Baker, it argued that there might equally well be an affair between Mr. Wick and herself. It disposed, at least, of the theory held in some quarters that Mr. Wick, since his unfortunate marriage, was through with women. And Betty was younger than Miss Baker, and more attractive . . . and cleverer. . . . Miss Baker was a skinny little thing . . . worked out . . . with terribly thin, spindley legs. No wonder, Betty thought, her affair with Mr. Wick, if it *had* been an affair, had never come to anything. Betty would handle things differently. Mr. Wick seemed to be attracted to her. . . . Perhaps . . .

Anyway, Betty went to the movies with Mr. Wick, in the pleasurable anticipation of something exciting impending. And Mr. Wick, too, smiled, as he looked down at her flushed face and sparkling eyes, and wondered. . . . It was a pity, of course, that her nose turned up like that, but then, in a way, it was kind of cute. . . . Her chin, too, was far too long. But she had



pretty eyes, and her lips were prettily curved, and soft and red. . . . She had a peach of a figure, Mr. Wick decided . . . stunning ankles. . . . Pity they should be wasted on a lot of kids. . . .

He squeezed her arm as they walked up the street to the movie. . . . Betty returned the pressure, and blushed. Mr. Wick squeezed a little harder, and, meeting her glance, winked jauntily, enigmatically, as if they shared some thrilling, esoteric secret.

### VIII

DURING the following weeks Mr. Wick and Betty went to the movies quite frequently, and once he took her into New York to dinner and a theatre. He proved a delightful host, and Betty was thrilled throughout the evening. She told Agnes afterward that it had been one of the loveliest evenings of her life. Agnes, fighting down her feelings, had shown a sympathetic enthusiasm.

Since her hysterical outburst, to which neither had ever referred, Agnes and Betty had seemed, for a time, to be drawn closer together. There was a larger tolerance in Betty's manner, and Agnes, apparently, had become conscious of many of her irritating habits, and had allowed the younger girl more freedom. She pretended to be delighted at Mr. Wick's renewed attentions, and never permitted Betty to guess that she seethed with fierce jealousy.

It was a compound jealousy, too. There had been a time when she hoped Mr. Wick might find *her* desirable. But this little jealousy was as nothing compared to the malice she bore him because he was taking her friend away from her. She could have killed him for that. Agnes was not blind or unobservant, and she knew that Mr. Wick, not content with taking Betty away from her, was actually making Betty dislike her, or at least, despise her. The tolerance which Betty now showed did not deceive her for very long. Mr. Wick, she felt confident, was poisoning Betty's mind against her. At any moment, she was convinced, Betty would seize a conve-

nient excuse to shatter their friendship.

Meanwhile, she clung to the last strands with a pathetic intensity born of despair. She would wait on Betty hand and foot, rendering a hundred little menial services. She was abject, but it seemed to have the desired effect. Betty did not take the final steps to break with her, and Agnes, despising herself, was temporarily happy. But the strain began to tell. She looked old and haggard and her temper, usually under good control, began to show itself when her pupils got on her nerves.

One day she was feeling particularly badly. She had a splitting headache, after a sleepless night. Betty had been out with Mr. Wick again, and had not returned until nearly one o'clock in the morning, while Agnes waited for her. Betty had first talked of Mr. Wick until Agnes could scarcely contain herself, and then she had switched off and found fault with Agnes about some trivial occurrence of the previous day, which Agnes could not fail to trace back to the observant Mr. Wick.

The result was that Agnes went to school that morning in no condition to tolerate the cumulative density of thirty-odd youngsters grappling with problems in algebra.

There was one youth in particular, a certain Frederick Dill, whose mentality apparently was totally unable to cope with algebraic problems. To Frederick Dill, algebra was a lot of bunk, and he did not see why in heck he should exert himself to master even its rudiments. His father, a very successful operator of chain grocery stores, secretly aided and abetted Frederick in this prejudice.

Now, Agnes was extremely fond of Frederick Dill. She talked about him continually, in fact altogether too much. Frederick Dill had said such and such—wasn't that smart? Frederick Dill had brought her a bunch of pansies. Frederick Dill had offered to carry her books home from school. Frederick Dill, to use one of Agnes' favorite phrases, was a cute little rat. Everybody at The Towers was heartily sick of Frederick Dill.

This morning Frederick Dill's stupidity exasperated her. Every step had to be explained to him half a dozen times. He got Agnes quite rattled, because she was never very certain of herself when teaching algebra anyway. On any other morning she would have inclined to sympathize with Frederick Dill. Now he strained her overwrought nerves beyond the breaking point.

He had come up to her desk, with his book in hand, to have something explained for the fourth or fifth time. Wearily, through clenched teeth, Agnes explained again. The face of Frederick Dill did not light up with comprehension.

"Honest, Miss Lancing," said Frederick Dill, "I don't get you—it seems all wrong somehow—maybe if you started again. . . ."

Something within Miss Lancing snapped. She saw in front of her not Frederick Dill, the cute little rat, her favorite pupil, but a dense and stolid youth who was goading her to fury . . . and then the vision faded and she saw, not even the stolid youth, but the weak and cheerful face of Mr. Wick.

She took him by the arm, pinching it in her powerful grip, and shook him savagely.

"You little rat—you little rat—you little devil!" she cried, in a shrill, rising voice. The startled Frederick, honestly terrified by the concentrated fury he saw in his teacher's face, began to yell.

"Hey!" said Frederick Dill. "Hey! Quit that!" But Agnes couldn't quit. She continued to shake him fiercely. Pandemonium reigned in the classroom.

Suddenly the door opened and Dr. Pierce strode in. He took in the amazing scene in one horrified glance.

"Miss Lancing," he said, in a voice that shook with indignation, and again, "Miss Lancing!"

Agnes dropped the boy's arm and tried to rise to her feet. Sweat poured off her body. She half rose, but then her knees collapsed. She sprawled over her desk, and was shaken with loud, dry, horrible sobs. The children filed out at a signal from Dr. Pierce, look-

ing back over their shoulders at the shuddering, quivering figure of their teacher.

Dr. Pierce, not knowing what to do, stood over her for a minute pondering. What did one do to women in hysterics? He noticed on her desk a vase filled with wild flowers, the gift, incidentally, of Frederick Dill. Gingerly Dr. Pierce removed the flowers, and stood for a minute, with the vase poised in his hand reflecting. Was that what one did to women in hysterics? He decided that it was, and dashed the water at Agnes' head. Her face was buried in her arms. The sobs began to cease. . . . Dr. Pierce smiled. He was right after all. One *did* throw water at them. He knew it was either that or dropping a key down their necks. Dr. Pierce, a benevolent soul, found his wrath toward Miss Lancing quickly evaporating as he reflected how rapidly and effectively he had risen to this emergency. Not many men in his position, he considered, would have known how to handle such a situation.

## IX

BETTY was placidly reading to her class when one of Agnes' pupils ran in to tell her that Miss Lancing was sick, and would she please come at once?

She found Agnes in Dr. Pierce's office sprawling awkwardly on one of the chairs. Agnes looked pale, limp and gaunt. She was talking in a low, strained voice, repeating over and over again the meagre details of the incident, interwoven continually with pathetically serious explanations of her conduct. She was still partly hysterical, and Betty hardly recognized her voice as she reiterated continually, foolishly.

"I *like* Frederick Dill—he's a cute, little rat—I *like* him, but he was exasperating and I hadn't slept all night." Then she would ramble off on some other phase of the affair, returning continually to the childish, irrelevant, "But I *like* Frederick Dill—he's a *cute* little rat." Several times it was on the tip of Dr. Pierce's tongue to tell her that he did not think it becoming for a teacher

to refer to an eighth grade pupil as a little rat, but he deemed it wiser to refrain. He did not want to precipitate a further burst of hysteria. . . . He allowed her to go on talking, while he waited for Miss Marsh to take her home.

Betty was genuinely touched at the sight of her friend's miserable appearance. Deep down in her heart there was a wealth of latent affection, a rich vein of mother love as yet scarcely touched. Only on very rare occasions was this side of her apparent. She ran swiftly to her friend, and knelt by her chair, putting her arms about her with a pretty, comforting gesture very beautiful to behold. She began to caress her, with gentle, soothing motions, kissing her tear-stained face, and making low, crooning murmurs as if comforting a frightened child.

Agnes, to whom this demonstration was utterly unexpected, yet infinitely welcome, began to sob again, noisily, painfully. She clung to Betty fiercely, abandoning herself wholly to her grief. After several minutes of rather uncomfortable waiting, Dr. Pierce left them together, still tightly held in each other's arms.

\* \* \*

For several days Agnes was happier than she had ever been, even before their trip. Betty was so different. The physician had ordered Agnes to rest in bed for a couple of days, and Betty had nursed her—nursed her tenderly, cheerfully, constantly. Agnes could not understand it. Betty usually hated to do even her own little chores, now she seemed to delight to do them for both. Betty had read to her, a thing she had not done for years, because she had always said she hated it. Betty had fussed over her, fondled her, petted her, babied her. . . .

It seemed like a dream to Agnes, but it was a very beautiful dream while it lasted, and Agnes scarcely dared to breathe for fear that it was only a dream, and that she might awake to shatter it. She had thought that she was losing Betty, and here was Betty cheer-

fully doing a lot of little things which she had always avoided doing before, and being perfectly lovely to her. Betty hardly left the room during those two days. She tidied it from top to bottom, washed and ironed the little mats and covers on the chiffonier and tables, and even washed and ironed the curtains. And every minute she would leave her work and run back to Agnes' bedside and kiss her impulsively. Then she would return to her self-imposed task, whistling or humming gaily. Agnes could not understand it.

Nor, for that matter, could Betty. She couldn't have explained why she was behaving like this. She only knew that there had been something infinitely touching in the stricken appearance of her friend, something desperately pathetic, and that she had yearned to take away that hurt with a compelling intensity. Maybe she felt a little guilty for her neglect, though she would never have admitted it. It had been something spontaneous, intuitive. As she had answered the summons, and left her classroom, she had felt nothing but irritation. She had walked along the corridor to Dr. Pierce's office prepared to be cold and unsympathetic. Agnes got on her nerves badly enough at The Towers, she might surely try and avoid doing so at school. And then—this sudden, strange flood of feeling. It hurt—there was so much of it. She yearned over Agnes. Her only regret was that Agnes was so big and bony. She wanted to take her up bodily and hold her tightly to the warmth of her breast.

No—if Agnes were puzzled by her strange behavior, she, at least, had nothing on Betty in that respect. Betty couldn't understand it either.

It wore off after a few days, not abruptly, as it had begun, but slowly, with a gradual realization on Betty's part that she had been behaving very foolishly and with a horrible emptiness in Agnes' heart as her dream was dispelled.

## X

THE Towers was beginning to couple



the names of Miss Marsh and Mr. Wick. Betty knew it and exulted. Mr. Wick knew it and grinned. It has been recorded that Mr. Wick had always loved the ladies, but so far, in all his affairs, the vast preponderance of love had been on Mr. Wick's side. He was too weak, too ineffectual, too neutral to inspire much love in a woman. An amused tolerance had been his *quid pro quo* at best. Women liked Mr. Wick, but up to now it had never gone any further than that.

His former wife, an Englishwoman, described him dispassionately as an amiable ass. He loved her when he was sober, amused her when he was drunk, annoyed her when he was sentimental and disgusted her when he was passionate. She had married him when he had, for once, accumulated quite a respectable sum, and left him as soon as he had returned to his usual mode of living from hand to mouth. There had been no animosity in the affair. No one could be angry with Mr. Wick for very long. He was so genuinely anxious to please. And so dreadfully upset and distressed whenever he was found out. You couldn't help but like him. There was nothing about him actively to dislike.

On the other hand, you couldn't love him. There was nothing fine about him. He had absolutely no conscience and no principles. He had been devoted to his wife; had loved her with perhaps the deepest and noblest love of which he was capable, and yet he had been unfaithful to her a score of times. Naturally she found him out. She was not surprised. Few wives are. Mr. Wick had been desperately sorry, tragically sorry. He had wept and vowed by the life of his mother that it would never happen again. But Mrs. Wick knew her man. She didn't give him a chance to break his vow. She sued him for divorce immediately, and shortly afterward married again.

With other women it had been the same. Mr. Wick fell in love with consummate ease, displaying a very broad choice. Flappers, widows, blondes,

brunettes, sweet young things, experienced old campaigners, he loved them all, the little dears. And the most that any of them had ever given him was a faintly amused and not too elastic tolerance. It sometimes made Mr. Wick extremely bitter. He had poured out so much adoration at the shrines of innumerable women that he felt very strongly that women owed him something in return. True, he had found many willing to tread the primrose path with him, but they had never done it solely for love of Mr. Wick. And Mr. Wick, being no fool, knew this, and it hurt him painfully in his *amour propre*. Briefly, Mr. Wick wanted to be adored. He was rather weary of making love to different women. They all accepted it with so little display of reciprocal enthusiasm.

Mr. Wick wanted someone to make love to him. This had never happened to him in his life. Looking back over a stretch of many years, Mr. Wick could not recall a solitary woman who had addressed him as "darling" without ulterior motive, or not under the influence of alcohol. Mr. Wick would never have confessed this to his dearest friend. As a matter of fact, he had no dearest friend, or indeed any intimate friend at all. He was of the type which merely accumulates acquaintances. It was a soul hunger which Mr. Wick nursed in secret.

Betty Marsh came along and gratified the hunger. She considered Mr. Wick altogether desirable. He was amusing, cultured, polished, charming. He treated her as if she were any ordinary single girl of marriageable age, and not as a spinster school-teacher automatically exempt from the little attentions so dear to femininity. That was the way Betty was accustomed to being treated. She blamed Agnes for it. That was how they treated Agnes—naturally. And since Agnes had more or less dominated her life for ten years, she had come in for the same treatment.

Mr. Wick was so different. She thought he was wonderful—so clean looking and wholesome and everything.

And he seemed to like her, too. They shared all sorts of funny, foolish, intimate little jokes and secrets. Betty knew, of course, all the things they said about him, but she didn't believe them. His divorce, for instance. They all said it was his wife who had divorced him. And Mrs. Baldwin had added that she supposed Betty knew there was only one cause for divorce in New York State, and that it was hardly necessary to mention what that cause was. Betty swore she didn't believe it. Perhaps he got the divorce in another state. Anyway she was sure it was his wife's fault just as much as his.

Again they all thought he was a very weak character. Betty didn't. She didn't want to. Love was coming into her life just at a time when she had almost given up hope. And if the lover was compound of imperfections, Betty determined that she, for one, would not be so keen visioned as to see them. Determinedly she pulled wool over her eyes. Mr. Wick was a wonderful man in every way. She worshipped him.

Betty was as pure and virginal as any convent bred miss of sixteen. But the delicious thrills and shivers of adolescent love become more violent when they are experienced later in life. Betty was subject to great waves of emotion which left her physically trembling. When Mr. Wick, in the most nonchalant manner would hold her hand at the movies in the evenings, Betty would get up the following morning, stiff and sore, because, throughout the night her tense, taut muscles had never been relaxed for an instant, as she lay awake recalling the pleasant contact.

Mr. Wick, who, at first, had held her hand more by way of a joke than because he enjoyed it, now derived considerable pleasure from this little intimacy. Maybe there was something telepathic in the shy pressure of Betty's hand. Subconsciously, perhaps, he realized that his hunger for adoration might soon be appeased.

But Mr. Wick was not precipitate. He was not going to plunge headlong into anything foolish. Meanwhile he

continued to kid her along. It has been said that he was a great little kiddier. Betty began to worship him openly. . . .

## XI

AFTER the brief, unusual display of affection on Betty's part, the two friends continued to drift along together. They had their little spats and quarrels and Agnes conceded everything that she dared without entirely losing her self respect. She had lost Betty's already. She knew that instinctively, by the slightly contemptuous looks she often received. But, as compensation, they had their little moments when Agnes was almost happy, when they seemed to approach, if only for a brief hour, the intimacy Agnes yearned for.

Betty, of course, talked incessantly of Mr. Wick. Did Agnes think Mr. Wick was serious? Had Agnes any idea what his income might be? Didn't Agnes think he had very small hands for a man? Did Agnes believe that story about him and Miss Baker? Agnes did believe it, but she knew what Betty wanted to hear and said no, she didn't believe it. However, she couldn't refrain from adding:

"Why don't you go and ask Miss Baker herself?"

"Why, Ag—you're crazy. How *could* I ask Miss Baker?"

"I don't see why not," Agnes answered. She meant it. As a matter of fact, she actually went and asked Miss Baker herself. She *had* to know. She didn't want Betty to come to any harm. If there *had* been anything wrong, surely Miss Baker would tell her, so that she might warn Betty. . . . So Agnes figured it out for herself. It was, she considered, the least that one girl could do for another. So she went and asked Miss Baker, bluntly. And Miss Baker, when she had recovered from her amazement, told her, not too politely, to mind her own business.

"But it *is* my business," Agnes had said, pathetically, "don't you see she's in love with the man, and I want to save her from—"

"Are you her guardian?" enquired Miss Baker, coldly.

"No—but we've been friends, *intimate* friends, for ten years."

"I'm surprised," said Miss Baker cryptically.

Agnes did not tell Betty of her conversation, but Miss Baker did, and Betty was furious.

"Ag—you're impossible," she stormed that night. "You're *impossible*. Can't you see what a terrible—"

"But, Betty—Betty, dear," Agnes interrupted, "I was *only* thinking of you. Betty, sweetheart—" she pleaded.

"Oh, you make me so tired," said Betty wearily.

She hesitated for a moment, wondering whether she should say now what had been in her mind for months. That she was sick to death of Agnes, and her well-meant but ghastly interference—that she wanted to be away from Agnes—never wanted to see her again—or hear her harsh, monotonous voice, with its perpetual saga of Frederick Dill, and the physical culture supervisor—or watch her graceless, clumsy body in her loose, ill-fitting clothes, as she threw herself about the room.

Bitter, undeserved words and malicious, hurtful phrases crowded to Betty's mind, and clamored for expression. All Agnes' silly habits, her untidiness, her noisiness, her tactlessness—Betty yearned to tell her about them in a fierce rush of blistering words, and be finished with her, through with her, free. . . . Unimportant, unrelated incidents jostled each other in the throng of pulsing memories. . . . The time when Agnes' nose had bled for no apparent reason and splashed Betty's new waist . . . the ridiculous fuss Agnes had made because the Tysons asked Miss Baker and the other teacher to ride in their car, and had never asked them . . . the utterly unsuitable dress Agnes had insisted on buying against Betty's advice—

She moistened her lips to speak, and found Agnes looking at her with the eyes of a dog about to be whipped—pitiful, terrified. . . . Well, Mr. Wick

had not declared himself yet. There was always time to break with Agnes.

"You meant well," said Betty, kindly. Agnes took her hand and kissed it.

"I was only thinking of you, sweetheart," she murmured. Betty drew her hand away, irritated alike by the caress and the endearment.

## XII

MRS. BALDWIN was one of the most interested spectators of the gradually dissolving friendship of Agnes and Betty. Being a widow, with nothing whatever to worry about, since her husband had left her a moderately comfortable income, she took a passionate interest in the private lives of other people, and was never so happy as when she was somehow or other involved in the intimate affairs of total strangers.

She had a ready flow of sympathetic small talk and by dint of long experience knew exactly what to say to bereaved parents, disappointed lovers or betrayed wives. She had an almost uncanny knack of finding out when anyone was in trouble, and moreover, of finding out what the trouble was all about.

To give her credit, this was not done entirely out of idle or morbid curiosity. Not more than ninety per cent of it was. She *had* kindly impulses, and a vague impotent desire to help those in distress, but she followed up her impulses very largely because she was of the type that likes to be in at the death.

She was actively engaged in many charitable and local municipal affairs, and derived immense satisfaction from the sense of importance she experienced when she saw her name in print as chairman of this committee, or vice-president of that organization.

She spent hours on the telephone conferring with her associates regarding meetings, drives, campaigns, bridge teas and the like, and there was a vast amount of formality and a ludicrous repetition of "Yes, Madam President," and "No, Madam President," about these conversations.



Mrs. Baldwin had been very sorry when Agnes Lancing and Betty Marsh, after having been so friendly with her, began to treat her with a growing coolness.

Of the two she preferred Agnes. Agnes had always been a ready listener to Mrs. Baldwin's erotic reminiscences. Also Mrs. Baldwin was a fairly shrewd psychologist. She had the exact status of Agnes and Betty, as regards their friendship, pretty accurately figured. All along, when The Towers called them "the inseparables," Mrs. Baldwin had hunched herself up in her chair, in a characteristic shrug, and said, "You wait and see."

Mrs. Baldwin, following her own advice, had waited. No indication or sign had escaped her. Julia brought minute reports every day. Now she saw. Unless she was very much mistaken, thought Mrs. Baldwin, the strands of that friendship were pretty nearly frayed through. It interested her immensely. She was quite absorbed, waiting for developments. Mrs. Baldwin had always managed to get a vicarious thrill out of other people's unhappiness. Sorrow and grief provided an atmosphere in which she was strangely congenial. Not that she was callous or hard—on the contrary. She was very easily moved to facile tears. She was genuinely distressed. She enjoyed it. Her idea of a perfectly lovely time would have been a perpetual wake.

Mrs. Baldwin read the anguish in Agnes' eyes correctly. One evening, when Betty and Mr. Wick had gone for a ride in the latter's newly acquired roadster, Mrs. Baldwin deposited herself in the chair next to Agnes on the porch. Agnes was sitting alone, trying to read. Every now and then, she would put the book down on her lap and stare straight ahead of her, with burning, unseeing eyes.

Mrs. Baldwin put one fat, podgy hand on the arm of Agnes' chair. She had large discolored patches like overgrown freckles all over her wrists and hands.

Agnes looked up and found Mrs.

Baldwin gazing at her in a kindly, motherly way. She was gently shaking her head from side to side, and making lisping, clucking sounds with her tongue indicative of sympathy.

"You're very unhappy, aren't you? I can see that," said Mrs. Baldwin soothingly.

Agnes made no response, but she looked at her questioner keenly, hungering for sympathy.

Mrs. Baldwin drew her chair close to Agnes, and squirmed in her seat. She was never very comfortable on the porch chairs. They were too high and too narrow. She barely managed to squeeze into them and even then her feet were never really on the ground. She went on, in her smooth, soothing voice.

"You don't need to tell me anything," said Mrs. Baldwin, "but I just felt I had to come and talk to you—you look so unhappy and I feel for you so *very* much. . . . I want to help you."

Agnes made as if to speak. She felt that she had, perhaps, misjudged Mrs. Baldwin all along. Maybe they were all wrong at The Towers when they said Mrs. Baldwin was a treacherous, interfering old busybody. Maybe Mrs. Baldwin was a real friend . . . she might help her, perhaps, to keep Betty. . . . Her eyes filled with tears, never very far distant in these days. She murmured something about it being very sweet of Mrs. Baldwin to offer sympathy. Her voice broke in the middle of it—

Mrs. Baldwin's little green eyes shone with excitement. She made further clucking sounds and patted Agnes' hand.

"That's all right, my dear," she laughed, "I am *so* sorry for you . . . and I understand . . . yes, I understand . . . you don't have to tell me anything . . . I understand."

And presently, Agnes, with very little prompting, told her everything, of her exaggerated love for Betty, of her fear that Betty was drifting away from her, of her hatred and jealousy of Mr. Wick. . . . It was a rambling, drab account she gave, for Agnes had the power of devitalizing even the most

dramatic or pathetic story by her aimless, discursive style and unmonotonous voice, but it satisfied Mrs. Baldwin. Once more she was wallowing in the dregs of another's emotion. She wept copiously, mingling her tears with Agnes'. And Agnes found relief, too. All the emotion had been pent up in her. She had longed to tell someone of her troubles. She never dreamed it would be Mrs. Baldwin. As she clung to Mrs. Baldwin's fat little arm during her recital, and felt the sympathetic heaving of Mrs. Baldwin's not inconsiderable breast she felt very guilty. She had thought so many unkind things of Mrs. Baldwin and said so many unkind things. . . . And now she was grateful for Mrs. Baldwin's sympathy. . . . She talked on and on, repeating herself over and over again.

"I understand," said Mrs. Baldwin every now and then, unctuously, "I understand."

They swore eternal friendship before Agnes finally left her and went to bed.

### XIII

IN the days following Agnes was a little happier. She felt that she had found a friend, and she was often in the company of Mrs. Baldwin.

Betty, whose flirtation, or friendship, or whatever it might be called, with Mr. Wick, was making little progress, noted the renewed intimacy, and resented it.

"What's the idea, Ag?" she asked. "You're always with Mrs. Baldwin these days."

"Mrs. Baldwin's very nice," said Agnes, in her abrupt manner.

"Why, Ag . . . I don't know how you can do it . . . you've roasted her as heartily as anyone here! And besides, you know she's an old beast!"

Agnes struggled between the desire to agree with Betty and the wish to be loyal to her new found friend. Finally loyalty prevailed.

"Yes," she said, "I know I've said a lot of beastly things about her myself . . . but I was wrong. I believe she is my friend. I believe she honestly wants to help people."

"Oh, gosh . . . are you being instinctively drawn towards her at last?" Betty answered. "That would be the last straw! I *hate* her!" she concluded.

"All right, dear," said Agnes. "I'm not asking you to change your opinions. . . . I *have* changed mine."

"Oh, you make me wild sometimes," said Betty, and flung out of the room.

Betty was feeling extremely peevish. Mr. Wick continued to be amiable and amatory, but they seemed to have reached a deadlock in their affair.

Mr. Wick was obviously attracted, and immensely gratified by the adoration Betty was at no pains to conceal, but nothing seemed to come of it. Betty couldn't imagine why. . . . There was no other woman, she felt sure. He was attentive enough, but he seemed perfectly content to let things go on as they were. Betty wasn't. She wanted something to happen, and she knew perfectly well what that something was. She wanted to become the second Mrs. Wick. And the sooner the better. But Mr. Wick took no steps in the matter.

Yet, he was making passionate love to her now, when previously there had been a certain daintiness about his philandering. Betty enjoyed the love-making. There was no doubt about that. Every night she went to bed thrilling with the fierce kisses of Mr. Wick. But in between the fierce kisses there was never any talk of matrimony. Very little talk of love, for that matter. Sometimes he would say, thickly, "Gosh, but you're . . . you're kind of cute," and Betty would blush and bury her head in his shoulder. But he had never even said that he loved her. Betty would have enjoyed hearing that. Once she whispered shyly, "Oh, Bobbie . . . I . . . I *do* love you," but Mr. Wick had merely held her a little closer and said nothing. . . .

Only, each day, his embrace became a little more intimate, a little more breathless. . . . Mr. Wick was quite content to wait. . . . A cautious person, Mr. Wick. But the strain began to tell on Betty.

## XIV

THE friendship between Agnes and Mrs. Baldwin, renewed that night on the porch, continued to prosper. Each found in the other a sympathetic listener, and while Mrs. Baldwin poured out long tales of her departed husband and the tragic termination of their all-too-brief union, Agnes patiently waited for her to stop, and then launched out into long dissertations upon her friendship with Betty.

"Oh, she's such a *dear* thing, Mrs. Baldwin, and we've been *everything* to each other *all* these years. . . . It just breaks my heart to see her drifting away from me like this . . . it just breaks my heart!" she would cry.

"Well, of course," Mrs. Baldwin would say, "you know her better than I do . . . and I wouldn't want to say anything *against* her . . . but. . . ."

"I don't want to *hear* anything against her," Agnes would answer immediately.

"That's all right," said Mrs. Baldwin, "I understand," and she would change the subject for a few minutes, but she always came back to it, and always there was that phrase, "I wouldn't want to say anything *against* her."

Naturally, there soon came a day when Agnes did not immediately refuse to hear anything against Betty. . . . So then Mrs. Baldwin started, ever so subtly, ever so gently, to suggest that perhaps Betty was not a paragon of all the virtues. She began with something Agnes could hardly deny—Betty's selfishness. . . . Reluctantly Agnes had to admit that Betty was certainly awfully selfish. . . . And selfishness wasn't the only thing, Mrs. Baldwin said. For instance, there was. . . .

"I don't want to hear any more!" said Agnes loyally.

"All right, my dear. . . . I understand." Always that bland, self-satisfied, "I understand."

But Agnes *did* hear more. . . . Every day she heard something. Hating herself, she listened; loathing herself, she had to concur. Mrs. Baldwin *did* understand.

Gradually Agnes saw her friendship, her beautiful, strong friendship, being dissected with the cruel, dispassionate scalpel of a bitter woman's introspection. Something that had seemed to her strong, and clean and fine and lasting, was shown to her in cross section, with unsuspected cancers and undreamed of interpretation. . . .

Uncannily, unpleasantly, Mrs. Baldwin showed her the truth. . . .

"It wasn't natural," said Mrs. Baldwin. "There was too much love on one side . . . on your side . . . you know it yourself. . . . If you had been a man . . . you couldn't have . . . petted her and spoiled and pampered her more than you did. . . . You know that to be true. . . . Your relationship was not fair to you . . . it wasn't natural."

"It *was* . . . it *was* . . . it isn't *true* . . . it isn't *true*!" Agnes cried in anguish, and burst into tears.

"That's all right," crooned Mrs. Baldwin as she patted her heaving shoulder, "I understand."

## XV

AGNES still clung pathetically to the shadow of her former friendship, but now she would have welcomed its dissolution with a more poignant relief than Betty.

They still continued to share a room at The Towers, but they were worlds apart. Both, however, lacked the courage to cut off cleanly a tie that had become a weary yoke.

Betty was growing desperate because Mr. Wick had still failed to declare himself. Agnes was no less worried.

"Surely he wouldn't . . . he wouldn't . . . kiss me as he has been doing . . . unless he meant something," said Betty.

"Of course not," Agnes comforted her, "he's waiting . . . that's all!"

"But what's he waiting *for*, Ag. . . . What's he waiting *for*! He knows I love him. . . ."

"Perhaps he doesn't know for sure," suggested Agnes.

"Well, my goodness, Ag," Betty burst out, "he *ought* to know . . . I let



him. . . ." she trailed off incoherently.

"Go on," said Agnes, sharply.

"Oh, nothing . . . he ought to know, that's all! Oh, Ag . . . do you really think he means something?" she went on hurriedly.

"Yes, I'm *sure* he does." Agnes spoke a little wearily.

It was unusual for her to speak wearily. It was generally Betty who did that.

## XVI

CAME a sweltering summer, with not a breath of air to relieve the heat. The Towers, always cold in winter, was now like a furnace. Limp humanity draped itself on the porches and damned the weather from morning till night.

Betty suffered terribly from the heat, but Agnes seemed to be about the only cool person in the place. She was studying Christian Science with Mrs. Baldwin, who took up one fad after the other. It seemed to work with Agnes, at any rate so far as the heat was concerned. In crisp linen skirts and white waists, she certainly looked cool enough, and she declared that the heat didn't worry her at all. She wanted Betty to study Christian Science, too, but Betty was in no mood to study anything. Mr. Wick, notwithstanding the heat, was still making love to her, but never a word of matrimony.

Betty became morose and depressed, and Agnes was strangely unsympathetic. She had never known Agnes like this before. Agnes had always been so demonstrative, so eager, so enthusiastic. Now she was quite cool, and reserved. Utterly different. It was all Mrs. Baldwin's fault. Mrs. Baldwin was a hateful old beast. . . . Mr. Wick said she was even worse. . . . In fact he had used a word that Betty had only heard previously in canine circles. . . . Betty had been very shocked, but Mr. Wick had laughed and said, "Aw, hell, Betty, I don't have to pick my words with you! That's just what she is!" And then he had kissed her and asked if he were forgiven for using a naughty word, and, of course Betty had forgiven him.

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After all, even that meant something. If he felt free to express himself as he wished in her presence, that argued a pretty high degree of intimacy, didn't it? Betty knew that husbands often mentioned words to their wives which they would never dream of mentioning to anyone else. Well, this incident was on the same line. . . . At least, she liked to think it was. If only Mr. Wick would hurry. Betty was so impatient.

She never doubted for a moment that Mr. Wick would ask her ultimately to be his wife. It was inconceivable after their intimacy. . . . It was not as if she were one of these flappers all the women talked about, who, so it was said, permitted all sorts of intimacies to every man who happened along. . . . Betty was twenty-seven . . . nearly twenty-eight now, for almost a year had passed since their trip East. . . . And though Mr. Wick had not been the first man to kiss her, Betty had never given her lips to a man with such abandon and trust as she did to Bobbie Wick. . . .

No, there was no doubt, in Betty's mind as to her ultimate marriage. . . . It was merely a matter of time, she decided. . . . So Betty seethed with impatience, and with aroused, unfulfilled desires, and waited wearily.

## XVII

It was the hottest night of the year. The guests of The Towers lolled on the porch after dinner, gasping. Nobody had the energy to speak. They lay back in their chairs, sweating. Only Agnes looked cool, and she alone sat upright, reading a book. There was an untroubled, serene look in her eyes. She looked almost happy.

Mr. Wick strolled out from the dining-room, cigarette in mouth. He walked jauntily, and somewhat erratically. He felt hot undoubtedly, but he felt cheerful nevertheless. He had taken more than enough liquor, before coming in to dinner, and, furtively, at dinner.

He selected the arm of Betty's chair to sit on. She looked up at him, shyly,

blushing. He thought she looked prettier tonight than she had ever done. She was wearing a soft organdy dress, with very short sleeves, and a modest little V in front. She had pretty arms, and her throat was delicately molded. Mr. Wick looked deep into her eyes and read open adoration. His heart began to beat a little faster. He smiled at her, and bending over, whispered in her ear.

"Let's go for a little ride—and get cool."

Betty smiled with pleasure. He found her a wrap and, taking her arm, led her down the steps into his roadster.

Instinctively Betty looked back at Agnes. She always told Agnes when she was going. She had been doing so for ten years.

"Ag! Ag!" she called. "I'm just going for a little ride with Mr. Wick!"

Agnes went on reading, not hearing her.

"Ag! Ag!" called Betty, louder. But Agnes apparently didn't hear. She went on reading her book, quite undisturbed.

Betty made a megaphone with her hands.

"Ag!" she called, "Ag!"

"Aw, hell!" said Mr. Wick, sliding in the clutch and driving off. "Forget your precious Ag for once!"

With a roar from the cutout, they swept round the corner. The last thing Betty saw was Agnes, bolt upright in her chair, absorbed in her reading, her white waist and skirt very conspicuous against the green paint of the porch furniture. Betty thought she looked wonderfully cool and clean.

\* \* \*

They arrived home at three in the morning, and the only person to see them come in was Mrs. Baldwin. She had been unable to sleep on account of the heat, and was sitting in a rocker by the window, fanning herself.

As the car drove up Mrs. Baldwin withdrew behind her curtains, but she held her breath so as to catch the slightest sound they made.

At first she could only hear a low whispering, and could distinguish no words, but presently she was able to

recognize Betty's voice, very faintly, almost whimpering.

"Oh, Bobbie, I can't go in . . . I can't . . . I can't! I can't move!"

To which Mr. Wick replied, rather impatiently:

"For Heaven's sake pull yourself together! You can't stay out here all night!"

Further whisperings and murmurs, rising and falling like waves. . . . An occasional word that she could distinguish, but for the most part an unintelligible muttering that exasperated Mrs. Baldwin, who would have given worlds to hear their conversation. Not that it was really necessary. . . . Mrs. Baldwin understood. She was tempted to move nearer to the window and peck out, but a full moon, shining full into the room, would have betrayed her presence, and she refrained. But she strained forward in her chair, scarcely daring to breathe, and her vast bosom heaved with excitement.

She had seen it coming. She knew Mr. Wick, and she knew Betty Marsh . . . it had been inevitable. She had predicted it for months. . . . Mrs. Baldwin understood. She picked up her loose wrap, and, barefooted, padded softly along the corridor to Agnes' room. . . . She must tell Agnes at once.

## XVIII

SLOWLY, painfully, stealthily, Betty dragged herself up the stairs. Mr. Wick had gone to his room with scarcely a word. She was alone now, very much alone . . . frightened, aghast, ashamed. Her throat was dry and parched and throbbed painfully. Her hands were clammy and trembled violently. Her pale, tear-stained face looked ghastly in the moonlight which streamed onto the stairs. The skin seemed to be stretched tight, like parchment over a drum. . . . It hurt, it was so tight. Her thoughts were in a pitiful confusion, but ever uppermost was the searing knowledge that she was a bad girl . . . a bad girl . . . no better than thousands of others she had often condemned in her prudish way. Fear clutched at her heart. She

knew Dr. Pierce would find out and that she would be instantly dismissed. Agnes would never speak to her again. . . . Nobody would even look at her again. . . . Mr. Wick. . . .

When she thought of Mr. Wick great waves of shame surged over her and the blood rushed to her head, so that she almost swooned. . . . She had trusted him so, loved him so, adored him. She had thought he was the nicest, cleanest man she had ever met. . . . And now. . . . She hated him; the thought of him was loathsome and unclean.

She staggered along the passage to her room, praying only that she might reach her bed before she fainted. Agnes would be good to her . . . Agnes would be kind . . . Agnes loved her. . . . If she could only reach the haven of Agnes' arms.

She opened the door and found the room flooded with light. Mrs. Baldwin, in a loose wrapper, perched on one bed, her fat feet an inch from the ground. Agnes sat up in her own bed, her mass of hair scraped back as usual. She always wore plain linen nightshirts with no sleeves and a high neck. Her thin lips were set in a straight, unyielding line, and her eyes were hard, cold, accusing.

Betty shut the door behind her, and took a few steps toward Agnes. Then her knees gave way, and she clung to the bedpost, shaken by sobs.

Agnes made no effort to comfort her. She looked at her dispassionately with a trace of disgust. The love which she had borne her friend, which once had filled her life, had gradually been killed. First by Betty herself, and later by the insidious words planted by Mrs. Baldwin. This was the final stroke. In Agnes' narrow code there was no pardon or atonement for unchastity.

Betty's sobs presently ceased. There was silence in the room, broken only by Mrs. Baldwin's wheezing breaths and by the sharp ping of moths that flew against the screened windows. These seemed to stab the silence and were infinitely magnified in sound. They

seemed to Betty like some vast, irregular steam hammer that pounded on her brain.

Agnes was the first to speak. She was beginning to feel outraged by the fact that Betty's lapse would inevitably reflect upon her. How dared Betty, who shared her room, do anything unclean . . . how dared Betty contaminate *her*? From the rugged heights of her intolerance, she asked, harshly, brutally:

"Why don't you spend the rest of the night with—your lover?"

Mrs. Baldwin made clucking noises with her teeth and drew her wrapper round her. She squirmed with excitement.

Betty looked at them appealingly. She saw no sympathy there. With a little gasp of dismay she ran from the room blindly, banging the door behind her.

Down the passage she flew and beat on the door of Miss Baker's room with both hands.

The startled little teacher ran to unlock her door and opened it timidly.

Betty almost fell into the room and threw herself on to the bed. She tried to stammer some explanation. It wasn't necessary. Miss Baker had been watching Betty and Mr. Wick with shrewd, sad eyes for several weeks. She held the sobbing girl tightly to her . . . while Betty talked incoherently.

"But, why didn't you warn me—why didn't you warn me!" Betty sobbed piteously.

Miss Baker smiled mirthlessly.

"Nobody warned *me*," she said bitterly, and then, she, too, broke down.

They clung to each other desperately.

\* \* \*

In her room Agnes talked earnestly to Mrs. Baldwin, swearing the latter to secrecy. Nobody must ever know. . . .

Downstairs Mr. Wick snored peacefully, the moon shining brightly upon his pleasant, clean-cut face.

# Blondes

*By Robert V. Hardon*

## I

The Chinese are the only natural-born philosophers. There are no Chinese blondes.

## II

Lloyds will write risks on typhoons, cricket matches, whippet races, earthquakes and mildew. But Lloyds will not underwrite risks on blondes.

## III

All married women justify biting, eye-gouging, acid throwing and forgery when a blonde is the antagonist. This is curiously true of blonde wives.

## IV

A man will fight, lie, cheat, steal, and commit murder for the woman he loves. If she happens to be a blonde he will even perform manual labor to win her smile.

## V

To what coincidence is due the fact that whenever a brunette wishes to say something particularly mean about a blonde she always murmurs: "Well, anyway, she has a nice complexion"?

## VI

Is yellow hair intrinsically naughty? Whenever the wronged wife finds a vagrant strand on her husband's lapel, why is it always blonde?



# Wives

*By Roda Roda*

**T**HREE women were discussing marriage and steps to take, should one discover one's husband in another woman's arms.

"I would divorce him!" hissed the one who hated her husband.

"I would pretend I had not seen anything—" sneered the other, who felt indifference for hers.

But she who loved her husband, whispered: "I would feed him poisoned candy. . . ."





# Répétition Générale

*By George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken*

*Platform.* — Further planks in the platform of the editors of this magazine, candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States:

67

They agree to issue letters of marque, under the Great Seal of the United States, to all ships, schooners, sloops and other craft of the New York-Bahamas rum fleet.

68

They agree to knock down the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, load it on scows, tow it to sea, and dump it.

69

They agree to pardon Charles W. Morse if his competitors in Wall Street ever succeed in railroading him to prison again.

70

They agree to suggest and advocate the hanging of all members in good standing of the New York Stock Exchange.

71

They agree to rescue the Liberty Bell from its exile in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, opposite the *Saturday Evening Post* building, and to present it to the Turks.

72

They agree to permit the revival of the Louisiana lottery, and to take a couple of tickets every month.

73

They agree to advocate, with the full

military and naval power of the United States, the appointment of a coon as headmaster of Groton School.

74

They agree to invite Lord Robert Cecil, or his successor, to luncheon at the White House, and to have ten grains of cyanide of potassium introduced into his consommé.

75

They agree to kiss no babies—that is, under the age of 17.

76

They agree to hand over California to the Japs, and Texas to Mexico.

77

They will abolish the present custom of opening Congress with a prayer and will substitute a jazz selection by Paul Whiteman's band.

78

They will undertake, in so far as it is possible for them to do so, to bring about the establishment in the national capital of a restaurant where one can get a decent meal.

79

As a reason for voting for them, they bring to the attention of the public the fact that neither of them was born in Ohio.

80

They agree, promptly upon assuming office, to suppress all the present British

37

press bureaux operating in the United States.

81

They agree, while traveling, to stay in their seats in the Pullman, and not to walk out onto the back platform and wave their handkerchiefs idiotically at the yokels.

82

Neither of them is an enthusiastic reader of detective stories.

83

They agree to keep away from Palm Beach, French Lick, Aiken, Lake Mohonk and other such immoral resorts during their term of office.

84

They agree to appoint auditors to find out what has become of all the money Americans have contributed for "reconstruction" in Northern France.

85

They agree to be at their desks at 9 A. M. every day, to take but two hours for lunch, and to work on Sundays if necessary.

86

They agree to bar from the mails all literature advocating the barring of other literature from the mails.

87

They hope and promise to invite to the White House as many sightly cuties as they can get hold of, and to make life there gay and charming. Competent musicians will be constantly in attendance.

88

When they give a dinner to the British Ambassador, they promise to set decent wines before him, and to get him stewed if possible. If he doesn't like wines, then there will be a jug of Scotch for him.

89

When they give a dinner to the Justices of the Supreme Court, they agree to avoid all dull discussions of jurisprudence, to get in a sufficiency of lively dancing girls after the cigars, and to instruct the butler to pass the bottles freely.

90

They agree to wear only American-made hats, overcoats and lingerie during their term of office.

91

They agree to start off their first season in Washington by giving a roaring blow-out in honor of E. W. Howe, of Kansas.

92

They agree to have a replica of the *Mayflower* made at the Norfolk Navy Yard, to load it with all the living descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, to tow it to sea, and to employ it, until sunk, as a target for the battle practice of the North Atlantic Fleet.

93.

They agree to negotiate a reciprocity agreement with the Republic of Czechoslovakia, whereby Pilsner beer will be admitted to the United States free of duty, and may be sold at 5 cents a glass.

94.

They will exert their full power to make all forms of amusement, from baseball to hoochie-coochie dancing and from musical comedy to three-card monte, legal on Sundays.

95

They agree, if elected, to lend their full efforts to the abolishment of all forms of censorship now operating in the United States, to lodge all the present censors promptly in jail, and to make it a criminal offense for any citizen in the future to contribute funds to any vice society, censorship organiza-

tion or league for the suppression of anything.

96

They promise on their sacred words of honor to leave the postage stamps alone, and not to have the faces on them changed constantly, as at present.

97

They agree, in the interest of the hotels, apartment-houses and public hackney-coachmen of the city of Washington, to prevent the reopening of the public stews which formerly flourished in the District of Columbia.

98

They agree to limit the annual immigration of Greeks to the number annually electrocuted by due process of law.

99

They agree to supply the Liberian Republic with six gunboats and 100,000 stands of arms, and to start it upon a career of public entertainment in Africa.

100

They agree to take the oath to support the Constitution with their fingers crossed.

101

They promise, if elected, to invite King George of England to America, to get him well pickled, and to show him a good time.

102

They agree to order the Hon. Charles E. Hughes seized by the military, to have his whiskers cut off, and to have photographs of him made and distributed, that the world may see what he actually looks like.

103

They promise to free Ireland, but not under oath.

104

They agree to invite the Kaiser to America, and to make him Governor-General of West Virginia.

105

They agree to remove the charge of desertion standing against the Civil War record of ———\*, and to restore him to the rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel of artillery.

*\*The name will be supplied to bona-fide inquirers.*

106

They agree to exclude all women politicians from the District of Columbia, and to appoint none to public office anywhere, and to round up all those whose homeliness is past endurance and have them put to death in some humane manner.

107

They agree to change the name of the Virgin Islands to something more in accord with the genius of the inhabitants.

108

They agree to abolish by executive order the plan of naming battleships after the States of the Union, and to give them the names of typical Americans of the first class, beginning with Brigham Young, P. T. Barnum, Dwight L. Moody, John L. Sullivan, Jay Gould, Amos Rusie and Henry Ford.

109

They agree to employ a competent sculptor to carve an heroic equestrian statue of Benedict Arnold, and to present it to the English nation for deposit in Westminster Abbey.

110

They agree to suspend by executive order all statutes against the Mormons, and to let the Saints exhume their plural wives from their storm-cellars and live with them openly, as God hath commanded them.

On the following issues the two candidates are unfortunately not in agreement. They therefore lay their differences before the electors frankly, and wish to add only that their minds are open and they are willing to be persuaded in either direction:

## 1

Mr. Mencken agrees to appoint at least twenty osteopaths to brigadier-generalships in the Army Medical Corps; Mr. Nathan declines to make any such promise.

## 2

Mr. Nathan agrees to employ only colored dancers and singers for entertainments at the White House; Mr. Mencken inclines toward the Aryans.

## 3

They differ as to the site of the monument to the Hon. Calvin Coolidge, Mr. Mencken favoring the plaza in front of the Capitol at Washington and Mr. Nathan favoring Union Hill, N. J.

## 4

Mr. Nathan proposes to execute all moving-picture actors by gun-fire; Mr. Mencken prefers drafting them into the Army.

## 5

Mr. Nathan agrees to proceed against any cigar manufacturer who names a cigar after him; Mr. Mencken is rather inclined to welcome the honor.

## 6

They agree that Major-General Wood should be provided for, but disagree as to the means. Mr. Mencken favors keeping the General in the Philippines; Mr. Nathan advocates getting him a job as an archbishop in Soviet Russia.

## 7

Mr. Mencken promises, if elected, to issue a free pardon to any citizen con-

victed of armed assault upon a Prohibition enforcement officer. Mr. Nathan agrees, in addition, to give him a political job and to hang the Prohibition enforcement officer.

## 8

Mr. Mencken agrees, if elected, to deport the whole Roosevelt family. Mr. Nathan dissents on the ground that the act would be unconstitutional.

## 9

Both agree to refrain from the use of opium, cocaine, perfumes and coca-cola if elected. In addition, Mr. Nathan agrees to refrain from chewing tobacco.

## 10

They cannot agree as to the nature of certain of their inaugural ceremonies. Mr. Mencken, for example, is against the customary parade, while Mr. Nathan is strongly in favor of the parade and wishes it amplified by the inclusion of elephants, giraffes, camels and lady bareback riders.

## 11

Mr. Nathan favors cutting up Yellowstone Park, selling it to moving picture companies for use as movie lots, and utilizing the money received to push through a bill prohibiting the future manufacture of moving pictures. Mr. Mencken, while agreeing to the plan in a general way, is disposed to believe it infeasible, since the amount of money received would not be sufficient to buy up the necessary number of Congressmen to get the bill through.

## 12

Mr. Mencken is in favor of holding Cabinet meetings in the White House on Thursdays at 5 p. m. Mr. Nathan is in favor of holding Cabinet meetings in the grill room of the New Willard Hotel on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 4.30 p. m., and on Saturdays at 1 p. m.



13

Mr. Mencken wishes to retain his residence in Baltimore and commute daily to and from the White House. Mr. Nathan will not countenance this plan, as Mr. Mencken's automobile is so old and decrepit that it is certain to break down on the way at least three times a week and so compel him to do not only all of his own work but all of Mr. Mencken's as well.

§ 2

*Progress.* — The most important change that has come over American literature in my time is this: that American satire, which once aimed all of its shafts at the relatively civilized minority, now aims most of them at the imbecile majority. If a satirist of today undertook to poke fun at the paintings of Titian and the music of Richard Wagner, he would be dismissed at once as a clown strayed in from the barber-shop weeklies and the chautauquas. Yet Mark Twain did both, and to great applause. To Mark, for all his humor, there was little that was ridiculous in such American go-getters as George F. Babbitt. He looked upon one of them, Henry H. Rogers, as his best friend, and he made another the hero of "A Connecticut Yankee." What amused Mark most profoundly was precisely whatever was most worthy of sober admiration—sound art, good manners, the aristocratic ideal. And he was typical of his age. The satirists of the present age, though they may be less accomplished workmen, are at all events more civilized men. What they make fun of is not what is dignified, or noble, or beautiful, but what is shoddy, and ignoble, and ugly.

§ 3

*From the Journal of a Bachelor of Forty.*—1. It has been my experience to find that men who seek intelligence in their companions among the fair sex are men whose friends, cronies and

companions among the sterner sex are deficient in intelligence. When one finds a man who admires women in proportion as they are intelligent, one finds synchronously a man whose men friends, due to this limited acquaintance, his lack of contact with the intellectual world or his personal deficiency in persuading interesting men to gather about him, are dull fellows and profound bores.

2. Nothing quite so ruins the effect of a woman's prettiness and charm as a mood of emphasis. The most beautiful and attractive of women loses much of her beauty and attractiveness when she becomes emphatic. When emphasis enters a woman's mouth, fascination coincidentally makes its getaway.

3. What a man beyond the years of thirty seeks in the woman he marries is less an instrument of future happiness than a bulwark and haven against future unhappiness and disappointments. He chooses his wife not for the better in the years to come, but for the worse. He sees in her not so much a companion for his days of joy as a sympathetic companion for his days of sorrow. He sees her not in terms of music, moonlight and roses but in terms of mother-woman, heart-nurse and guarantee against the loneliness of unromantic old age.

4. The infelicity and charming muddle-headedness with which the average man selects a woman for the object of his affections may readily be appreciated through the application of a simple test. Say that this same man were commissioned with the duty of selecting a woman for his best, most valued and most respected friend. Would he for a moment think of selecting for this esteemed friend the woman whom he has selected for himself? Would he not rather search for a woman possessed of many of the very qualities in which his own inamorata is lacking? Would he not select a woman in many respects the very opposite of his own choice? I leave the answer to you and to your own experience.

## § 4

*Human Values.* — The only man whose life counts for anything in this world is the man who leaves the world better than he found it. A platitude, to be sure—but not altogether platitudinous on analysis. The essential thing is the definition that is given to the word “better.” A man, it seems to me, grows better in proportion as he resists and overcomes the forces that hedge him in as with hostile spears; true happiness comes to him only when, for a gaudy moment, he is the complete master of his environment. All other varieties of happiness are simply bogus—for example, the variety born of religious exaltation, *i. e.*, of unsupported and preposterous faith in the benignity of mythical higher powers. A man who believes that God will deliver him from his enemies is not genuinely happy; he is simply silly. Nevertheless, men in general are so idiotic that they commonly reserve the gratitude proper to those who have made the world “better” to prophets who have filled them with just such childish faiths. It is as if they should honor a malignant scientist who threw all the human eyes in the world out of focus, and made them see lions as tabby cats. In their basic theology, all religions are nonsensical, and hence menaces to the security and happiness of mankind. The ethical schemes that commonly go with them, and often form essential parts of them, may be either good or bad, but the theological dogmas at the bottom of them are always bad. No man was ever benefitted in the slightest by believing that God watched over him diligently, and had a particular and pressing interest in his welfare. On the contrary, every man who has ever believed any such rubbish has been materially degraded thereby as a man—that is, he has been robbed of dignity, self-reliance and resourcefulness, and hence of the rudiments of happiness.

Unquestionably the greatest benefactor the human race has ever known was the nameless genius of *Homo neanderthalensis* who discovered how to kindle

fire. This primeval Edison, though in actual intelligence he was below even an Arkansas Baptist, yet gave mankind the greatest gift it has ever received. By virtue of that gift it managed to set at defiance the worst of all menaces to its safety and happiness, to wit, the meteorological anarchy which rages in the world. Thomas Henry Huxley, challenged to name a single field in which he could improve upon the work of God, instantly pointed to the weather. When he conquered fire, primitive man scored the first and greatest victory in his long series of wars against the unintelligible cruelty of nature. He could save himself when the tempest roared, and so he outlived the beasts who perished. His year doubled in length; his world doubled in area; his happiness tripled and quadrupled. At once there began that curious lengthening of his infancy which remains, even today, the most striking of all the differences separating him from the other animals. It is almost impossible to think of a subsequent invention that would have been possible without fire. A little flame lies at the bottom of all of them.

## § 5

*The Monthly Award.*—*Répétition Générale's* grand prix 3½ by 4¾ custard pie, awarded monthly to the person who has produced the noblest dose of whangdoodle during the period in question, goes this time to Mr. Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pa., for his speech on April 12th before the New Orleans Association of Commerce, reported, in part, as follows in a special dispatch to the *New York Times*:

Samuel Gompers says dire things will happen if we have open shops. My God! Have any of you gentlemen ever seen Samuel Gompers? Will you tell me what there is to be afraid of?

I've got 25,000 men working for me in a little foundry back East. I'd like to see any union labor leader start something among them. Why, when the railway strike was starting, a bunch of labor delegates came

around to the plant. In twenty minutes I had every damned one of them in jail. I was told that I had no right to put them in jail. I said: 'But they're in jail, aren't they? Now go and get them out.' You've got to act quick when you're facing a crisis.

America's greatest asset is that every live American is up to his neck in debt. I started in debt; I'm in debt now; I'll be in debt as long as I live.

Some employers raise hell when their men begin buying automobiles on instalments. If a man of mine hasn't got guts enough to add gasoline power to his leg power, I don't want him.

The pie is being sent to Mr. Vauclain, full express charges prepaid.

## § 6

*Critics.*—Of critics of the fine arts there are only two varieties: those who write what they actually think (within the limits, of course, of decorum and the postal laws), and those who try to ascertain what *ought* to be said. The former, whatever their actual doctrine, inevitably accumulate customers, and have some influence; the latter become professors, and are read only by other professors.

## § 7

*Happiness.*—This great boon may be defined briefly as a state of mind occurring in an organism at a moment when it happens to pass through an environment exerting a minimum of irritation. It is thus most transitory in the highest and most sensitive organisms. A hog is therefore happier than a man, and a bacillus is happier than a hog. But when a man is drunk enough, he is sometimes almost as happy as a bacillus.

## § 8

*Notice to Recruiting Officers.*—I have a congenital antipathy to joining clubs and other organizations, and never do it if I can wriggle out of it, but I hereby give public notice that if anyone ever organizes a society pledged to promote every feasible device for exterminating the human race I shall be glad to put myself down as a charter member.

## § 9

*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*—The voice of the Lord God Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, as reflected by the people of the United States and their self-imposed laws and regulations, severally by municipalities and states (including Kansas) or collectively by the union:

1. God is against cigarettes.
2. God is against playing cards.
3. God is against advertisements of Scotch whiskey.
4. God is against Scotch whiskey.
5. God is against playing billiards.
6. God is against playing pool.
7. God is against moving pictures showing a man kissing a woman for longer than ten seconds.
8. God is against "September Morn."
9. God is against "The Girl with the Whooping Cough."
10. God is against Eugene V. Debs.
11. God is against Little Egypt.
12. God is against playing baseball on Sunday.
13. God is against carrying a pocket flask.
14. God is against dancing after eleven P.M.
15. God is against dancing after twelve P.M.
16. God is against dancing after one A.M.
17. God is against dancing at all.
18. God is against secret societies.
19. God is against German opera.
20. God is against public speaking by a member of the I.W.W.
21. God is against Boccaccio, Balzac, Fielding and Anatole France.
22. God is against bare knees.
23. God is against allowing children to appear on the stage.
24. God is against the female leg.
25. God is against congregating on street corners.
26. God is against letting poor men sleep on the benches in public parks.
27. God is against birth control.
28. God is against speaking in public on birth control.

29. God is against sending birth control literature through the mails.

30. God and the late Hon. Jim Mann are *Corpsbrüder*.

31. God is against the minority at all times.

32. God is against all illiterates save those who are American born.

33. God is against a trade alliance of proficient business men against their inferiors.

34. God believes that a Mississippi nigger bootblack is the equal of John Singer Sargent.

35. God is against one-piece bathing suits.

(To be continued)

### § 10

*The Puritan.*—There are men who do not like talk of sex or writing on sex. There are men who have dyspepsia and cannot eat.

### § 11

1918-1923.—From a speech by the Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding, Senator from Ohio, in the United States Senate, March 6, 1918:

It has not been demonstrated yet that popular government can survive. I hope it will; but the very weakness of it is that we yield to political and personal prejudices and have more concern about our own personal careers than we have about the perpetuity of the government.

Respectfully referred to the Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding, of Ohio, now President of the United States and candidate for renomination and re-election.

### § 12

*Pleasure.*—I was asked recently what I, who had set down in one of my books that pleasure was after all my chief concern in life, considered pleasure. The answer seemed very easy—until I started to make it. For before the first word of a reply emerged from my mouth, I appreciated that here was a poser. What I considered pleasure at the moment, I knew full well I might

not consider pleasure as little as an hour later. Pleasure wears a multi-colored coat which it is forever turning inside out. It is capricious, inconstant, vexatious. For example, though I consider it a pleasure to drink a cocktail before dinner, I certainly do not list under the heading of pleasure the drinking of a cocktail, equally good, before breakfast. If I find pleasure in a woman's company at twilight, I find none in a woman's company at high noon. An ocean voyage is a pleasure to me in warm weather; in cold weather I would as lief shoot myself. There is no such phenomenon as a constant, definite pleasure-giving thing. Pleasure is a matter of shifting prejudices and moods. I find pleasure in reading, but sometimes I find only agony in reading. I find pleasure in writing, yet often rather than sit down to writing I would go out and shovel coal. Imagine getting pleasure out of Chopin with a cold in one's head! Although music is one of my greatest pleasures, at such a time I can get a hundred-fold pleasure out of a ten-cent tube of menthol. The theatre is a source of infinite pleasure to me, but I would not go to see "Hamlet" in July for a barrel of beer. . . .

### § 13

*Obiter Dictum.*—There is nothing in all poetry, not even in the Old Testament, that is so beautiful as the coda in the slow movement of Schubert's Tragic Symphony, or the first subject in the first movement of Brahms' piano trio, No. 1, opus 8.

### § 14

*Note of a Reader.*—The worst book that I have read of late is "Party Government in the United States of America," by Dr. William M. Sloane, a professor of history in Columbia University and apparently a big gun among his fellow professors. Sloane is not without learning. His facts are laboriously amassed, and I daresay that they are accurate, at least in the main. But



the style in which he sets them forth is simply the negation of all clarity and charm. Almost every sentence is, in some way or other, infirm: either it has club feet, or a sprained back, or wens. The subject interests me greatly; the book has reduced me to a pulp. Reading it has been like listening to Beethoven's first symphony played by an orchestra made up wholly of bull fiddles, all of them out of tune.

§ 15

*Fable.*—There was once a President of the United States who ran for re-election on a platform advocating the enforcement of Prohibition and the establishment of a World Court run by England. There was once a swimmer who essayed to swim across the Hellespont with a sash-weight in one hand and a plate of soup in the other.

§ 16

*American Satire, I.*—I take a five-cent piece out of my pocket and look at it. It bears the head of an American Indian. Above the Indian is the inscription "Liberty." For the name of every Indian who is permitted the measure of liberty of the white man in the United States, I offer one of the aforementioned five-cent pieces.

§ 17

*The Higher Learning in America.*—News note from one of the great public journals of Columbus, O.:

An (*sic*) unique feature of the Summer school for pastors under the auspices of the Ohio Council of Churches and the Ohio State University . . . is a course on "The Psychology of Salesmanship Applied to Evangelism." This course will be conducted by Mark A. May, professor of salesmanship at Syracuse University, who was recommended for the work by President Walter D. Scott of Northwestern University. It will include lectures on subjects such as "How to Catch the Attention of the Prospect," "How to Secure Decision and Get Action" and "Ways and Means of Advertising Religion."

§ 18

*Philological Note.*—The American

language continues to make progress. Bills making it the lawful tongue of the United States are pending in Congress and in the state legislatures of Minnesota and Illinois. More important still, it has begun to enlist the attention of American poets. Not infrequently the evidences of its spread are not immediately apprehended. Some time ago, for example, I was somewhat puzzled when a group of the newer poets, on starting a magazine for the printing of their compositions, called it *Voices*. At first blush this title seemed to indicate a periodical devoted to vocal culture. It was not until after some reflection that I noted that it was simply the word *verses* in the New York dialect of American.

§ 19

*On Gold Medals.*—Sample lines from the Owen Davis opus entitled "Ice-bound" that was this year awarded the Pulitzer medal as the finest play of American life:

1. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ears."  
"Why should anybody want to make a silk purse out of a sow's ears?"
2. "You like animals, don't you, Ben?"  
"I don't like to see them suffer."  
"Why?"  
"I guess it's mostly because they ain't to blame for it. I mean what comes to them ain't their fault. . . . Animals live cleaner than we do, anyhow, and when you do anything for them they've got gratitude. Folks haven't."
3. "I suppose God knew what He was about when He made women."
4. "Let a man get miserable and he is miserable. A woman ain't really happy no other way."
5. "You mean a later will's been found?"
6. "You mean I ain't going to have to go to jail? I ain't got that ahead of me? I can stay here now? And do things—things I haven't dared to think about lately? Now I'll be here when spring comes."
7. "After all, blood's thicker than water."
8. "You ain't going to be hard on us, Ben?"
9. "Jane took you in and taught you how to work, made you work, taught you through the one decent spot in you something of a thing you'd never know—*self-respect*."
10. "It doesn't matter what folks do, if you love 'em enough."

11. "Love? You don't even know the meaning of the word!"

### § 20

*Idle Dreams.*—That there are still men in the world—and what is worse, educated and apparently intelligent men—who talk of ending war and setting up a universal commonwealth of peace—this fact is a monumental proof of the incurable nature of human sentimentality. Certainly, there has never been a time in the history of the modern world when the inevitability of recurrent wars has been more obvious, or when vaster enterprises have been under weigh for making that inevitability, so to speak, more inevitable. A glance at Europe shows nothing save a colossal complex of rivalries and hatreds. There are scarcely two peoples on the Continent who regard each other with ordinary tolerance and good-will. Not only are all the enmities which existed before the late war still surviving, with a huge increase of bitterness, but in addition there are countless new enmities, and some of them are of appalling ferocity. The creation of such grotesque "free" states as Poland and Czecho-Slovakia has simply created new centers of hatred. The Czechs, for example, literally hate everybody, and are drilling a large army for no other purpose than to terrorize, and, if possible, loot their so-called enemies. One would think that it would be plainly to their interest to keep on good terms with the Poles; instead they have been quarreling with the Poles, and making grandiose claims to important sections of unquestionably Polish territory. As for their other neighbors, the Germans, Hungarians and Austrians, they hate them all with magnificent impartiality. It is the undisguised dream of the college professor Metternichs who now sit in Prague to annex the whole of Austria before long, and with it most of Saxony and a large part of Hungary. Meanwhile, they engage in violent and nonsensical oppressions of the millions of German-speaking inhabitants of their own territory, confiscate all the property

of the old Austrian nobility—the title to which is as sound as any land title on earth—and gloat in an undisguised and appalling manner over every tale of ruin and starvation that comes from Vienna.

I cite the Czechs because, in many ways, they are the most civilized and gentle of all the peoples "liberated" by the late war. I have never met a Czech who was not a conspicuously amiable man, with something of the free artist in him. There is no American state which is one-half so civilized as what was once the Austrian crownland of Bohemia. Its people live in a land that is almost as rich and smiling as Bavaria or Southern France; they are industrious and well-fed; more charming than any Germans save the Bavarians and Austrians, they have all of the German respect for learning and the fine arts; the distribution of wealth among them is extraordinarily equitable; they are, most important of all, emancipated from all the grosser varieties of religious superstition, and show none of the murderous Christian barbarism of Catholic Spain or of Protestant Scotland and Wales. Nevertheless, these genial and apparently sensible Teuto-Slavs are now devoting most of their money and energies to building up a terrific military machine, and their so-called statesmen are straining every nerve to make an excuse for using it. When the next general European war breaks out they are as sure to get into it as France or Germany, and before it is over hundreds of thousands of their young men will be butchered. To what end? To the sole end, so far as I can make out, that a few third-rate politicians in Prague, most of them professional Bohemian Sein Finners before the late war, may strut before mirrors in the characters of Bismarck, Cavour, Metternich and Napoleon III. Certainly it must be obvious that it is to the interest of the Bohemians to keep the peace—to develop the rich lands that are already theirs, to foster industry, and to win the confidence and good-will of the adjacent nations, upon whose security and prosperity they must

depend for trade. Instead, they pursue every conceivable scheme for bringing on disaster. A ring of nervousness surrounds them. They rattle the saber all day, and then get it out to toy with it in the still watches of the night.

The case of the Poles, as everyone knows, is infinitely worse. Here we have a nation that is apparently quite without any talent for orderly self-government. It is made up of three or four wholly heterogeneous groups, and whichever one happens to be on top devotes itself chiefly to extravagant and senseless oppressions of the others. Worse, the dominant group is rent by internal quarrels, and some of them go to the length of assassination. The old industries of Poland, so flourishing under Austrian, Russian and German rule, have now all gone to pot, and Polish national finances are in such a parlous state that the government is kept on its feet only by the aid of France. Almost every Pole who is not in the army is now a job-holder; the whole work of the country seems to be left to the oppressed minorities, most of whom would emigrate *en masse* if they could. Meanwhile, the government, not content with the vast, undigested territories that it already has, gives over its chief energies to schemes for despoiling its neighbors. It has seized half of Lithuania, including the capital; it tried to gobble a great stretch of Russia, and got away with part of it; it is forever concocting schemes to break off odd pieces of eastern Germany. Having got the Silesian coal mines by a swindle, and proceeded at once to mismanage them so absurdly that half of the miners actually made plans to migrate to the hell of the Ruhr, it has lately tried to get Memel by another swindle. Some time ago the Soviet government of Russia proposed to all the Slav states that they cut down their armies horizontally, and so get a breathing space for the necessary work of reconstruction. All were willing save the Poles. The latter, though completely bankrupt, and already in possession of far more territory than they

can effectively administer, refused absolutely to disarm.

I pass over the Balkan situation and the state of affairs along the Rhine as too obvious to need discussion. In no part of Europe is there a country that is on good terms with all of its neighbors; nowhere is anything visible save preparations for war. How any sane man, in the presence of such palpable facts, can talk of international peace is quite beyond me. Another general war is not only certain; it is bound to be a war of unexampled ferocity, beside which the last one will appear as a jousting of knights at a rural Maryland tournament. The causes of that last one were relatively trivial, to wit, trade rivalries. But before it had gone on for six months a very much more serious motive got into it, to wit, the lust for territory. That lust is now epidemic throughout Europe; even such apparently sober nations as Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden have become infected by it; in all other directions there are scores of new Alsace-Lorraines. That the next round will settle all the problems thus set up I doubt gravely; most of them, in fact, are probably insoluble. But it must be fought before any disposition to compose them can be looked for. The last war, despite its staggering cost, was wholly indecisive. Of all the nations engaged, only Austria was brought to such a state that the will to conquer was supplanted by a genuine will to peace. Russia, though dealt an apparently mortal blow by the stupendous German attack, is already so far recovered that she is able to defy the threat of England, France and the United States combined; Turkey, theoretically knocked out, has actually begun a new war of conquest; the Italians are still truculent and on the lookout for loot; the French, bleeding from every pore, make war the national profession; the Germans, if they could get arms, would be in Paris in three weeks; even the elimination of Austria has been ten times compensated by the creation of such bellicose

states as Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and the new Serbia.

What is needed, before anything resembling genuine peace can be hoped for, is another general war—one that will reduce all of the contestants, including especially the so-called victors, to utter impotence. This benign result might have been achieved in the last war if the United States had not intervened. The Germans, unable to face the colossal adverse odds presented to them by that intervention, had to get out of the contest before it came to a decision, and, despite the cruel and unworkable terms forced upon them, they actually avoided most of the inevitable consequences of such a decision. Had the United States kept its hordes at home, a genuine and durable peace might have followed the war, for it would have gone on until France, in a military sense, was completely wrecked, and so the

driving force behind all the present threats of a new war, in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia no less than along the Rhine, would have been dissipated. As it is, there can be no peace until the old rivalry between France and Germany is settled, either by the complete destruction of one or the other, beyond the slightest hope of revival and revenge, or by the simultaneous exhaustion of both. The French, who are realists, see this clearly, and are trying to provoke the Germans into a new war, in the hope of hamstringing them before they can arm. The more realistic men among the Germans see it also, and are seeking to put off the struggle until they can enter it on something approaching fair terms. To talk of peace while this jockeying is going on is to talk of enforcing Prohibition in New York with 40 rum ships arriving off Fire Island every morning.



## Messieurs et Mesdames

*By John McClure*

GENTLEMEN and ladies,  
Turn your eyes away.  
You must not remember  
Life is cruel and gay.

Build your shrine to beauty:  
Tend your asphodel.  
(My jolliest companion  
Saw the face of hell.)

Gild your dreams with glory.  
One cannot tell you then  
Life is a droll story  
Ladies and gentlemen.





# The Pensioner

By Guy Gilpatric

PRESIDENT McKINLEY was assassinated late that summer, and by looking up the date, I find that I was seven years old.

It is strange how one can remember some things from childhood so vividly, and other things not at all. Of that summer, I have no recollections except about McKinley, and of the things connected with this story—which may not be a story after all.

There was the porch of the summer hotel—a typical porch, with old ladies sitting at one end, and our nurses and governesses at the other. We children played under the trees on the lawn.

There was a thin old lady in black who scolded our nurses when we were noisy, and another of whom I can remember nothing except that she gave me a little book—a Shakespeare, I think it was—which was no larger than a postage stamp.

But I have the clearest mental picture of Mrs. Burnham, the foreign lady. She was very fat, and I know now that her fluffy red hair, which I thought so beautiful, must have been a wig as grotesque to the grown people as were her pink cheeks. Although she must have been fifty-five or sixty, I thought she was very pretty; she smelled so sweet, and when she patted my head or squeezed my hand, it felt so much nicer than when the other ladies did it.

Like most little boys, I had decided to follow a military career. The triumph of the American arms at San Juan Hill was still inspiring the nation, so most of my time was spent in personating Colonel Roosevelt slaying the loathsome legions of Spain.

S. S.—Aug.—4

One day, though, I was Napoleon. Little Fred Bruns was my cavalry, and MacOrmiston my artillery. We were rushing around the lawn shouting “Boom! Boom!” when we saw Mrs. Burnham come down from the porch with her little green enamel candy box that had the gold bees on the cover. There was a lull in the battle while the troops took rations.

We sat on a bench under a tree, and ate the colored sweets—“jubes,” I think we called them—that Mrs. Burnham always brought us. I explained that today we were Napoleon and his army—only I called it “Nopolon.”

“Indeed?” she said. “But you should say ‘Napoléon’”—she gave it the French pronunciation. “‘Napoléon’—say it after me—there—again.”

“But that isn’t the way Nurse says it, Mrs. Burnham. She was reading to us yesterday about the young soldier who said ‘Wounded? No, Sire—dead!’ and fell right down dead in front of *No—er—Napoléon*.”

“Well, *Napoléon* is the way to say it. You see, I knew him very well.”

“Oh, but Mrs. Burnham! He’s been dead for years and years! Why, he’s in *history*!”

“Ah, yes, of course. But there are several *Napoléons* in history. The one I knew was the nephew of the one your nurse was reading about. His first name was Louis. He was an Emperor, too—*Napoléon Trois*.”

“Was he a great soldier, Mrs. Burnham?”

I think she paused a moment before she said,

“No, my dears, I’m afraid he was

not. He was brave and handsome, but—but look, I will show you his picture.”

She pried open the big onyx locket she always wore—I remember that it, too, had those same golden bees on it—and showed us a beautiful little painting of a man who looked something like Buffalo Bill, only he was fatter. He wore a gorgeous uniform, and was covered with medals.

Inside the cover of the locket was a piece of curved glass, something like a watch crystal, and underneath it was a lock of brown hair. Mrs. Burnham couldn't have wanted us to see that, though, because she covered it with her hand. But I knew what it meant. Grandma had shown me her locket with the hair in it, that Grandpa had sent her when they were in love. . . .

We admired the uniform and the medals of the man in the picture, and decided that he must have been the bravest man in the world to win so many. And because each of us wanted to be the bravest man in the world, each of us proclaimed himself to be Napoléon. The idea of an army made up of three of the same personage was quite satisfactory to us, and we set about learning a song which Mrs. Burnham told us Napoleon's soldiers used to sing.

We grasped it with parrot-like facility, and not the slightest idea of its meaning. It went:

Nous l'aurons!  
Nous l'aurons!  
Napoléon!

I think it was only a few evenings after this, when I was sitting on one of the big sofas in the lobby, that I saw Mrs. Burnham come down to

dinner. Her arms and neck looked very smooth and white, and jewels sparkled in her red hair. Her cheeks were beautifully pink. She smiled at me as she passed.

My two uncles were standing near, smoking cigarettes and looking very grown up in their dinner jackets. One of them winked at me and said,

“You've made a hit with the old cow, all right!”

I knew it was smart and manly to laugh, but it seemed mean, just the same.

Then it was my bedtime, and my nurse took me upstairs. And next morning I heard that Mrs. Burnham had been found dead in her room by her maid, who had come to waken her.

That afternoon, two foreigners who wore frock coats, came to the hotel. These men looked like soldiers to me and I remember that one of them had a little red rosette in his buttonhole. They had come to take Mrs. Burnham away. And the following morning, before the rest of the grownups had come down for breakfast, these two men were on the porch with their bags, waiting for the station wagon.

Out under the trees were the three Napoléons planning the campaign for the day. I remember that we marched around the lawn singing our new marching song—

Nous l'aurons!  
Nous l'aurons!  
Napoléon!

And I remember how surprised the two men looked when they heard us—and how they kept looking back at us until the station wagon crunched down the gravel drive and away through the gate.



# An Eye for an Eye

*By Ford Douglas*

## I

JUDGE HAWPER fanned himself with a limp napkin. His vest was unbuttoned, his collar a soggy rag, and the perspiration running in rivulets down his cheeks spattered on his shirt-bosom.

"God, but it's hot!" he groaned.

It was a July night and the room was indeed warm. It soon was to become warmer. And for this Turkish bath temperature there was, to use a happy phrase of publicity engineers, "a reason." For, precisely at four bells in the evening, Capt. Otto Lambader, following secret instructions, had telephoned down to Chief Engineer Schmitz ordering a certain valve, shown on the blueprints as "S23," to be opened. Dramatic, one might almost say tragic, events followed. Opening S23 released no torpedo, nor did it submerge a U-boat. Further than this, Capt. Lambader was not a submarine commander; he was, in fact, neither a naval officer nor even a seafaring man. He was a waiter on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Magnificent, and his title, conferred on him by the hotel management, indicated only his authority over a half dozen of his fellows.

It must be explained that certain valves control the admission of steam into various radiators throughout the hotel, and that by the manipulation of these extremes of temperature can be brought about and the banquet and private dining-rooms made untenable save by Eskimos or Hottentots. In the hotel trade this stratagem is technically known as "the move-out," and in operation it usually follows the water-

rackers and small coffee. Calculated to a nicety every square foot of floor space in the Magnificent was expected to return a profit and guests were not allowed to linger. The hotel was no philanthropic institution. It was out for the money and it got it. Elaborate reports by efficiency experts of its success are to be had, but boiled down they reveal nothing better than the slogan of the management: "Keep 'em moving."

Built by a noted firm of packing-house architects and engineers, the Magnificent was designed to operate along the practical lines so well worked out in the meat industry. In the latter business the raw material is brought in on the hoof, driven to the top floor of the building, there to be pole-axed and allowed to drift by gravity down through the various departments, being shaved, scraped, dehorned, and disemboweled en route. Nothing more simple has ever been devised. Following, then, this practice, the hotel guests were kept on the jump. From roof-garden to rathskeller liveried herders prodded them through the various chutes and alley-ways, past ambuscades of waiters, bellhops, and hat-snatchers, shoving them out at last on the sidewalk where doormen and taxi-drivers exacted the final toll. Capt. Lambader had a part in all this, of course, and so it was that he had had the steam turned into the radiators of the Turkish Room where Judge Hawper sat in a state of misery.

The occasion to which Hawper lent his presence, and, incidentally, for which he now heartily cursed himself, was a dinner given in honor

of Judge Abner J. Gosnell of the Court of Appeals. Planned originally for a small affair of a half-dozen covers, it had by some leak or mismanagement got out of hand, resulting in something between a political clambake and a free-for-all barbecue. Probably three score of diners sat at the long table and the noise was deafening.

Perspiring, cursing under his breath, Hawper cudgelled his brains for some plan of extricating his guest. Concentration, however, was difficult. For, added to the confusion, there came through folding doors on one side cheers as the Sales Manager of the Hercules Spring Bed Co. in the Japanese Room—an annual dinner was in progress—drove home a point; and through a similar set of doors on the opposite side of the room, came a series of college yells and songs where the Zeta Beta Thetas were holding high carnival.

Hawper had had a number of drinks and there were more in sight. Indeed there were a great many more in sight, for the long table fairly groaned with bottles. Everybody seemed to have anticipated a drought and to have provided accordingly.

A fat man now rose from his chair and, pulling a manuscript from his pocket, began an address without introduction or preliminary. In the throes of stage fright, his voice shook and he cleared his throat between syllables.

"Late in the year 1748," he began, "three brothers emigrated from England to seek their fortunes in the New World. They were Isaac, Ambrose, and Jonah, the sons of a poor but honest farmer. Landing in Boston, they set about immediately to gain a foothold in the land of their adoption, and how by their industry, frugality, and perseverance they succeeded is now a part of this history of the nation.

"In 1756 Isaac moved West, locating near the present city of Herkimer, N. Y., where his descendants have attained an enviable success in the cheese business. He married a Miss Amelia

Fosdick, the daughter of a prominent clergyman, the Reverend Erasmus J. Fosdick, who died of an acute attack of cholera morbus in the year 1769. Their children were Lazarus, Enos, Amos, Abigail, and Hester, the latter marrying Lancelot McDoodle, the first white child born in the county—"

Judge Hawper cupped his hand to his mouth.

"Who is this ass?" he demanded of a red-faced man at his left.

"His name's Potts—makes stoves—millionaire."

"How the devil did he get in here?" inquired Hawper. "Who gives a continental damn for the Pottses? I never even heard of them. Shut him off!"

"Let him rave," argued the red-faced man cheerfully. "Let him empty himself. It's only fair—he donated the Scotch."

"The second brother, Ambrose," continued Mr. Potts, "was one of the most prominent of those who identified themselves with the struggle for liberty. He sold the revolutionary forces large supplies of food, clothing, and rum; and it was of this rugged old soldier that General Washington is said to have said: 'One Potts is worth a dozen Skilletts' (referring to Gen. Jonas J. Skilletts, for whom he had a profound contempt).

"Gen. Ambrose Potts had seven sons: John, Luke, Matthew, Peter, Paul, Gaul and Stuffins. He also had five daughters: Zenobia, Lizzie, Mabel, Ursula and Olympia; Lizzie Potts becoming the third wife of Archibald Licklider, the first person to erect a distillery in the State of New Jersey and—"

"Rah for Archibald!" interrupted a voice. "Three cheers for old Lick!"

The disturber, a young lawyer slightly under the influence, was silenced by friends and Mr. Potts continued:

"—and if you will permit me I will read what has been published of this branch of the family."

He picked up a heavy volume bound in black morocco.

"I have here a rare and, I may say,



costly work, 'The Biographical History of Passaic County, New Jersey,' published by the Reverend Aaron T. Anstruther, of West Hoboken, in the year 1886. On page 865 is found a biography of August J. Wincklemann, who married Olympia Potts, becoming thereby my uncle. On the opposite page will be found his portrait, a very fine steel engraving, and also a facsimile of his signature."

Hawper squirmed in his chair.

"In the name of God," he groaned, "is there no way of choking this fellow off?"

"I'm for him as long as his Scotch holds out," commented the red-faced man.

Bending his head over the life work of the Reverend Mr. Anstruther, Mr. Potts read from the printed page:

"The subject of this sketch, Mr. August J. Wincklemann, is one of the most prominent hardware merchants in this section of the state. He is a member of the order of Odd Fellows and for a number of years officiated as Outer Guard in the Knights of Pythias. He is a Lutheran, an ex-member of the county Republican Committee, and, in 1882, was a candidate for the legislature. He has three children: August, Jr., Otto, and Minnie."

"I come now," said Mr. Potts, closing the book and laying it on the table, "to the third branch of the family, that of Jonah—"

"Jonah?" queried a voice—it emanated from the same person who had disturbed the gathering a few minutes before—"Jonah? Not good old Jonah? Now I'm asking you as man to man, did Jonah swallow the whale or was it vice versa?" Standing to better command a reply, the disturber flourished a napkin. "Let's get the matter settled, brother, here and now."

"Sit down, Jim," cried a number of his friends. "Sit down! Shut up!"

He was dragged back into his seat, expostulating vainly that "Now's the time to get the whole matter cleared up."

"Gosnell," said Judge Hawper, turn-

ing to the guest of the evening, "I've never been so embarrassed in my life. I thought we were going to have a quiet little dinner, four or five of us. It's my clerk that's got us in this mess. I turned the matter over to him this morning to arrange—and he got drunk. He always gets drunk on Saturday."

Judge Gosnell, a weazened little leather-faced man with shoe-button eyes, grinned.

"Hawper," he said, "I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I've been highly entertained—and instructed. Where else could I have learned of the distinguished ancestry of Mr. Potts? Kindly pass the Scotch."

Infuriated at the interruption, Mr. Potts took his seat, concentrating a sinister scrutiny upon the disturber, who with his tie up over his ears and smoking something that looked like a small feather duster, sat immediately opposite.

Listening at first one and then another of the doors in the hall outside, Capt. Otto Lambader moved about in a state of nervous trepidation. A moment later, when the Zeta Beta Thetas in the Italian Room started "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," he hastened to a phone.

"Gott in Himmel!" he shouted. "Such a noise up here! Is der steam on?"

"Ja, ja," replied Schmitz down in the engine room. "For an hour yet it is on twenty pounds. I make it more."

It was true. The "move-out" had been in operation for some time and a hidden thermometer in the Italian Room registered 102°. The mercury climbed slowly upward in the dining-room where Judge Hawper sweltered, and in the Japanese Room adjoining the assembled sales agents of the Hercules Spring Bed Co. fanned themselves with souvenir menu cards.

"I never saw it so hot for this time of year," gasped Hawper. "Here, boy," he called to a passing waiter, "some more ice in my glass—and the Scotch."

A pallid young man now rose and,

after a most deliberate wiping of his lips with his napkin, beamed upon the red-faced man whom he thought to be the toast-master and who was sound asleep in his chair.

"This is a gathering," he began in an oleaginous voice, "of, I may say, some of the best minds in the community. Assembled here tonight," he waved a hand to indicate them all, "are men of importance in almost every department of civic life, and it is an occasion, I take it, for serious thought. With this in view, may I say a few words for City Zoning?"

"No; you can't!" shouted Jim, who, dozing, had been unexpectedly galvanized into life. "Sit down and shut up!"

Several near attempted to quiet him, but once aroused Jim was hard to calm.

"To hell with City Zoning," he said, casting a scornful glance at the pallid young man, who had fallen limply back in his chair. "I want to hear more from old Jonah." He pointed a wavering finger at Mr. Potts. "Did he swallow the whale or didn't he? That's the question."

With great dignity the affronted Mr. Potts rose from his seat and strode out of the room—returning a few moments later, with considerably less hauteur, to get the Biographical History of Passaic County, which in his rage he had left on the table.

There was a short period of quiet now, in which the voice of the Sales Manager of the Hercules Spring Bed Co. penetrated the folding doors:

". . . and another talking point is that our product is factory tested. You salesmen want to feature that. Tell them that every one of our beds is put under the steam hammer and subjected to a hundred blows with a force of five tons. That gets 'em. They can't get away from an argument like that. And you might kinda let it leak out that our principal competitor, the Titan Bed Co., uses only the rolling test. It stands to reason that a bed that'll hold up under a five ton hammer is a better product

than one tested with only a two ton roller. . . ."

Gin at 102° Fahrenheit is a potent agent for vocal expression, and the collegiate Greeks who had purchased it from another, but not a brother Greek, burst into song. It was a slow number, weird, perhaps Russian, with a *motif* that faintly resembled "Sweet Adeline" through which ran an "Old Oaken Bucket" counter subject. At times other melodic germs of a later school were to be heard, a farrago of Sweet Daddy something-or-other and "The Star Spangled Banner." Their repertoire exhausted, finally, they gave utterance to college cries. These, the crowning achievement of years of university training, were highly significant:

*Rah, rah, rah!*  
*Rah, rah, rah!*  
*Rah, rah, rah!*  
*Zeta! Beta! Theta!*

Esoteric, intelligible only to Hellenic ears, the cries of the Zeta Beta Thetas might have passed unnoticed had it not been for Jim. He was of a different and highly hostile clan, the Alpha Beta Gammas, and bristling with rage he at once set up the war-whoop of his own tribe:

*Hullabaloo, hullabaloo!*  
*Alpha, Beta, and Gamma too!*

Cryptic words these, pregnant, no doubt, with hidden meaning. Inquisition, torture, war, and alimony have been built on less. And so to the Zetas Jim's battle-cry came as a thunder clap out of a clear sky and grim visaged war was at hand. Mobilizing, they threw open the folding doors and, forming in double rank on the threshold, hurled their challenge in the enemy's very teeth!

*Zeta Beta Theta—Woof!*  
*Zeta Beta Theta—Pouf!*  
*Zeta Beta Theta—Bah!*

Hardly had the issue been thus joined than the door on the opposite side of the room opened and the coatless, collar-

less, and perspiring Sales Manager of the Hercules Spring Bed Co. came bounding through as though propelled by one of the powerful steel coils that has made his company's product famous.

"Say," he angrily demanded, "what in hell is going on here?"

In his hand he held photographs of the company's latest wares, which in his sudden anger he had forgot to lay down. They were the Bungalow Model, No. 876C; the Gothic, No. 497; and the Baby Grand, No. 934X.

"I want to know what in the devil you mean by disturbing our meeting," he cried, flourishing the photographs. "The Hercules Steel Bed Co. has paid for our dining-room and by the eternal we are going to use it!"

A score or more of bed salesmen had followed him into the room and formed themselves in a phalanx at his back. They were a husky lot, and any one of them, had it not been for freckles and an Irish cast of countenance, might have passed for Hercules himself.

Beset now on two flanks, Jim shed his coat and prepared to die the death of a martyr. It was to be another Thermopylæ; a Leonidas against the hosts of Xerxes. It was a crucial moment and none was more aware of it than Capt. Lambader who, rushing to a phone, was shouting for more steam. The Sales Manager moved menacingly forward—then came a wild cry from the speakers' table and, turning, they beheld Judge Hawper slide from his chair to the floor, his hands clutching his stomach.

"*Poisoned!*" he cried. "*I'm dying!*"

Confusion followed. Hostilities were laid aside and the versatile bed salesmen organized themselves into an unofficial Red Cross unit. For, with the heat of the room, the food, and the number and variety of drinks that they had had, the assertion of Judge Hawper proved to be propaganda of the most deplorable kind. A dozen or more followed him to the carpet and two of them proclaimed themselves already dead.

Doctors with emetics and stomach pumps were summoned at once, and there was a vast shrieking of sirens as ambulances arrived. In the lobby downstairs it was rumored that a ceremonial of a suicide club had taken place and that a score of corpses had been carried out through the kitchen to the morgue.

In the interim the casualties were removed to the adjoining room, where, fortunately, there was a display of sample beds. Here only one more untoward incident occurred to spoil the pleasure of Judge Hawper's evening and that was when he was laid on Kitchenette Model, No. 123D. Owing, no doubt, to some defect in its mechanism it treacherously jackknifed, and folding him head downward in its steel embrace, required the desperate efforts of the Sales Manager and his assistants for the better part of an hour to effect his rescue.

## II

LEAVING now for a time Judge Hawper and his associates, all being slowly pumped out and salvaged by a wrecking crew from police headquarters, we will briefly consider the career of Mr. Anthony Boscovich. The two men had nothing in common; in fact, neither knew or had even seen the other. They belonged to different sets: Hawper was middle-class; Boscovich was of the new aristocracy.

Considered as literary material Mr. Boscovich's story had a marketable value—if carefully handled. There is an eager demand among the pollyannic magazines for stories of success (known to the trade as "lovely lolligags"), but they must measure up to certain specifications. To get into print they must be chemically pure, teach some great moral lesson, be one hundred per cent American, and, above all, contain less than one half of one per cent of alcohol. Usually these tales are of artistic ditch-diggers who convert sewer pipe into handsomely decorated umbrella jars, thereby accumulating a fortune overnight. The esthetic ditch-

digger buys a section of second-hand drain pipe for ten cents. The expenditure of a nickel more supplies paint and brushes, and the result is a beautifully decorated umbrella jar which he sells for a dollar, buying ten more sewer pipes with the money—more jars, more pipes, more jars, and so on by the well-known mathematics of raising chickens, ending with the hero rich, owning the largest sewer pipe-umbrella jar factory in America, and living on his own country place on Long Island.

Also, Mr. Boscovich's story would have been great stuff for the films. It had everything: pathos, humor, perseverance, and the great lesson of the melting pot. The first picture would have shown him landing at Ellis Island, and an elegant and misspelled subtitle, richly larded with commas, dashes and capital letters where they had no right to be, would inform one that he, a penniless immigrant, was seeking his "Fortune in the New Land of Opportunaty." Next would be shown his first employment, that of general manager of a hand-organ and monkey, and of his various other ventures and adventures, winding up just before the final spots (they are really there though generally regarded as a symptom of biliousness) with our hero putting a half-nelson on his sweetheart, Rosa, amid a sumptuous setting of golden oak and plush.

Boscovich advanced with every step. With the profits of his first few days with the hand-organ he bought a push cart and a bunch of bananas. A popcorn stand followed, and to this in a year or so was added a slab of candy heavily incrustated with peanuts and gravel to the great profit of the neighboring dentists. He bought an interest in a shoe-shining parlor, took a flyer in a Black Hand enterprise, backed the inventor of a new process of making lead nickels—all of which returned him small but sure profits. Then one day Fortune touched him on the shoulder.

In the vicinage of his place of business were a large number of banks

and mercantile establishments. At the door of each plates of brass announced the name and business of the concern within, and these, Mr. Boscovich noticed, were kept in a continuous state of tarnish and grime through the laziness of the colored porters whose duty it was to polish them. What, then, was simpler than to bargain with these concerns for the proper maintenance of their brass signs?

It was done. The Ethiopians gave way before the neatly uniformed Romans hired by Boscovich and soon the street was ablaze with the glitter of polished brass. The business prospered. Money began to stream in to the Boscovich coffers and he expanded, increasing his forces with recruits from Macedonia and Thrace. The enterprise became a monopoly and at the end of a year Boscovich added the final touch—the manufacture of his own polishing compound. This, taken on as a sort of a side line, became an astonishing success and in a few months the returns from the sale of "Tony's Brass Polish" eclipsed that of the original enterprise.

If Boscovich's story could end here the magazines would pay a round price for it. For with constantly growing shipments of the marvelous liquid in pints, quarts, and even barrel lots, and Mr. Boscovich riding around in his first car, little more could be told. But, unfortunately, this was not the case. Boscovich had only got started in his story and the happy ending was yet to come, if ever. Unforeseen difficulties were at hand and disaster threatened. It came out of a clear sky: the advent of the enamel sign. The brass signs came down and the polishing business began to dwindle. Worse yet, shipments of his product fell off, and Boscovich with a huge stock on hand faced ruin. This, then, was the situation that confronted the wretched Boscovich at the end of the third reel, and with more trouble to come.



A deserted factory, gloomy and dark, a confusion of chemical apparatus on a workbench, and a background of huge tiers of boxes containing "Tony's Polishing Compound." Obviously the business has gone to pot. The proprietor walks sadly into the picture, if we may continue in photo-play parlance, his face registering his despair. Now he sees something. He "starts" convincingly. (A close-up.) What comes into his vision is the watchman, his father-in-law, sitting in a chair, and the incredible thing about it is that the old gentleman is undeniably polluted. Now liquor costs money, as Boscovich well knows, and he wants to find out where his relative got it. He makes fruitless inquiry for a time, but the old gentleman has a good thing and believes in holding on to it. At last, argument failing, Boscovich shows the iron hand. Drawing from the waistband of his trousers a man's size stiletto, he stabs the point of it into the table between them, and then pointing to the quivering blade, says:

"Papa, you either tell me where you got your bun, or—" he shrugs his shoulders as a Latin always does on such occasions.

For a while the old man stands pat, but at last comes through. Says:

"Forgive me, son. I have been drinking up your brass polish." (He points to a case of empties under the table.)

Eagerly Boscovich snatches up a bottle. He smells, tastes,—takes a long, hard pull—it's good—his face plainly evidences the fact—and he makes another attack, drinking it all. Laying aside the empty, Boscovich is now all excited over his discovery. Then comes a subtitle:

*"A Week Later—"*

The same scene, but very active now. Workmen are madly rushing about and the plant is in full blast. A close-up shows one of a large number of girls pasting on labels. The labels are printed on both sides, two

other close-ups revealing "Tony's Brass Polish" printed on one side and "McGregor's Pure Scotch" on the other. We leave them in this scene of happy industry and take up the thread again some months later in one that is vastly different.

### III

A SUDDEN and furious beating of gavels announced the opening of court, or, to be more accurate, the entrance of Judge Hawper. Conversation ceased, all stood, and there was hoarse shouting on the part of the bailiffs, marshalls, clerks, and gatekeepers. Old Tom Bowditch then pronounced the invocation, the lawyers resumed their seats, the spectators timidly followed, and, save for an occasional gruff word of admonition from one of the scowling bailiffs, there was a moment of silence.

"The first case to be tried this morning," said Judge Hawper, turning the leaves of a large book in front of him, "is that of the United States *versus* Tony Boscovich. Is the District Attorney ready?"

The District Attorney was ready and said so. When, however, a like inquiry was made of opposing counsel it was learned that with the defense matters were not so happily disposed. There was, it appeared, a vast number of reasons why the case should not go to trial. In support of this a score of affidavits were read and in his argument the redoubtable Barker J. Harker referred many times to citations in the pile of books on the counsel table. Judge Hawper, who usually was in bad humor on Monday mornings, listened most blandly, and, to the alarm of the District Attorney, even nodding his head at times. There was an hour of this and in the end Judge Hawper pleasantly remarked: "Over-ruled. The case will now go to trial."

If Mr. Simms, for the government, was elated, the Honorable Barker J.

Harker, who habitually carried with him an expression of outraged innocence, was genuinely astonished. He had, he thought, valid grounds for continuance; he was friendly, not to say intimate, with Hawper—had, in fact, split a quart of rye with him not twenty-four hours previously.

The machinery of the law began to clank. Twelve peers of Tony Boscovich lifted their right hands and listened to an oath that they did not in the least understand, the first witness was called, and the trial got fairly under way.

To this day lawyers speak of the Boscovich case as a marvel of prosecution. The government with no less than one hundred and nineteen witnesses bared the life of Tony Boscovich from the moment of his birth in Palermo to the hour that prohibition enforcement officers dragged him out of his limousine and threw him into a cell in the county jail. Particularly accurate was the knowledge of the government as to his activities within the past month. It had a complete record of the sale of every bottle of McGregor's Pure Scotch with names, dates, photographs, and even marked money. It had thirty-seven analyses of the contraband liquor, nine of them being from the Smithsonian Institution and the others from various departments in Washington, and sixteen bewhiskered chemists, toxicologists, and bacteriologists testified to its deadly character.

The defense fought valiantly but with small chance of success. An alibi that Mr. Boscovich had confidently relied upon was shot to pieces at the first volley and instead of laying abed for a week with neuralgia as he claimed, his activities for every minute of that period were laid bare by government agents, even to the picking up of a number of flappers on the boulevard, this last to the fury of Mrs. Boscovich, who sat on a back seat. The Honorable Barker J. Harker thundered and fumed, but the testimony of the government's

witness could not be shaken. His own, however, did not fare so well. His chemical expert, under stress of Mr. Simms' relentless cross-examination admitted to being a steam-fitter, and, it developed, did not know the difference between a test tube and a Bunsen burner. Worse yet, the defendant himself became hopelessly confused on the stand and after struggling to extricate himself from the morass into which Mr. Simms led him, suddenly announced that he couldn't speak English.

It was over, finally. In his closing argument the District Attorney summarized the evidence and asked for a maximum sentence and fine on every count. Mr. Harker followed with a short address on the Constitution, the Flag, the World War and the glorious part taken therein by the gallant sons of Italy, and, beginning to feel himself on familiar ground, he closed with a graphic picture of Pickett's Charge.

There was, it must be admitted, little connection with the heroic effort of Gen. Pickett's men and the fate of Tony Boscovich on trial for bootlegging, still, for jury purposes, Harker had always found this bit of oratory effective and he never failed to use it.

Being a practical man, Mr. Harker in his instance located the action on the right bank of the Piave, substituted the names of various fruit and vegetable merchants for the Gettysburg commanders, and hinted that the defendant came of the same heroic stock. Pulling out the tremolo stop, he quavered his voice in a touching picture of Tony Boscovich in the trenches, bringing tears not only from the jury but from the defendant himself, who, under the spell of Harker's oratory and notwithstanding the fact that he had escaped the draft by affidavits that covered every disease known to medical science, began to feel himself another Sergeant York. It was over at last, and then with a final wave of Old Glory,

Harker sat down wiping his eyes.

Judge Hawper charged the jury briefly. He instructed them that if they believed the government's one hundred and nineteen witnesses, or any one of them, to bring in a verdict of guilty. If, on the other hand, they believed from the evidence that the defendant lay sick abed at the time it was alleged he was engaged in the illicit sale of liquor, or if during that period he had, as counsel had more than insinuated, occupied himself in fighting for the lost cause of the Southern Confederacy, or for any other cause, anywhere, then they would bring in a verdict of not guilty. Then came a beating of gavels, the jury was led out in the custody of stalwart marshals, and Judge Hawper, climbing stiffly out of his swivel chair, hurried into his chambers and slammed the door.

Hawper turned the key in the lock and safe now from intrusion, gave his attention to a matter that had occupied his thoughts for the last hour. There had been a great deal of testimony regarding alcoholic beverages, with the net result, so far as he was concerned, that it only augmented his usual Monday morning thirst. So hurriedly opening his desk, he unlocked a bottom drawer and took out something that looked for all the world like one of those black, square-shouldered bottles that sometimes contain Holland gin. He took a long pull at this, a number of gulps with low groans of satisfaction between, and then, leaving only a couple of life-saving jiggers in the bottle, he restored it to its hiding place. Feeling vastly refreshed, Hawper now lit a cigar and tilting his chair back at an acute angle rested his heels on the desk.

"A pretty good old world after all," he murmured.

This state of complacency, however, was not to endure. For a moment later his eye fell on an object that brought unpleasant memories. In a wire basket in a far corner of

his desk there lay, together with many documents, photographs, and other exhibits, a flask of curious design, a dimpled glass receptacle that, according to the label thereon, had once contained a quart of "McGregor's Pure Scotch," and swearing under his breath, Judge Hawper turned his gaze aside. Perversely, his thoughts pursued him and for a few brief seconds he experienced the choking nausea that only a stomach pump can produce. The recollection, too, came to him of the terrorizing buried-alive feeling that he had had when a folding bed held him prisoner. Influenced, no doubt, by these disagreeable thoughts, Hawper resorted again to the square-shouldered bottle in the bottom drawer, disposing of the scant contents in a single swallow. Presumably the liquid was potent, for fearlessly now he again turned his gaze to the oddly shaped flask, even picking it up and reading a pencil notation written on the label: One of a case sold Phillip J. Potts. See confidential report, pages 78 to 324." A few minutes later a tap at the door told that the jury had arrived at a verdict, locking his desk Hawper returned to the court room.

Again the gavels beat and the bailiffs shouted, and then, after everyone had risen and stood for a time with the same sullen reluctance of a war-time movie audience during the rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner," Judge Hawper took his seat on the bench and there was some slight confusion as lawyers and spectators took their seats and made themselves comfortable to hear the verdict of the jury. After due formality it was revealed that it had found the defendant guilty, whereat counsel for defense registered his usual amazement at such an iniquity and questioned each juror separately. After all this had been done the jury was dismissed with the thanks of the Court and a silence fell upon the room as all leaned forward to hear the sentence from the bench.

"This case," began Judge Hawper slowly, "has been one of unusual interest. It has been well tried, the prosecution being fairly conducted by the District Attorney, Mr. Simms, and the defendant being ably represented by his counsel, Mr. Barker J. Harker. The jury has returned a verdict of guilty on both the charge of selling and on that of the manufacture of intoxicants, and it is now my duty to assess the penalty.

"The defendant, Mr. Boscovich, is apparently a man well known in the community. He has, it seems, many friends and a number of them have spoken in his behalf. Through them I have learned that he has many good qualities. He has, so a United States Senator informed me yesterday, been always good to his mother. I have a letter from a Congressman who praises Mr. Boscovich very highly and states that within his knowledge the defendant has never been in jail but twice. In civic affairs Mr. Boscovich has, I judge, been active, for the mayor phoned me at my residence only last night that Mr. Boscovich was his friend and a valued one. I have also a number of communications from aldermen, officers of various political organizations, and from the local chapter of the Black Hand, the latter threatening to blow me into the heavens above should I fail to release him. Several ladies who are members of the Jail-visiting Sisterhood have pleaded with me for leniency and the city impounder has offered me a dog if I would dismiss the case. Considering, then, all these requests and giving way, I fear, to the pressure that has been brought to bear, I am going to set aside the charge of the sale of intoxicants."

Boscovich shot a triumphant glance at a dozen of his friends sitting behind the railing and reached for his hat. "Thank you, Judge, thank you," he said, rising.

"Please be seated, Mr. Boscovich. I have not finished."

"The clerk," went on Hawper,

"will make proper notation of the disposition of this charge. On the other counts, however, the Court cannot close its eyes. The defendant manufactured a product that was variously known as 'McGregor's Pure Scotch' and as 'Tony's Brass Polish,' and while highly lauded as a solvent for tarnish and verdigris, it has been somewhat condemned as a beverage. The analyses differ but slightly and from that of the Smithsonian Institution I find that it contained the following ingredients:

Alcohol, percentage by weight.....	43.2
Creosote .....	11.4
Turpentine .....	7.6
Sugar of lead.....	.9
Chewing tobacco.....	5.3
Phosphate of lemon.....	4.7
Nitrate of potassium.....	2.3
Licorice chloride.....	4.8
Organic matter.....	15.9
	<hr/>
	100.0

"The report of the United States Bureau of Standards was practically the same, though showing a slightly larger chewing tobacco content. The bacteria count in both analyses is given at something over nine million per square centimeter, and the experts in charge of the Bureau of Domestic Animals report that small hypodermic injections killed ten guinea pigs in three seconds and a South African wart-hog in five.

"From all these carefully prepared reports the Court is forced to conclude that there was something wrong with the product manufactured by the defendant—what it was, the Court, not being learned in chemical technology, is unable to say. It may have contained too little or too much of sugar of lead or of lemon phosphate or of licorice chloride, the Court does not pretend to know. But the Court does feel justified in making the statement that whisky or brass polish capable of annihilating verdigris and wart-hogs is poor stuff for the human stomach. Such being the case, I shall sentence the



defendant to be imprisoned in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth—"

"Judge, I am ver' sick man," broke in Boscovich. "I no live long in Leavenworth."

"The climate at Leavenworth," commented Hawper, "is very salubrious. You may also be pleased to learn that the institution is modern in every respect, even to picture-shows and, I have no doubt, exhibitions of classical dancing. Vocational training is another of the attractions, and instruction is also given in the professions. There is a class, so it is reported in yesterday's newspapers, of forty-four burglars, highwaymen, and bootleggers studying law, though why we should have more lawyers God only knows. The economic absurdity of a proficient burglar entering the already crowded legal profession is obvious; it indicates a weakening of moral fiber and a downward step—"

"But I got no time to study law," interrupted Boscovich.

"As to that, sir," said Judge Hawper, "you are in error. You will have abundant time. You will have the

opportunity to become the most learned man in the profession."

"Give me only a month, Judge, and I'll plead guilty," Boscovich hastily bargained.

"The jury has already found you guilty and your plea comes rather late. However, I will sentence you to a month."

He picked up a dimpled glass bottle marked *Exhibit A*.

"For the manufacture of this bottle of brass polish which is labeled 'McGregor's Pure Scotch,' and which has been a part of the evidence in this case, the Court sentences you to one month in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth—"

"Thank you, Judge, thank you!"

"And," resumed Hawper, "for the manufacture of each of the nine hundred and twenty bottles of the same brand and quality seized by government agents in the warehouse of your factory, I sentence you for a like period. The sentences will not run concurrently, and so, if my mathematics is correct, your imprisonment will be for something like seventy-six years and eight months.

"Mr. Clerk, call the next case."



IT is doubtful if even Shakespeare could have imagined a symphony orchestra made up of women players.



ONE thing about aunts. You never have to ask them what their opinion is.



ONE of the surest signs of displeasure in a brunette is affability



# American Institutions

## II

### *A Country House*

*By Charles G. Shaw*

**T**URN into Little Rock Road, and it's the third one on the right—stucco—with a red roof—the entrance with the two iron dogs. You can't miss it."

Such was the explicit direction to Frank Harrowby's residence, volunteered by the village garage proprietor; a few minutes later we are within the grounds.

On the veranda, reclining in a large wicker chair, and surrounded by an array of potted plants, Harrowby puffs a pipe and peruses a last summer's magazine. Suddenly he espies us and bounds to his feet. What a surprise! Why didn't we let him know we were coming? And couldn't we stop for a few days? There was plenty of room. Everything was arranged for it. Well, he was delighted to see us, anyway. First, he would show us over the establishment; we must view it from top to bottom, and, with an air of pride, he trips over a straw mat and escorts us into the front hall. Its floor is highly polished and strewn with bearskin rugs. On the left is a brick fireplace containing a pair of ornate brass andirons that support several burnt logs, and a few feet farther on is an open closet that includes a number of rather ancient overcoats, a collection of odd caps, one pith helmet, two fishing rods (one of which is split), seven lifeless tennis balls, three warped racquets, a riding crop, one and a half pairs of spurs, a crab net, two-thirds of a croquet set, an empty canvas golf bag, and an umbrella that doesn't open. A mysterious

wooden chest, studded with huge copper nails, occupies one corner. To the right of the hall is the living-room, a spacious chamber embellished with chintz-covered sofas, hand-painted bookshelves, a set of Chippendale chairs, an enormous escritoire, two Japanese screens, a phonograph, numerous china vases holding cut flowers, and a bowl of goldfish. In the centre is a heavy oak table.

While Harrowby is explaining that the decorations are due entirely to the virtuosity of his spouse, that lady enters and smilingly greets us. It's so nice to see us again. Why haven't we come before? Have we had lunch? And now that we're here, we *must* stay a while. Yes, the crayon sketch on the mantel is an early effort of her own: we glance at it knowingly and nod approval.

To the rear is the dining-room—square and immaculate. The glistening two-leaf table is adorned with lace doilies and an elaborate centre-piece, on which stand four silver candle-sticks. Against the walls, at equal intervals, are straight-backed mahogany chairs and, at one end, is an immense Sheraton side-board containing silverware, decanters, cut-glass bowls, and tumblers. Above it hangs a portrait of Harrowby's grandfather and opposite, a framed panel depicting a freshly caught salmon on a platter. The only other outstanding item of furniture is a small serving-table with legs resembling those of an ostrich. Through the scrimmed French windows the sun softly filters, and we are presented an almost perfect view of

the youngest Blake child demolishing a no inconsiderable section of the privet hedge.

On the left of the hall is what is known as the Den—a space employed by Harrowby for various purposes—smoking, paying bills, taking naps, writing letters, reminiscing, and performing countless fictitious duties. Sabres, dueling pistols, cross-bows, quivers, portions of armor, mounted fish, stuffed birds, javelins, and tomahawks adorn its walls, and a thick Turkish rug covers the floor. In a case with glass doors are two Greener shotguns, several cartons of rather damp cartridges, a picnic hamper, three tarpon reels, a Winchester rifle, two pairs of skates, and a strong-box containing a confused mass of fishing tackle—flies, spoons, leaders, hooks, swivels, line, sinkers: a Chocktaw serape is artfully draped between the windows. In addition to the aforementioned objects, there are a number of chairs of obscure design, a roll-top writing desk, two tiny bookcases, stacked with volumes on sport and travel, a colossal tobacco jar, and a threadbare davenport. Harrowby beams with satisfaction and fills his briar pipe; we follow him through a narrow door that leads into the pantry and kitchen. They are strangely suggestive of all the pantries and kitchens we have ever beheld—bare, tidy, uninviting, and, with grunts of commendation, we hastily pass through. Once more we find ourselves in the hall and the lady of the household, ascending the main stairway, invites us to view the upper section.

Four master bedrooms (one of which is termed the guest chamber), and two baths occupy the second floor. They are all very alike, though we note the result of certain attempts to touch up the boudoir of Mrs. Harrowby: a rose silk canopy enshrouds the dainty enameled four-poster, and the dressing-table is bedecked with a scalloped valance and lavender bows. Here and there a flounced brocade cushion garnishes a chair. As in the other rooms, there is a small table by the bed, bearing a parchment-shaded lamp, and a lacquered high-

boy. The walls are done in pink, pale blue, and gray.

We glance into the guest chamber: it is ours, we are told. The distinguishing features are an electric lamp (minus a bulb), a bed with glazed sheets, a bureau (three of the drawers of which are warped), and a musty odor. Above are the servants' quarters and a store-room. The latter harbors nine trunks (six of which are completely dilapidated), an iron cot, a patent exerciser (broken), eight ten-pins, several crates labeled "glass," a folding bed, a bird cage, three gilt picture frames, and seventy-nine empty Gordon gin bottles. We troop downstairs, mumbling how charming everything is.

But we must inspect the grounds. First of all, there is the tennis court, located directly to the east of the vegetable garden, and north of the house. Due to the insufficiency of its backstops, on no few occasions, has the gardener fancied himself the discoverer of some remarkable form of flora, only to unearth a felt-covered spheroid. The net lies in a forlorn heap, and the base lines are almost wholly effaced by weeds. In one corner is a rust-covered roller. Nearby is the hothouse which, with the exception of a mildewed rubber-plant, is perfectly empty and, beyond a clump of trees, stands the garage. It contains two motor-cars, a wire-haired fox terrier, one bicycle, a cage of four guinea pigs, a collection of rakes, hoes, mowers, scythes, an almost empty gasoline barrel, and a hired man who is sound asleep. A fountain that fails to function graces the front lawn. Harrowby points vaguely to a distant hillock, and mutters something about erecting on the designated spot a studio (not a studio in the strict sense of the term, he informs us, but rather a retreat for poker or manufacturing home-brew), while his better half urges us to stay for dinner. There will be new corn from their own garden. But we decline with sighs and regrets. Nothing could delight us more than to accept this invitation to break bread with such an hospitable host and

hostess, but alas! circumstances will not permit. We must be off at once: we must return to town. Business of vital importance awaits us; business that cannot possibly be deferred. Some other day we should be only too enchanted, but now—it's quite impossible.

We wave a fond farewell and glide through the verdant gateway. The iron

dogs fawn in mute respect; the cluster of hollyhocks bows its slender branches. Soon we shall be in the city—the beautiful city of sizzling asphalt, of dazzling lights, of bustling crowds, of gay clatter, of business. Business? Ah, well. We had to give some excuse. Now where was it we told that little blonde we'd meet her?



## Union

*By Babette Deutsch*

UPON a time he brought her  
The lily and the rose;  
With silence he besought her,  
With words that burned and froze.

He laid upon her days a  
Fine patina of gold.  
He found in all her ways a  
Fond reason to grow old.

He gave her skies and faces  
And city rains and trees,  
And heritage of races  
More eloquent than these.

He gave her peace. He bade her  
Trust the contemptuous years.  
He showed her Jacob's ladder,  
He showed her David's spears.

But what he thought to cherish  
Soon faded like the rose.  
His love that could not perish  
Went where the lost wind goes.

And then he gave her tragic  
Half-lies that could not cheat.  
And she, without her magic,  
Found gall, and drank it neat.

The cup she had bespoken  
He took and drank from, too.  
And both, their garlands broken,  
Were bound again with rue.



# The Judge

*By Merden Law*

## I

**T**HE Judge was an old man now—over sixty—but he had redonned the mental and moral habit-garments of his youth. It was as if he had sat for a portrait—had, in fact, become that badly painted portrait—and then, after many years, had stepped out from the canvas and sat down once more in the very chair where he had unwillingly posed while three crude artists collaborated in a tireless effort to make him into a likeness of something which he was not. Now, however, although he was in the selfsame chair, the merciless artists had departed: there were no women about crying lo here! and lo there!

Perhaps this is not altogether clear to you. More explicitly, then, Judge Boone's life up to his fifty-fourth year had been trimmed, twisted and patterned by three women—his mother, his wife and his daughter. Two of them were dead, the third was far away and busy with more congenial material.

When he was fifty-four years old the Judge returned from Texas to the Iowa town near which he was born and had grown to manhood and where he had begun the practice of law. He rented a couple of rooms over a shoe store on the west side of the square and proceeded to enjoy life as he had not been permitted to enjoy it for at least twenty-five years. He associated himself entirely with fast or would-be fast young men, never entered a church, read nothing except a Chicago morning paper which arrived daily on No. 4; drank, gambled, attended the movies, slapstick comedies by preference, and the occa-

sional alleged hot-stuff road show that played Gilman's opera house; and even had a few clandestine but rather harmless affairs with unmarried women of from thirty to forty, old girls who had almost lost hope of marriage, but who craved any kind of excitement and almost any character of masculine associations. Even if things went too far they realized that the Judge was not such a bad matrimonial bargain after all: they knew he was a widower with considerable property. He was old, of course—but well preserved—something over six feet in height and weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds, with heavy white hair and a white beard reaching halfway down to his waist.

Upon his return to Iowa the Judge had put law entirely out of his life. He never went near the courthouse and had nothing to do with the local legal lights. Occasionally, it is true, he gave free advice to his sporty young friends who became involved in trouble with girls or who, as sometimes happened, were arrested for gambling.

The Southern form of thematic chivalry in which he had been immersed for thirty years seemed to have run off of him like water from a rubber coat. All that was left of his Texas sojourn was a habit of overworking the words sir and ma'am, which included the phrases "please, sir," and "please, ma'am," and the use of nigger for colored man. So little did he think of women that when he was asked, as happened from time to time, "Judge, shall I marry the girl?" his reply, couched in the youthful slang of the day, was, for example, "Boy, don't marry no woman. Matrimony,

sir, is far from being the gnat's britches."

The fact was, the Judge had never had any morals save those thrust upon him by woman-made circumstances; and although he had harped on the topic of chivalry as often and as loudly and as long as anyone else during his Texas days, had prostituted his judicial position upon more than one occasion to assist counsel for the defense in freeing some pleader of the unwritten law charged with murder, he now discarded chivalry and all its concomitants. He had been too long a servile subject in the kingdom of Gynarchy to have any illusions as to who was the better man—at all events, so far as he was concerned. In the presence of the fair he simply did not have the stamina to rebel, and this defect had made a plaything of his life from his standpoint; and his standpoint, as with other men, was all he had by or through which to attain to happiness.

He had been a lawyer, he had been a judge, and he had not wished to be either. His six brothers, all older than himself, had become farmers, and that had been the Judge's youthful ambition: to be a sporty farmer with a rubber-tired buggy, good horses, plenty of whiskey, opportunities to gamble—and girls, farm girls.

His mother had decreed otherwise. She was a tall, angular woman of distant German ancestry, possessed of a voluble tongue and an iron will. She was ambitious. Her six older sons had turned a deaf ear to her importunities. They were too much like her in disposition to be swayed. The Judge, however, had derived from a soft ancestor on his father's side. He had physical bulk but no mental resistance. His mother resolved that he should become a lawyer, and a lawyer he became.

Born on the prairie farm four miles north of town just before the Civil War, his education was in consonance with the time and place. He learned to read and write and ciphered through Ray's arithmetic (which included cube root). When he was twenty-one he entered an old attorney's office in town, read the

necessary texts and was admitted to the bar a year or two later—an easy matter in those pioneer days. A casual reading of Blackstone (memorizing the rule in Shelley's case of course) and some familiarity with court procedure was sufficient. Formal education counted for nothing.

Boone was a good mixer and luck threw a few criminal cases his way. His physique gave him that presence and dignity so much admired in a trial-court lawyer. He was successful with susceptible and unintelligent juries.

His mother was proud of her boy, but she kept a sharp eye on him, nevertheless. After a time it came to her ears that "Bert Boone was drinkin' and gamblin'," The old lady made inquiries, located the rendezvous and appeared upon the scene in person about 11 o'clock one winter night. Boone and three waggish and profligate companions were deep in a poker game. A demijohn of whiskey sat on a chair beside the table, and empty and half-empty glasses rested on the table itself. The air was gray with the fumes of cheap pipe tobacco.

Old Mrs. Boone flung open the door and stalked in—alone. She opened her mouth, coughed violently in reaction to the smoke, and emitted a cataract of words. She spoke of eternal ruin beyond the grave, the devil-like influence of evil companions, the curse of drink, the immorality of cards. "The law is a jealous—sweetheart," she quoted imperfectly (the word "mistress" was not permitted to stain even an *old* lady's lips in those days). She tongue-lashed and browbeat. The evil companions sat in sulky silence. The old lady grasped her son's ear.

"Now you, Albert Butler Boone, ain't you ashamed of yourself? You come along with me, and don't let me ever ketch you drinkin' and gamblin' again!"

She pulled him out of his chair and from the room. This when Boone was a man twenty-four years of age.

The evil companions snickered. "Mammy's boy," sneered one.

Once outside, Boone slunk along behind his mother like a lost dog. The old lady led him to his boarding-house and up to his room, sank to her knees, wept, offered up a fervent prayer, ended with a few sharp words of admonition, then left him and drove home in the chilly night behind a plow horse hitched to an ancient buggy. Her son never saw her again.

## II

BOONE sat down on his bed in the cold, unsavory room. He was sick with humiliation. He knew the story would be known to everybody in town by tomorrow noon; tasted in imagination the sly nudges, looks and jokes that would inevitably follow him for days. His feeble will made him extremely susceptible to ridicule. He, a man grown, treated as a child by an old woman, his mother—and without protest! He knew that any one of his brothers would have laughed at her, ordered her away, thrown her out if necessary. While he—well, he was a weakling; and the thought was misery.

After hours of cogitation he decided to go away. Where? There was his uncle, Jim Boone. Five years after the Civil War Jim Boone had emigrated to Texas and settled on the rich black wax lands of that far-off State. An occasional letter passed between the two families. Bert Boone decided to write to Uncle Jim; ask him about the chances for a lawyer down South. Uncle Jim would help him. Why not? "Blood's thicker'n water," he meditated.

He wrote the letter, directing that the reply be addressed to him care general delivery at Davenport, Iowa. Then Boone counted his money—almost five hundred dollars, largely gained through gambling—packed his valise, sneaked out of the house, dropped the letter in a slit beside the postoffice door, and went to the depot.

No. 3 was due at 4:35. He boarded the train, got off at Davenport and went directly to a disreputable hotel in the purlieus of Bucktown, the red-light dis-

trict near the river, a locality which he had visited frequently in past days. Everything was wide open—all-night saloons, gambling, girls in cribs, girls in houses—and here he took his pleasure in moderation until his uncle's answer arrived. This answer was a rambling, ill-spelled missive, but contained a cordial invitation to Bert Boone to visit Texas and promised all possible aid in establishing himself as a lawyer there.

Boone wasted no time. He took the first night train. Three days later he arrived at his uncle's home, met numerous cousins who spoke a dialect he had difficulty in understanding, was taken to the county-seat and introduced to the lawyers, went through the formalities incident to becoming a licensed practitioner of the law in the great State of Texas, rented a small office and settled himself in a boarding-house.

This boarding-house and its inmates had a tremendous influence on Boone's future life. It was run by a man named Morgan, a typical Southerner of low caste flung up from the depths by the war: a Democrat, of course, a staunch adherent of the M. E. Church South, and a rabid hater of negroes, save the occasional good-looking light-colored female of the species, for whom he had a tender eye and a highly sophisticated fatherly regard. Morgan was a tall, lanky, weather-beaten man with faded blue eyes and a drawling manner of speech. He had married late in life. His family consisted of his wife and one daughter—Willie May—a girl of seventeen.

The boarding-house, which for some unexplained reason was called the Continental Hotel, had raised Morgan considerably in the social scale, and of course his wife and daughter did no work. Negro women were employed for that. His boarders varied greatly as to social position and vocation. There were railroad men, a physician, store clerks, office clerks, keepers of pool halls and even a bartender. There were few women guests: perhaps the wife of a brakeman from time to time. Boone was considered an acquisition. The at-

torney-at-law has always been held in high regard in the South, where to this day he is looked upon as a learned man.

Into this strange community of interests, then, Boone was introduced, and for a time it was an alien land to him. Phraseology and outlook were entirely different from that to which he had been accustomed hitherto. Besides, the passions resulting from the war still ran strong. Men from the North were regarded with suspicion and referred to almost universally as "blue bellies," an epithet still in favor with the older generation of colonels.

But Bert Boone was a mixer and his habits appealed to a majority of the guests of the boarding-house. He soon became acquainted and met with abundant opportunity to indulge his ideas of pleasure. Moreover, he found favor in the eyes of Morgan. Morgan was what in these days is termed a climber. Before the war he had belonged to that part of the community known as white trash, and when he removed to Texas from his native State east of the Mississippi he determined to work his way up to the old aristocratic standard as he conceived it; and he was a man of some persistence where his obsession was concerned.

"Yo' any relation to old Dan'l Boone of Kaintuck?" he inquired of Boone soon after the latter became installed in the house.

"Can't say I am, Colonel," said Boone. He had adopted the custom in vogue of addressing Morgan as colonel. "Still, I might be," he added after noting the look of disapproval which appeared on the colonel's face. "Yes, I might be. Our folks come from Ohio. That's right across the river."

Morgan twisted his gray mustache.

"Yo' shorely one of them Nawthen Boones," he insisted. "Look like old Dan'l accordin' to his pictures."

This was the beginning. Boone was invited into the rooms reserved for Morgan and his family and introduced to Mrs. Morgan and Willie May as "one of them Nawthen Boones," being given

to understand by Morgan that all of his guests were not thus honored.

"As a Boone and a lawyer . . ." he explained with a gesture expressive of a nuance for which he had no words.

Boone was somewhat surprised to find that Willie May seemed to like him. He was not a vain man and was more or less afraid of respectable women. His mother was always in his mind. But Willie May was a soft little thing, meek and tender. She had fine dark eyes and good teeth, but was rather thin and sallow, the result possibly of malaria and too much greasy food, and her appealing way of saying "Mistah Boone" produced its effect as water wears away stone.

As the spring months drifted sleepily on, Boone was inveigled into the Morgan parlor night after night, where he spent from fifteen minutes to two hours, depending upon circumstances connected with his poker engagements. His professional duties were by no means importunate; there were few evenings indeed when he found it necessary to devote so much as a minute to them. As had happened in Iowa, he was picking up a few criminal cases. His practice was not choice by any means, but he was acquiring a considerable reputation as a criminal lawyer.

During these visits in the parlor Boone was induced to talk about himself more than he had done at any previous period of his life. Willie May plied him with questions. She apparently looked upon him as a bold and daring man, a highly adventurous traveler from well-nigh the ends of the earth. As a matter of fact, she had never before been on speaking terms with a Northern man, although, true enough, she saw Boone in the guise of an expatriate son of the South. Wasn't he one of the Northern Boones, a descendant of the famous family of which old Daniel was an honored member? Besides, his idioms—and his failure to understand hers—amused her greatly.

At noon one day Boone said he would bring her a box of candy "this evening."

"Oh, please bring it tonight, Mistah



Boone," she cried. "We-all won't be at home this evenin'."

Boone looked at her in perplexity. "That's what I meant—tonight."

"Yo' said evenin'."

"Evenin' is night."

"No, suh, Mistah Smahty."

Eventually he learned that in Texas the word "evening" meant afternoon.

Morgan observed this growing intimacy with no little complacency and grasped the first occasion to attack Boone on the advantages of matrimony.

"A young lawyer shorely ought to be a family man," he said. "The ladyfolks don't hanker after consultin' no young single lawyer. Ain't fittin'."

Boone laughed. He had no intention of getting married, nor did he seek female clients.

Morgan twisted his mustache in disapproval.

"Every man ought to have a helpmeet," he insisted. "Mo' special, doctors and lawyers. The ladyfolks . . ." Another significant gesture.

"Guess mebbe you're right, Colonel," admitted Boone weakly, "only—well, I guess I ain't ready yet."

"Be the makin' of you, boy," said the colonel with paternal emphasis.

### III

BOONE was never wholly clear as to just how he became engaged to Willie May. It was a hot summer evening. During the day he and a raffish client had hoodwinked Justitia, a task which many of her priests apparently find easy, pleasant and profitable, and they celebrated this sharp piece of legal practice with numerous libations to the blind goddess. He had gone out again after supper, had taken the usual number of vespertime drinks, and had returned to the house about 9:30. The night was dark. The Morgans were sitting on a side gallery (the Southern colloquialism for veranda). At the colonel's request Boone joined them and sat down between the two ladies. Nothing much was said. Mrs. Morgan fanned herself vigorously and complained of the heat.

She was rather corpulent. After a time Mr. and Mrs. Morgan went into the house. Silence.

"Penny fo' yo' thoughts, Mistah Boone," murmured Willie May after a long interval.

No answer. Boone had fallen asleep.

"Mistah Boone."

Still no answer, and Willie May put her small hand timidly upon Boone's big one. Mechanically he clasped her fingers tightly between his thumb and forefinger. Willie May did not attempt to draw away. She thought a great deal of the young lawyer.

Meanwhile Morgan, after lighting a lamp, decided to return to the gallery. He opened the door and a flare of light swept forth, revealing his daughter and Boone sitting hand in hand.

"Whoopee!" he shouted, slapping Boone on the back. "Yo' done took my advice, and pow'ful glad I am to have a Nawthen Boone in the family. Willie May, go in and tell yo' maw."

"Daddy!" she cried. "Mistah Boone didn't—hasn't—"

"Whoopee!" yelled Morgan again. "Go tell yo maw, gal." He seized Boone's hand and shook it with eager violence.

Boone looked at him with sleepy, uncomprehending eyes. And now Mrs. Morgan, followed by the confused girl, stepped out on the gallery.

Morgan turned to her.

"Maw, kiss yo' son-in-law-to-be. A risin' young lawyer. We-all'll make him a judge right soon."

Mrs. Morgan glanced at her daughter, who stood with downcast eyes, then stooped over and gave Boone a resounding kiss on the cheek.

Boone got up slowly.

"But—but—" he stuttered.

Morgan grabbed Willie May and pushed her into Boone's arms.

"Kiss yo' gal, boy," he cried, "kiss yo' gal."

Boone's predicament finally trinkled into him through his disordered faculties. This wasn't Iowa. He understood quite well that if he retreated now he was as good as a dead man. He kissed

the sobbing girl; and if Justitia is not deaf as well as blind, she probably laughed heartily.

The marriage took place in the fall, and Boone and Willie May went to live in a little house—the colonel's wedding gift. For a few months Boone tried to live up to the general idea of what a husband—especially a young husband—should be. For the first few weeks he was at home every night. Then for a month or two he excused himself occasionally on the plea of business. In a year's time his old habits were almost at par. He was a born gambler; he also drank steadily, but was able to negotiate an immense load. In other words, Boone carried his liquor well. He never became quarrelsome or especially foolish.

The colonel, for all his rigid theological views as to the inevitable and eternal damnation which follows as a result of mere lack of acceptance of the Bible as a wholly inspired entity, seemed to look upon his son-in-law's mode of life with no particularly unfriendly eye. The Protestant world at that time and in that place had not yet made a tenet of the prohibition of liquor. Drink was denounced from many pulpits, of course, but the men in the pews paid little heed to the observance of something which they considered no vital part of the dogmatic creeds that they accepted with all the simple faith of little children. The colonel himself had his daily drams, and a good many of them. It was a thing all right in every respect, if not habitually carried too far. On the other hand, his thoughts were now mainly concerned with his social advancement through the reflected glory of a career for Boone. He was everlastingly pedaling the wheels of conversation to that end. Boone for judge was the battle-cry.

Willie May was very much in love with her husband, and her soft heart was more or less hurt by his neglect and his dissolute habits. She said nothing for a long time. When she did speak it was in mild and gentle reproof. Boone invariably promised to do better

—reform, anything to dry his wife's tears. He was essentially tender-hearted, as are a majority of the men who are dominated by women; but he was feeble of will and loved pleasure as he understood it. He promised and fell; promised again and again, fell again and again.

After three years of this sort of thing Willie May became sharpened by disappointment and resolved upon what to her was a bold and unprecedented expedient. As old Mrs. Boone had once done, Willie May located the rendezvous, persuaded her mother to accompany her, and late one evening stepped in on a motley gathering at a notorious poker club. However, her actions were very different from those of Boone's mother. She entered timidly, tearfully, walked up to Boone where he sat at a green-covered table and said:

"Honey, won't yo' come home to yo' wife now? I jes' cain't stand this no longer."

She dropped down beside his chair and placed her head against his leg.

Without a word Boone lifted her up and led her and his mother-in-law from the room. Thus he discovered that the tyranny of the meek is even more terrible than dominion by those who rule by the imposition of an inexorable will.

Boone slept little that night and did not venture out of doors the following day. He sat in the bedroom of his little house brooding over this second tremendous humiliation of his life; tasted again in imagination the chuckles and winks that would circulate at his expense.

Willie May understood his mood in some degree. She was very gentle, petted him, prepared his favorite dishes and tried to coax him to eat. But Boone left his food untasted. His dejection was too profound for material alleviation. Balm for his tortured self-respect was what he required—and this was not Iowa. Flight would not do. Smaller things have driven men to suicide, but Boone did not so much as glance down that uncertain avenue of despair. He loved life too well. In the end, although he found within himself

no solution of the difficulty, a road traveled by many another man in like circumstances was brought to his attention.

#### IV

DURING the afternoon he heard someone enter the house. Later he recognized his mother-in-law's voice. She departed and soon afterward another person came in. This visitor and Willie May conversed for a while in low tones, then Willie May entered the bedroom.

"Honey," she said, "Mr. Garvey has called to see yo'."

Garvey. Boone had heard the name, but was unable to place the man in memory. Probably a prospective client, He'd see him. It would be a touch of the outer world under conditions which rendered him immune to ridicule. He was in his own home and his wife was present. He nodded, got up and went into the parlor, while Willie May retired discreetly to the kitchen.

Mr. Garvey rose and extended his hand. He was a man of fifty, tall, singularly thin, with a scraggy mustache and bulging blue eyes (eyes very much like Boone's, in fact), and was dressed in black with the exception of his linen and string tie which were of a yellowish white.

"Brother," he said softly.

Boone shook the hand, dropped it, wiped his forehead and sat down, speechless. This man was the local Methodist minister!

Mr. Garvey reseated himself and began talking. He was a person of some perspicacity and no little experience in life. He understood the man with whom he had to deal and he came to the point at once.

He first told Boone that he had been called in by Mrs. Morgan, "yo' esteemed mother-in-law"; that he was fully informed as to the distressing affair of the night before. He then proceeded to explain that he himself had once been through a similar experience; that as a young man he had been extremely profligate; that he had been forced to

turn to religion as a solace, and in the end had become a minister of the gospel.

"Brother," he said, "I know just how yo' feel. Join us. The scoffers may laugh, but in their hearts they fear the wrath to come. Refawm yo'self by God's grace. We-all will help yo' in yo' fight. Yo' will have the suppo't of our best families."

The fact that this man had also suffered humiliation appealed powerfully to Boone. While there was nothing in him that responded to the call of religion as a means of future salvation, he was ready to grasp at any straw that would aid him in the present crisis. But he was irresolute. Only when at last the minister said, "Brother, let us pray," did Boone look the issue squarely in the face. He decided to "get religion"—and later backslide. He recalled, too, that although the colonel was a member in good standing of the Rev. Mr. Garvey's flock, he allowed himself considerable latitude in his manner of life from Monday to Saturday of each week. Attending church regularly on Sunday seemed to be the important requirement. This inconvenience Boone felt he could put up with for a while.

Mr. Garvey offered his prayer, obtained Boone's promise to affiliate himself with the church, and departed Boone felt better. He had something to lean on. He became quite cheerful, made Willie May happy by telling her he had got religion, ate a hearty supper, and after dark slipped away to his office by a back street. At the office he took several drinks from a bottle which he kept in his desk, and a little after nine o'clock walked boldly home along the main thoroughfare, speaking carelessly to such friends and acquaintances as he met. He was somewhat exalted in spirit by the step he had taken and felt for a time that he was above the rabble—a word embracing at the moment all those who had not as yet got religion.

The following Sunday Boone attended church with Willie May and was accepted as a probationary member. Monday morning the colonel called at the office. After congratulating Boone

heartily upon the new church connection, his leathery face grew portentous.

"Boy," he said, "this here's the best thing yo' ever done. I been pow'ful busy to make yo' judge. Now yo'll have the church suppo't and be elected shore as shootin'. Old Judge Tazwell's goin' quit this time. He's so old folks is tired of him. Folks want young blood and good blood, and the South ain't got better'n the Boone blood. Judge Boone, Judge Albert B. Boone." He licked the words. "What's that 'B' stand fo', boy? I nev' did hear yo' middle name."

"Butler," said Boone.

"What!" roared Morgan. "Butler? Yo' called after that old nigger-lovin' coun'l, Ben Butler! Nobody cain't be judge down here with that name."

"I wasn't called after Ben Butler," explained Boone. "My mother named me for a preacher."

"Don't make no diff'ence," cried the colonel. "Le's see. Ain't nobody knows yet, I reckon—except mebbe yo' relations. Say we-all calls yo' Beauregard, after the gen'ral." He slapped his leg. "Whoopee! Beauregard Boone fo' judge."

"I don't want to be a judge, Colonel," objected Boone. "Too—too much responsibility. I want to be free."

"Yes, suh," drawled Morgan. "Yo' want to be free to drink and gamble. I'm agin interferin' between man and wife, even my own daughter—I nev' said nothin' befo'—but I know yo' killin' Willie May with yo' rowdy ways. Won't do, boy. Furth'more, think of yo' family—comin'."

The colonel awaited a reply to this shot. None came, and in a few minutes he got up and shuffled out of the office.

As for Boone, the patent fact that he was soon to be a father, after more than three years of married life, bore no aspect of joy for him. It meant more home ties, a tightening of the shackles of civilization, a further turn of the screw which is slowly imposing upon men the mental and emotional reactions of women. He thirsted for freedom,

but no man tied to a woman is free; and when there are children he is securely caught, a captive of sex, a prisoner of the procreative instinct, a fly in the sticky web of the spider of life, buzzing, cursing, wailing, yammering until he dies, more often than not. Such, in paraphrase, were his thoughts.

Despite Morgan's busy insistence, Boone would never have consented to become a candidate for old Judge Tazwell's honorable post had it not been for Willie May. When he went home that night he found that the colonel had been tampering with her ambition for the expected child. Willie May herself would doubtless have been content to go on as the wife of a lawyer. But after Morgan had spread before her eyes the flattering future which would enfold the child as the offspring of a man so highly placed by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, she grew more determined day by day. She gave Boone no peace.

"Think of our baby, Honey," she would insist. "I know yo' say yo' don't want to be a judge, but think of our baby when he grows up."

"It may not be a boy," Boone interposed.

Willie May ignored that possibility and went on. "I cain't understand why yo' don't want to be a judge, Honey. If I was a man . . ."

This and much more, morning, noon and night. Boone consented to be a candidate for the nomination.

Although the colonel had been publicly agitating the matter for a year or more, dropping hints here and suggestions there, addling the air with adulatory comments upon his son-in-law's sagacity, integrity and good blood, this formal authorization spurred him to greater efforts. He began stressing the alleged fact that the Northern Boones had always been Southern sympathizers. in token of which they had named their best-beloved son after P. G. T. Beauregard, the famous Confederate general. (Yes, suh; Albert Beauregard Boone was his name.)

He marshalled the Boone clan—Uncle Jim, his family, retainers, friends



and acquaintances. He reminded the church interest that heaven held in greater esteem a sinner reclaimed than a man godly from his cradle up. He harangued the raffish element, which felt indeed that so loose a man as Boone had formerly been could not do otherwise than view roguery with lenient eyes even when lifted to the judicial bench and enveloped in that fog of honor with which a democracy clothes its magistracy, on the principle, doubtless, that the voice of the people being the voice of God, the men whom the people elect must necessarily be great, good and wise.

In consequence of these maneuvers on the part of Morgan, that sterling Democrat, Beauregard Boone, received the nomination for the district judgeship; and in that section of the country election followed nomination on the Democratic ticket as, given the opportunity, water glides to a lower level.

Three days after he was elected a daughter was born to Boone, and with his passive consent she was named Bertie May. As he looked down upon the little red, wrinkled, squirming child he was sad. Another sledge-hammer blow in the process of subjugation. Within a few months he had become a Methodist, a judge, and a father.

As an emblem of the judiciary Boone found himself the familiar of the Rev. Mr. Garvey and the elders of the church; guild brother to staid, dignified, dry-as-dust members of the bar. For the most part he was compelled of necessity to live in what to him was an atmosphere of malodorous respectability, to squat like a tin god upon that sterile mountain top where reside many eminent persons whose thinking (if they were ever guilty of that dangerous practice) has become casehardened and whose sense impulses, if at all unconventional, must be indulged in secret.

He kept the Sabbath sacred: not in the manner indicated by the recorded teachings of his ostensible Master, however, but in puritanical accord with the harsh commandments of the old Jewish blue-law ritual.

Again, he sat in church and listened to Mr. Garvey's frequent sermons upon the engrossing subject of eternal damnation. In his judicial capacity, on the other hand, he often connived at slipping some picturesque rascal through the meshes of the temporal law; and for this he was hymned as a just and merciful judge by many who would have unhesitatingly damned their own brothers to an eternity of punishment for nonconformance in the matter of religious belief.

## V

IN later years Boone remembered little of the details of this period of his life. In the first place, he did not care to remember; secondly, it was all too unceasingly monotonous for a man of his character. He was lenient, sentimentally so, in fact. He took care never to get himself into a position where he would have to sentence a white man to the gallows. Probably he would have had no such compunctions with respect to a negro criminal. In any event, his colleague, Judge Lynch, relieved him of the necessity of making a decision. No negro accused of a serious crime ever reached Boone's court.

Of the little he did recall of these years—and he was re-elected term after term—one trivial incident was moulded upon his memory in bold relief. During the first few months of his incumbency he presided in a case involving the title to certain lands, and a New York lawyer had been imported to protect the interests of the absentee owner. After several days of the usual verbose fencing on the part of opposing counsel, the Northern lawyer suddenly demanded a cadastral survey.

"Your honor," he shouted, "we ask you to enter an order for a cadastral survey of this property."

Boone was startled. He had no more notion of what a "cadastral" survey was than had little Bertie May. He looked helplessly at the counsel for the plaintiff, but that gentleman seemed lost

in contemplation of the fly-specked ceiling of the courtroom.

"Any objections?" asked Boone at last.

There were none, and the order for a cadastral survey was entered accordingly. Boone afterward tried unsuccessfully to find the word in a law dictionary, nor was it in the vestpocket edition of Webster which he possessed. As he was ashamed to ask anyone what the word signified, he was haunted for a long time by the fear that in entering the order he might have committed some folly which later would make him a laughing-stock. The word remained a mystery to him for many years.

As Bertie May grew older, something was thrust upon Boone's attention which he ignored as long as possible. But he was face to face with the fact that his daughter was in miniature the mental and physical replica of her grandmother, old Mrs. Boone, who had died the year following her son's hegira from Iowa.

"Is this the way the dead live again?" Boone once asked himself.

He groped back in memory to the cold, unsavory chamber where last he had seen his mother alive, shuddered, entered a certain room in the larger and more comfortable house he now occupied and poured out a drink of whiskey.

More or less secret and circumspect drinking was about all that was left of his old life. He was still able to drink—in moderation and usually in private. A judge had to be careful of his associations. Saloons were not ordinarily for such as he. Secret drinking, in moderation, and literature in pamphlet form—price five and ten cents each—by Old Sleuth and Old Cap Collier were now his only mitigation of the tedium of existence as a married man and an administrator of justice. Sleuth and Cap Collier, as detectives, enjoyed a freedom which he envied from the bottom of his heart. If they were married their wives apparently saw little of them, nor were they burdened with meddlesome and bossy daughters.

By the time Bertie May was fourteen

years old she dominated her mother entirely and was very critical of her father's habit of smoking in the house. She abhorred the smell of alcohol, and the Judge was compelled to lay in a supply of aromatic breath deodorants.

Bertie May had inherited her grandmother's grim blue eyes. Her face was long with a pointed chin. Her thin red lips habitually bent downward slightly at the corners of her mouth. She had no touch of Southern softness in her character. Environment had affected her pronunciation to some extent, but even so her words were curt and incisive.

When she was seventeen her mother died. The day after the funeral Boone was called into the parlor, where his daughter, with hands folded primly in her lap, sat in a rocking-chair. She plunged into speech without delay:

"Father, I want to speak to you on a matter. I don't want a young stepmother."

Boone looked from gaping eyes.

"A stepmother, Bertie! Why, I wouldn't marry the best woman on earth."

Bertie May sat for a moment with tight lips.

"I know men," she said. "They're all alike. I've seen you watching young girls, even my friends, on a rainy day. Their—their limbs. . . . Ugh!" She shuddered in disgust.

The Judge reddened. Long ago his mother had said almost that very thing to him. Once when a farm girl climbed into a buggy. . . . But such language from his daughter!

From that day Boone was no longer permitted to smoke in the house. He drank elsewhere also: mostly in his chambers off the courtroom. And he dared not look at a woman when in his daughter's presence.

His only hope was that she would marry early. To further the consummation of this hope he ingratiated himself with every young unmarried man he met, put out countless invitations to dinner, supper, for week-ends, anything to get eligibles into the house. At first

he specialized in young lawyers, who were, of course, only too anxious to get on a familiar footing with a judge, but it was observed that few youths—even the fledgling attorneys—came a second time. Bertie May had neither good looks nor agreeable manners. Besides, from her standpoint all men were suspect. Men—white men—were responsible for mulattoes, quadroons, octo-rooms. Ugh!

As she had been active in church work since childhood, the Judge was always on the lookout for a young, unattached preacher, but none came his way. Marriageable preachers were evidently much in demand as husbands. It seemed queer to him; but there is no accounting for tastes. Stranger things had happened. Why, for instance, he asked himself, should any woman have wanted to marry Bert Boone?

When Bertie May was about twenty-four, the good people of the Judge's town became fired with the idea that a Y. M. C. A. was necessary for the moral health of its youth. They agitated, took up a subscription, bought, remodeled and furnished a two-story brick building on San Jacinto Street and imported a secretary.

The secretary's name was William J. Filkins and his native State Ohio. Filkins was a young fellow of twenty-five, clean-cut, good-looking in a mild-mannered way, and a sincere and ardent champion of "institutionalism" as a beneficent force in American life. Also like most sincere institutionalists, he believed in Santa Claus. He preferred to be called plain "Bill," and let the fact be known. It was democratic and made for popularity. Bill Filkins had the best intentions in the world.

The Judge, who was chosen to deliver the dedicatory address, met Bill and invited him to supper the following night. Bill accepted with pleasure. It was a part of his business to cater to influential men who could help the cause.

Young Mr. Filkins arrived as scheduled, and after a few minutes' conversation with him Bertie May thawed visibly. The Judge was elated. Prog-

ress at last. Bill was studiously polite, talked of his work, sang a couple of hymns to Bertie May's accompaniment, and, departing, thanked his host for a most pleasant evening. It was all a part of his business.

After he had gone Bertie May told her father that she was sure Mr. Filkins was a pure young man. She told several women the same thing next day.

As for the Judge, he resolved to go the limit in the matter of hooking Bill Filkins as a son-in-law. Thereafter he spent most of his leisure time in the "Y" reading-room, gave liberally to the contingent fund, cultivated Bill with every art he possessed, had him at the house as often as possible. He perceived that Bertie May was now quite willing to become Mrs. Filkins and was doing her best to help the thing along. This was an encouraging feature of the situation, but the Judge had to admit that Bill was not interested—nor could he blame him. The Judge was under no misapprehension as to his daughter's charms or her desirability as a wife.

## VI

Time passed. Filkins became so intimate with the Judge and so familiar with the house that he ran in and out with all the freedom of a member of the family. He even slept there upon occasion.

One hot July afternoon following a night spent at the Boone home, Bill discovered that his wallet was missing. He remembered having put it under his pillow the night before and suspected that it might still be there. He hurried to the house, entered without ringing and ran upstairs. As he passed softly down the hallway, the door of the bathroom opened and Bertie May came out, clothed only in a loose bathrobe which she held together at her breast with one hand. Her feet were bare. When she saw Bill she screamed loudly, put her hands to her face and turned to the wall.

Filkins was incredibly startled.

"I—I beg pardon, Miss Bertie," he

mumbled, backing toward the staircase.

At that moment the Judge stepped from his room into the hall. He had been taking a siesta and was aroused by Bertie May's outcry.

"William!" he said. There was sorrow in his voice, pain in his eyes. "My boy, I didn't think this of you."

Bill Filkins turned to him in an agony of embarrassment. He spluttered puerilely: "Judge, I—I—didn't—It was—accident."

Boone became severe, menacing, the fond, wronged father.

"Wait for me in the parlor downstairs, sir," he commanded peremptorily. "And remember, sir, this is Texas, not your native Ohio."

Bill stumbled away and the Judge, carefully wrapping the fallen fold of the bathrobe about his moaning child, escorted her into a bedroom.

"Now, Bertie," he said softly, "calm yo'self. You will have to marry Mr. Filkins, of course. . . ."

He wanted to wink at her as she sat on the edge of the bed, but dared not. Her eyes were like icicles. He gathered, though, that she understood.

The Judge then assembled his dignity, descended the stairs and walked in upon the unhappy Filkins.

"A most unfortunate occurrence, sir," he said after two minutes of terrible silence. More gently: "Very unfortunate, sir. We of the South brook no affront to a lady. As a chivalrous gentleman you can repair your—hmmm—mistake. By marriage, of course. As my esteemed son-in-law . . ." A gesture reminiscent of the colonel. "I might say that I have achieved a considerable competence through fortunate investments. Naturally, I shall leave all to my daughter—and her husband."

He paused.

Bill Filkins sat with averted eyes, clasping and unclasping his hands in extreme agitation. He did not want to marry Bertie May. Neither did he care to be butchered in accordance with the traditions of that Southern chivalry of which he had heard so much. Moreover, if he became involved in a woman

scandal his career would be ruined. In his world that was the unpardonable sin.

The Judge went on. "Doubtless you will return tonight, make your apologies and declare your love. By that time my daughter's outraged feelings will be somewhat assuaged. I will intercede for you, my boy. As my son-in-law . . ." His manner was now paternal in the last degree.

Filkins got up, grasped the Judge's hand and muttered a few words importing that he would make amends.

After the young man had gone the Judge sat a while in meditation.

"It's a crime," he thought, and shook his head sadly. Well, the colonel had been guilty of a similar crime. Only the father of daughters would understand. Further, Bill Filkins was young and could take punishment; the Judge was old and felt that he deserved absolution.

That evening young Mr. Filkins abased himself. He followed his abasement with a broken and mussed proposal of marriage. Bertie May forgave and accepted him in one and the same breath, prettily and with many blushes. Later, in consultation with the Judge, the wedding day was set for six weeks hence. The Judge also insisted that a long wedding trip be taken at his expense.

Bertie May was very tender. She delivered the dictum that her father must always live with them: he was getting old and needed a woman's care. He also smoked too much. He drank, too, she insinuated gently. The father-in-law of a Y. M. C. A. secretary could not in decency drink intoxicating liquors, and really ought not to use tobacco. The Judge acquiesced. He even went to the length of saying he wished he might accompany them on the wedding trip, but that, of course, was—hmmm—impossible.

After the details of the marriage were settled, the Judge worked fast and with the utmost secrecy. He disposed of all his real estate except the home, which he designed as a wedding gift to Bertie May, and made such other business arrangements as he felt to be necessary. Within a week after the supposedly



happy couple was honeymooning at points west he quietly folded his tent and departed for Iowa, leaving a letter for delivery to his daughter upon her return. In this letter he stated succinctly that he had made a will in her favor under which she would inherit such real and personal property as might be in his possession when he died, upon the express condition that for the future she let him entirely alone. If she failed to observe this condition, the property would go to a rich eleemosynary institution whose custom it was to make a last ditch fight for all testamentary benefactions. In other words, if said institution did not get the money devised, it saw to it that the lawyers did.

Before choosing Iowa as his place of retreat, the Judge had weighed the merits of various other localities: California, for instance. But the bold and merry friends of his youth were in Iowa. He would go to them. Thus it was that he returned to the place of his birth and rented two rooms over a shoe store on the west side of the square. He found few of his old friends, however. Many of them were dead, others had removed elsewhere, those who remained were painfully respectable: solid

business men, heads of families, sedate church-goers—and the Judge turned to the fast and sporty members of the younger generation for companionship.

It followed that at the weekly meetings of the Ministerial Association he was often denounced as "that unworthy and ignoble old man who is corrupting the morals of the pure youth of our fair city." In the pulpit occasional veiled references were made to "the menace in our midst." But such aspersions had no effect upon the Judge. He merely smiled and went his way.

I see him again in memory. A kindly but unmoral old man with fatherly whiskers and a twinkling eye. A tall glass stands on the table beside him. He pours into it a generous measure of brownish-red liquid, decapitates a bottle of lemon pop and adds its effervescing contents to the glass. The mixture boils into a delicate shade of amber. He takes a sip, chuckles genially, picks up his cards and ruffles them with his left thumb.

"Judge, shall I marry the girl?"

"Boy, don't marry no woman. Matrimony, sir, is far from being the gnat's britches."



## Remembrance

*By Eleanor Clarage*

**I** NEED no pity, I who walk alone  
 While all the world goes doubly, heart to heart;  
 I have not always been a wanderer,  
 Nor wept for sorrow as I walked apart.

I feel no envy for these folk; I go  
 As starry-visioned as the others do;  
 For in my heart a secret glory burns—  
 There was a night when I was happy, too.



# Lothariana

*By John Torcross*

**O**F course I love you. . . . You look so pretty tonight. . . . Just one more. They're very mild. . . . Nobody's going to know. . . . I'll send you one, dear. . . . No, never before in all my life. . . . I'll always feel the same about you. . . . I'll never even speak to her again. . . . He seems to know you pretty well. . . . Dancing with you is like dancing on air. . . . I do. Every minute of the day. . . . I'll ring you tomorrow at five. . . . There never *has* been another. . . . I don't like the way he looked at you. . . . I never see her any more. . . . Oh, that was years and years ago. . . . Just for a few minutes, dear. . . . What if she *does* know? . . . Well, you asked me to tell you. . . . None of the others understand me. . . . It's awfully early to go home. . . . I knew you liked them with cork tips. . . . Yes, I've known a good many, but you're the first one I've ever cared for. . . . No, you don't need a bit of rouge. . . . Just tell him you can't see him. . . . How could I forget, dear? . . . I think it looks wonderful on *you*. . . . Always.



## I Would Have Had Our Love

*By A. Newberry Choyce*

**I** WOULD have had our love  
Built safe and sweet  
Like a splendid dwelling  
In a shining street.

Like a fair ship fashioned  
Proudly for the sea,  
I would have had our love  
Go forth with minstrelsy.

But ah! my dear, we builded  
And had not any trust,  
And all our sweets are crumbled  
So swiftly unto dust.

And nought is left of singing  
To set our journey by,  
Save bitterness at star-rise  
And at the dawn a cry.

# Americana

By Major Owen Hatteras, D. S. O.

## I

### *California*

**F**ROM the public bull by the Rev. Dr. John Martin Dean, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pasadena and president of the Pasadena Ministers' Association:

Dancing is un-American. It had its origin in the low dives of Paris, Vienna and Venezuela. The majority of intelligent Americans are opposed to dancing.

## II

### *Connecticut*

From the *Yale Daily News* of May 8 last:

A long Yale cheer, with nine "Brownings" on the end, brought to a close the celebration of the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the Poet Browning's birthday yesterday morning. . . Prof. Phelps declared that this moment was the proudest of his life.

## III

### *District of Columbia*

Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, speaking as a Mormon Apostle at the Mount Ogden Stake Quarterly Conference of the Latter-Day Saints:

The Latter-Day Saints church is growing in all the world. . . I recall that twenty years ago, when we went to Washington, there were no services of the church in that city. A year later we held services in a small front room. Later the services were held in my home on Connecticut avenue. Now the membership has grown to 300, and we have a regularly organized branch of the church there. No parents need worry about sending their daughters to Washington . . . because the church is there to protect them.

## IV

### *Illinois*

From a bulletin on public morals in Chicago, issued by Dr. B. L. Reitman, professor of public health and hygiene in the Chicago Medical School, and Bernard C. Roloff, executive secretary of the Illinois Hygiene League:

A liberal study of Man's behaviour and the biological imperative reveals the fact that the average Chicago adult male, regardless of his marital relationship, lives a sex-life.

## V

### *Minnesota*

From the estimable *Minneapolis Tribune* of a day last March:

Having nothing more to do yesterday than the man who contracted to chase a cat up and downstairs until it was covered with perspiration, the City Council . . . took up the list of books to be allowed juveniles in the City Jail. The aldermen argued half an hour over the names of magazines. Alderman A. G. Bastis objected to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Alderman Scott moved that the *Labor Review* and a daily newspaper be substituted for these magazines. The motion was carried, 13 to 10.

## VI

### *South Carolina*

Melancholy note from an exile wandering in the late Confederate States:

The fair State of South Carolina has become a Mecca for the Rev. Billy Sunday. He held forth for some six weeks last year in Spartanburg, converting practically everyone, both white and black, and, incidentally, garnering several thousand ducats of the realm.

He has now completed a similar performance in Columbia, with even greater success.

The first to hit the trail there was the Hon. Thomas G. McLeod, newly elected Governor, and then everybody joined in the merry march to glory and salvation. The members of the State legislature, the Mayor and the chief of police, all renounced their sinful ways and promised the Prophet to follow in his footsteps henceforth. A member of the State legislature with whom I am acquainted told me that nearly half of them had actually

stopped drinking bootleg liquor. I was also told that the chief of police of Columbia now has daily Bible classes for all members of the force.

On Dr. Sunday's departure, he was presented with a check for \$25,000 by the grateful citizens. Later this year, the reverend gentleman will invade Charleston, and so, by Christmas, there should be one Utopian State in this glorious land of the free.



## Hunt

*By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

**B**ETWEEN the moonset and sunrise  
With the hoar-frost white on the ground,  
I heard a shrill hallooing  
And the baying of a hound,  
And the cries of a hunted lady—  
A threefold terrible sound.

I rose from my bed at daybreak,  
I found the track they had made  
Over the hill, under the hill,  
Sweeping across the glade  
And a worn-torn three-inch slipper  
Of scarlet and gold brocade.

And since that day I have never  
Known human peace nor rest  
For the sake of the torn red slipper  
That burns against my breast,  
And the track whose ending I could not find  
And the things no man has guessed.



**A**T forty a man chuckles at his romances of twenty. But if at twenty he could behold his romances at forty, he would roar with laughter till his sides split.



**I**T is quite impossible to talk generalities to the average woman. She either assumes that you are surreptitiously referring to herself, or else she refuses to listen.





# In Defense of Thinking

[*An Essay*]

By *Walter E. Sagmaster*

## I

**T**HERE is no more positive indication of the chronically bourgeois, mercenary, backwater mind, the mind hopelessly immersed in the soggy grime of a mechanical civilization, than that attitude which persists in regarding philosophy as a waste of energy, a hopeless task, and a "failure" in the sense that it never "gets anywhere."

To "get somewhere," in the popular mind, is equivalent to attaining an end or a product which may either be materially perceived and utilized, or at least utilized as an instrument in the attainment of such ends or products. Thus, "building a business"—that is to say, smoking fat cigars, playing golf, twitching likable maidens under the chin, and swindling two thousand *ur-ignoramus* (commonly: "workingmen") out of their mess of pottage—such activity is synonymous in the mob mind with "getting somewhere." So is erecting fifty-five-story office buildings, acquiring an immaculately bald head and chronic dyspepsia in the process of traveling, over the space of a lifetime, from a shipping-room to a credit department, burdening the already groaning world with a nervous wife and eight replicamorns, successfully embezzling a quarter of a million dollars (note the "successfully"—one who is unsuccessful is, of course, a "crook"), and becoming a pitcher on a "big league" baseball club.

Any activity which does not smack of the baldly materialistic is, for the gang, not "getting anywhere." A frowzy porter in a ninth-rate hotel, inasmuch as he earns twelve dollars a

week and saves four, is "getting somewhere," whereas a Nietzsche, inasmuch as, though he wear out the fibres of a high-burning brain in a living, swirling maelstrom of thought, he fails to invent a better way to manipulate stocks, or a cheaper way to make baby-carriages, or a quicker way to travel between one point and another, is (to say nothing of his seditious and satanic doctrines) not "getting anywhere."

For the ordinary man, a thing to be of any value must have a certain "use" in the materialistic sense—one must be able to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell it. Or, if it is an idea, it must be the sort of idea that will be instrumental in the creation of such things. No other sort of ideas will do; all other kinds are a "waste of time," they are "not worth the powder to blow them up." . . .

Now, as a matter of fact, the only things on earth that ever have been or ever shall be worth even the most leaky dam of the most inconsequential tinker are absolutely of no "use" in the mob sense of the word. They were of no "use" in ancient Greece in that sense—a land beside which, in real value, the United States is proportionately equivalent to an anthill beside Mt. Everest—and they are of no "use" here and to-day. Only the "useless" things, that is, only the *absolute* things, have any real, any lasting, any fundamental value in this world, and in the degree that a man is convinced of this truth, in just that degree is he validly cultured, civilized, anti-mobistic. There is no "use" in a rainbow, or an oak tree, or a Watteau garden-party, or a Schubert quartet, or a Sidney sonnet, or a Japanese embroi-

dery. And also, there is no "use" in that species of thinking which is not so much concerned with the comfort and well-being of slaves as with the ultimate truths of the universe.

Even in their staggering obtuseness, the slaves are showing us the way out of the awful muddle into which philosophy, in this respect at least, has been constantly more deeply sinking ever since the Greeks, and in which, in the form of that ridiculous nonesuch of the present day entitled Utilitarianism, it has finally sounded such depths as it may not well exceed. For the mob, in telling us that philosophy is "useless," has given us the very key to the matter which seems to have been lost or at least mislaid when the titanic minds of Greece passed into dust.

Valid philosophy is, indeed, "useless," as is valid beauty. There never has been and there never will be but one honest, legitimate reason for philosophical speculation, and that reason lies eternally welded in the very soul of the word itself: *philo*—"love," *sophia*—"of wisdom." Any system of philosophy which is founded upon the theory that by its conscious or unconscious utilization the fundamentals, the values, the ends in life may be altered or changed, any system of philosophy which purports to instruct the world how to proceed—that is, to reform the world—instead of realizing that in all fundamental realities, all ends, the world proceeds according to the immutable, irrevocable, and unalterable laws of a Nature that goes about its own business in utter disregard of the insignificant and pretentious advice or counsels of man, is puerile, empty, false, and completely worthless philosophy. Valid philosophy never starts things, it merely reflects upon things which have been started, and possibly on whatever started those things. When philosophy grows practical it becomes propaganda, and propaganda is the Waterloo ditch in the battle for truth, as well as for beauty.

In such a burlesque life as now holds forth on the northern half of this hemisphere, to a great extent in the

Isles, and even somewhat on the Continent,—in such a burlesque life, that is, as always obtains in direct proportion to the degree of democracy which animates it, philosophy loses every ounce of its true essence, ceases, in fact, to be philosophy at all, and, blinded by the materialistic whirl and swirl of the moment, degenerates into an utter utilitarianism,—or, to go a step further, into its half-baked offspring, pragmatism. One day, back in the fifth or sixth century before Christ, some Greek discovered that the highest possible joy in life was two-fold: the creation or contemplation of Beauty for Beauty's sake, and the creation or contemplation of Wisdom (or Truth) for Wisdom's (or Truth's) sake. With that conception constantly before their minds, the Greeks have passed on to us an amount of notable speculative insight into the deepest problems of existence which, especially in consideration of their utter lack of any previous respectable metaphysical bases on which to work, is actually appalling in its scope. That the Greeks discovered emotion and beauty, is probably stretching a point, but that they discovered intellect and truth is assuredly not an overstatement.

"Arithmetic," says Plato, "is an excellent preliminary to philosophic study, if pursued for the love of knowledge and not in the spirit of a shop-keeper." This is the Greek ideal in a nutshell. Intellectual training and capacity is an end in itself; it must not be polluted by the "spirit of a shop-keeper." And this is the ideal, and the only ideal, that ever has or ever can give us any philosophy worth a moment's consideration.

## II

It is not thought, primarily, which effects the great outstanding social and economic changes in the world's history, but either emotion or the bare force of circumstances—both natural and direct products of mechanism. It was not thought, but pure emotion, which overthrew Judaism in favor of Christianity; not thought, but the force of circum-

stances tempered with emotion, which overthrew slavery in favor of feudalism; and the mere force of circumstances (note the progress of purely mechanistic, materialistic causation!) which erected the factory system over the withered bones of the guild system—for certainly the application of the machine to quantity production, with the number of men that might be herded under one roof limited only by the number of machines which might be installed, was a natural and inevitable outgrowth of the machine's invention, and one which the original inventors surely never so much as dreamed of, and would have scoffed at had they so dreamed. It is not the province of philosophy to tell the world which way to go, but merely to determine, for the pure pleasure of the process, which way it is going. Never was Nietzsche more in the wrong (for all he was in the right) than when he said that the task of philosophy is to create values. It is nothing of the sort. Life creates values, and no possible amount of real philosophy is ever going to change or even affect them. All philosophy may legitimately do is to reflect on values, to analyze them, to compare them, and if possible to decide, merely for the pleasure of deciding, which is the highest of them. Such thought must ever be intro- and retrospective; it must never preach, prophesy, or counsel.

It should be evident by this time that when I speak of philosophy I am referring to the art of discovering, as logically as possible, the ultimate truths, the basic laws, and the fundamental realities and ends in the universe. I am not speaking of that species of so-called philosophical thought which is one-tenth thought and the balance emotion, poetic or otherwise. That kind of thing may very well sway the world one way or another, and often over a considerable period of time. The poetic-sociological enthusiasm of Jean Jacques Rousseau in its historical position as a prime incentive to the little disagreement of 1789 in France, is a case in point.

In the first place, Rousseauism—like

much of the politico-religio-sociological balderdash on tap today—was not even ostensibly a philosophy, but rather a cross between a cult and a reform movement. In essence it was an attitude, and a distinctly emotional attitude—or, if you will, a poetic one. It was the violent reaction of a super-sensitive soul to the extreme artificiality of a society almost completely divorced from Nature, and violent reactions are invariably emotional, and often even poetic. Inasmuch as the mob, though perfectly anæsthetic to anything like honest poetry, is very susceptible to emotional gestures if only they can be put baldly enough, no doubt the good people were to some extent moved by Rousseau's doctrines—though not directly by his writings, of course, for he was a maker of literature, and the gang invariably distrust and despise literature. Rousseauism reached the mob through the medium of various mouthpieces of their own level, as the emotional reactions of a first-class man always reach the mob—through William Jennings Bryan by Paul out of Christ. Still, there is no doubt but what Rousseau's influence in precipitating the Revolution was fully as great as the high-school history writers claim, whether direct or at second hand.

Rousseau, however, was not possessed of that depth of insight which concentrates on the fundamental realities, the ends, in life. A poet under almost any other circumstances, his age swept him into a veritable pandemonium of sociological speculation, a political *Sturm und Drang* period of the intensest sort, and his highly poetic nature converted him overnight into an half-insane propagandist. Here is his leading doctrine: that inasmuch as Society is the result of a tacit understanding between individuals in which each agrees to subjugate his will to that of the whole, therefore monarchy is an unjust and unnatural institution, the real power resides properly in the people, and no government save one in which the people are supreme—in which they make the laws directly and can at will dispose of their



"servants," the elected executives—is lawful, natural, or just.

To say nothing of the inherent asininity of this idea (which the present farce in America amply exemplifies), it is, indisputably enough, purely a sociological theory. But at best a sociological theory has nothing whatever to do with the fundamentals of life, for certainly no sane man will claim that society, even at its best, can logically be considered as anything more than a means to an end, or that that end can depend primarily upon anything other than an individualistic hedonism of some sort. And the discovery of that end is the sole legitimate purpose of a philosophy. Of what that end is, Rousseau is silent; *ergo*, as a philosopher, Rousseau is silent.

Therefore, although the effect of Rousseauism on the French mob cannot be denied, it was not, properly speaking, a philosophical effect. It was simply the result of an highly emotionalized slice of sociological propaganda thrown into the widestretched maw of an hungry commonalty. I can imagine nothing farther from what I consider a true philosophy to be. To lump such utterly incongruous things as philosophy and sociology is the last word in nonsense. The latter, if anything, is a science—and a very poor one at that—but it has nothing more in common with valid philosophy than I have in common with a policeman.

Yes, Rousseau was a very important and influential man, though a very bad philosopher. His fault was not in that he was a product of his age, for all men are that, but in that he was too completely so. He merely summed up the national spirit and attitude toward life which had been brewing for many a long year, and, by the vigor of his individual poetic fervor, he transmuted into a magnificent air-castle, an imposing edifice of sophistic bricks and sentimental mortar, the emotion of his time. But of the *raison d'être* of that edifice, even at its best, he has told us nothing. Were he not an extraordinary man, he never could have created the attractive

work of the imagination he did, regardless of what age he had been born into. But to be an extraordinary man and to be a philosopher is not necessarily the same thing.

### III

ONE of the most important things in the attainment of a valid philosophical conception is that a man should be able, in a measure, to transcend the spirit of his age. He should be able to regard it objectively, as it were,—merely as a single scene in the infinite and eternal drama of existence. He must not be immersed subjectively in the spirit of his time to the point where he is apt to concentrate on the superficial features of his age, as such, and to overlook those fundamental truths which are as real and as active today as they were when the earth first broke loose from the sun and went in business for itself. The artist, on the other hand, may profit by being so immersed subjectively in the spirit of his age. Most of the time he is all the better an artist for it; certainly that very contemporaneous spirit is no small factor in producing the intense, living fervor which artistic execution requires. There is hardly any denying the Elizabethanism of Shakespeare, the Classicism of Pope, the Romanticism of Keats, the Victorianism of Tennyson. But what is food for the artist is only too often poison for the philosopher.

The philosopher must be able to pierce through that particular layer of life which his age represents, unto the fundamental groundwork of all life, in all times and places, under all conditions and circumstances—in short, unto ultimate reality. The past has seen innumerable philosophical systems, but only those in which the philosopher managed to touch upon the fundamental realities of all life have survived. Speculation must rest on universals or it must cease.

In the German Romantic philosophers—Schlegel, Schelling, Novalis et Cie., we have prime examples of Rousseau



emotionalism sans the sociological bug. These men made first-class reading-matter, but tenth-class philosophy. Primarily they were not philosophers at all, but artists: the basic impulse stirring them to activity was not intellectual, but emotional.

I fully realize that even the artist must be to a degree intellectual, and even the philosopher to a degree emotional, or neither of their respective products will be worth two whoops. But the fact always remains that what fundamentally distinguishes an artist from a philosopher is the preponderance of pure emotion over pure intellect. To function properly, an artist must feel, a philosopher must think.

No philosophy which makes feeling the predominant feature of its doctrine is worth a moment's consideration—as philosophy. And this is precisely what the German Romanticists did. For them the heart was supreme; the brain was merely a subordinate adjunct which might just as well be dispensed with as not. Their poetic effusions, when applied to actual life as we know it, invariably prove fallacious. This is not to say, however, that philosophy must necessarily prove dry, uninteresting, formalized, Kantian reading; neither must its diction be stiffly precise, or inhumanly technical, or be suffused with pretentious and bombastic jawbreakers. There is, thank God, such a thing as literary philosophy, although Arthur Schopenhauer seems to have been the first individual to have discovered that important fact since Plato; and Arthur's noteworthy experiment was ably carried forward by his disciple, Nietzsche. But literary philosophy must be literary only in so far as it is the product of a mind sensitive to the beauty of style, and actuated primarily by some human ideal the inculcation of which in its work will exert a strong appeal to such readers or listeners as may be possessed of a like ideal.

Literary philosophy, no more than technical philosophy, may legitimately depart from its basic groundwork in the intellect; when emotion predominates,

we may have an artistic production, but we do not have philosophy, properly speaking. That both Schopenhauer and Nietzsche stuck with notable fidelity to this basic intellectual groundwork is, I believe, incontrovertible, and is to an overwhelming extent responsible for the profound depths of existence which they so often sounded, and the real and lasting effect which so many of their fundamental ideas have enjoyed. To-day, these two are responsible for nine-tenths of the thought current in the world that is worth the time and attention of a civilized man. Schopenhauer discovered the Will as perceived by the intuition; and Nietzsche discovered the natural exemption of the superior man from mob ethics. Show me two fundamental ideas since advanced which can remotely compare with these in furthering a true understanding of the universe. . . .

It is just this faculty of discovering fundamentals, realities, ends, not peculiar to any special age or condition in life, which differentiates the valid from the bogus philosopher. It is this faculty which enables a Plato and an Aristotle to live today, whereas the fly-blown sophistries of Jean Jacques have long ago gone up the flue of any but the most gullible hearth-sides. And it is just this faculty, divorced as it is from any desire to change or reform the world, to proselytize human beings, to instruct Nature in fundamentals,—the faculty, in short, of discovering truth for the sake of truth, for the mere enjoyment which the perception and recognition of truth imparts to the validly philosophic mind, which distinguishes legitimate philosophy from such papier-mâché imitations as cults, religions, and the various pathological isms that are today turning America into a conglomeration of ecstatic imbeciles.

Philosophy is not a thing calculated to cure St. Vitus Dance and hay fever, as the Christian Scientists would have us believe; nor to enhance the personality of clothing salesmen, as the Orison Swett Mardenites would have us

believe; nor to make the world safe for democracy, philanthropy, peace, or machinery, as the H. G. Wellsians would have us believe. Philosophy is the unique and natural province of a gentleman. I do not mean a gentleman in the Victorian sense, *i. e.*, a ponderous ass with a chivalry complex. I mean a gentleman in the Elizabethan sense: one who is mentally, physically, and morally of the gentle—or, if you will, of the aristocratic class. And by “aristocratic” I do not mean to signify a class based upon birth and position merely, but one in which a high standard of intellect, emotions, sensibilities, predilections, and taste, is not only enthusiastically fostered but naturally produced.

For such a man—a man who is content to speculate not in order to increase the annual output of tin cans, or babies, or Utopias, or “human brotherhoods,” or Leagues of Nations, but merely for the pure joy of speculation—for such a man philosophy is a legitimate pursuit. Philosophy is, with art, the grandest gift which the gods have so far vouchsafed to man, and it will not do to pollute that gift by subjecting it to the unlovely stain of those mercenary and predatory activities, and those proselytizing and propagandistic schemes which are known as the “practical” things of life, the means toward the attainment of which are termed “useful,” and the acquisition of which is gener-

ally spoken of as “getting somewhere.”

What men are pleased to call “life” is merely a minute and ephemeral phase, superficial in the extreme, of that eternal and universal progression of things the fundamentals of which only the most truly philosophic mind can ever hope to touch. The moment philosophy grows either practical or religious, and, pitching into this complex whirl and swirl which men call “life,” attempts to “get somewhere,” that moment philosophy is dead.

I doubt that philosophy will ever be viewed in its proper sphere, that is, as the Greeks viewed it, until man has completely rid himself of that insane notion which has been blinding, deluding, and mystifying him for the last several centuries, the idea, to wit, that he as an individual really starts anything, really creates anything. Sooner or later must come to the realization that all things are what they are for one reason and for one only: because of the constant mechanistic interaction of those infinite phenomena which we are pleased to lump under the title “Nature,” and which operate under fundamental laws and toward fundamental ends which it is wholly without the province of man to change, which, indeed, it is the very utmost that man may do to recognize; and it is to this act of recognition alone, at bottom, that the name philosophy may be legitimately assigned.



**D**EMANDING intelligence of a very beautiful woman is like demanding strawberries of a very beautiful rose-bush.



**T**HE defects of many women make us realize the charms of a few.



# The Victim

*By Paul Tanaquil*

## I

**F**ROM out of a world of unconsciousness and the lethargy of leaden sleep, Henrietta passed very suddenly into the actuality of her bedroom and the incessant pain that racked her miserable body. On the washstand, in the corner of the room nearest the window, the night-light glimmered feebly. Occasionally a puff of air through the tiny open space of the window caught the flame and threw over the cream-white wall shadows of curious dimensions. Fantastic shadows that swayed drunkenly, and then mingled and fused together like human marionettes in a languorous dance.

The pictures on the wall, that she remembered ever since she had first moved into this house two years ago, were there no longer. Dully Henrietta wondered if Dr. Freeman or her husband was responsible for their disappearance. Really, it was rather bad psychology. In her pain she could have diverted herself by looking at them, following out the story they told, or recalling the occasion of her buying them. Anything, so long as she could forget the pass she had come to. But out of her bedroom they had made something as coldly anonymous as the ward of a hospital.

She shuddered a little and brought her hands about her neck. It was moist with perspiration. Her skin, so white and cool by nature, had become for her a thing unpleasant to touch. Under her eyes the circles must be growing deeper and uglier; her lips must be very bloodless now, and pinched; her figure a thing horrible to think of. . . .

Well, then, best not think of it! Was not all this business one of momentary change? Like the washing of a dress? Once it was very beautiful, though now it is only a white, sodden heap; but presently it will be exactly as before. Her body was like that. A sharp pain brought her mind back to more practical channels. The coverlet on her bed was too heavy; it pressed down upon her and became, for a second, a symbol of all the forces that pinned her shoulders down and thrust her back against the damp, hot pillow. There were so many variations of pain: that was the hard part of it, for one could never get used to any one definite sensation. Now it was as though a hundred little needle-pointed daggers were being driven in on her; now it was a heavy sword plunged suddenly into her flesh; now it was a saw, moving forward and back again, cutting more deeply because of the laceration of its teeth.

Suddenly, with a cry, she brought her arm over her eyes as though for protection against the merciless advance of a great iron hand moving to crush her to death.

If only this pain might pass entirely for just an hour! If only by some heavenly providence she might fall asleep! If only, failing this, she might be given a dull, dead ache like neuralgia!

But no—it came always so suddenly and so acute.

She did not bother her head about reasoning whether all this trouble she was having now was just, in comparison with the pleasures of former days. Her present was too actual. Now and again she went over the past in her

memory, but merely in order to take her mind off herself, to divert herself by a pleasant tale in which she had been, it seemed, a character. All this was far away and long ago, she thought; it had the charm of very distant happenings; it was like a half-remembered dream. And yet in reality it was just a few, a very few, years before!

## II

SHE had known Edwin Stratton all her life. His father and hers had been business partners in Cleveland; the families had lived next door to each other. Edwin and Henrietta went to kindergarten and to grammar school together and through even into the first year of high school. Henrietta liked to think of herself as his girl; all her friends did; but he was particular to inform the world that she was just a kid that lived next door. Henrietta half guessed there lay something behind it. The parents of both of them hoped that when the time came their children would make a match of it and Edwin could continue as head of the business.

Edwin left for military school in the East and then went on to Princeton first, later to Harvard; Henrietta went to boarding school at Dobbs Ferry and then spent a year in New York. In the holidays they saw one another again and resumed relations as though nothing had come between them. Edwin never wrote to Henrietta at school, and in a way she was glad of it; she had plenty of mash notes from most of the collegians she knew, and she responded to them simply because everybody else did the same. But Edwin she considered differently; he was of another sort, and if he did lead the life of the smart young undergraduate, he had at any rate spared her. They went together to the Princeton-Yale football game one year and traveled back to Cleveland on the same train; that day was one of the most pleasant she had ever known, and from that day dated the realization in Henrietta's mind that she must marry

Edwin Stratton. Perhaps Edwin did not yet quite see that they were made for each other, perhaps he did see and was shy. Henrietta was firmly convinced that the only thing she cared supremely about was their marriage.

Edwin took things for granted, always; he was not one for analyzing motives. He was a sane, normal, straightforward youth with the charm of simplicity and capability. He danced beautifully and was good-looking; he played tennis on the 'varsity team and had never figured in a scandal. What he needed, thought Henrietta, was a woman to guide him, to direct his energies properly; a woman who would be willing to throw her life in with his and make of their existence a pleasant union. She knew, too, that he liked her as well as any other girl of his acquaintance and that everybody who had observed them both considered their marriage a reasonable, even inevitable, consequence of their youthful association.

Moreover, by an instinct that transcends logic, Henrietta found a hundred ways to bring Edwin to see things her way. She was not common enough, she told herself, to angle for him. That, however, is precisely what she proceeded to do, though it must be said she covered the action with discretion and dignity. She was tireless in contriving occasions which would show her off to him at her very best, if possible at someone else's expense. Often she denied herself the pleasure his company afforded her, in order that she might be regretted by him in her absence. She fought with heroic steadfastness against his taking her for granted. She never neglected an opportunity to be useful to him in a retiring way. Presently she was delighted to find that he began to ask her advice on matters of quite serious import in business policy.

"You're looking worried," she would tell him, as she poured him a drink. (She always looked her best in an afternoon gown over the tea table, realizing the value of the sense of freshness he gathered from her.)



"Yes, things aren't going well. It's the Denham Loan again!"

She knew that if he ever was to adjust the Denham business he would have to call in Ferrar, an established attorney, to help him. But she herself was too wise to come out with a suggestion which, if adopted, would redound to her credit. Men must not be managed to the bitter end; they must be coaxed to the fountain and, when they bend to drink, they must believe theirs was the idea.

She seemed to ponder.

"Why not call in someone? Schwarz, perhaps?"

He shook his head:

"No. Schwarz could not handle it!"

"Anybody else . . . ?" She must appear vague, puzzled.

He caught the bait:

"Magnificent! I've a splendid idea: Ferrar is the man we want!"

She agreed, naturally. He congratulated himself on having her help him in stumbling upon the notion. And she was always demure, though she let it be understood she was pleased to have been able in even a small way to be of advantage.

Time passed swiftly, all too swiftly. He had now been out of college five years; he was reaching the dangerous thirties. She must act. A happy accident precipitated the climax.

A week before Christmas they were skating, and she turned her ankle. She hobbled to one side of the lake and he joined her, all tenderness and solicitude. He helped her to his car.

"Please don't bother," she begged him; "I hate to give you all this trouble!"

She was almost sincere in this.

"But, my dear. . . ."

It was the first time he had called her anything but Henrietta. She flushed with pleasure; she knew her time was almost ripe; the words had sealed his happiness. Well, but—she was also just a little disgusted by the banality of the incident. It was in this way that Jane Austen heroes usually gave themselves away; worse, it was like heroes in

*stupid* novels. By whom? Oh, any slinger of ink with a brain of mush. Yet at the same time the pain from her injured ankle brought very real tears to her eyes, and in her effort to force them back she looked more than pitiful, she looked childlike and pretty, as women usually do when they are suffering. She sank back against the cushion of the car with a little sigh of relief, which she tried to make gay.

Edwin noticed that.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" he commiserated. "I ought to have been with you at the time!"

"You couldn't have helped me, Edwin," she pointed out to him. "It was just a piece of bad luck—and that stupid skate of mine!"

"I know . . . I know . . . but if only I could do something for you!"

"You're doing all you can. You're a dear!" She laid her hand over his left one, which was disengaged.

He was thinking what a plucky little thing she was, a darn good little sport, a little kid, that was all, but awfully pretty! And he added that some day she would make some man very happy.

Perhaps she read his thought. At any rate she asked:

"What are you thinking of?"

"Nothing!" he told her.

Then, realizing the vanity of the answer, "I want to get you home as quickly as I can!"

Both of them knew that henceforward there was a new link between them. Especially Henrietta. For her his sympathy and his wistful silence meant the answer to her prayers, the fulfillment of a hope she had fostered long and practically.

They were married four months later from her father's home. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* described the wedding as "the most memorably brilliant affair of the year," and the anonymous *Cleveland* correspondent of the national *Town Topics* assured his readers that he had always expected the pair to make a match of it, as had all their friends in Cleveland.

## III

HENRIETTA had sense enough to realize that marriage did not consummate everything. On the contrary, it was no more than a stage. She steeled herself against becoming slack and taking things for granted. Married to Edwin, she could expect certain advantages that she had not had as a girl; at the same time her responsibilities increased a hundred-fold. Most of the marriages she had observed had been unhappy, and the fault almost always lay with the wife. It was not going to be so in her case.

For the first eighteen months their joint life progressed very happily. The honeymoon had not lost its glamor largely because of Henrietta's common sense. Her method during their early relations worked with efficiency, now that these relations were deeper. If Henrietta sometimes gave way to the sentiment and ardor of her husband, she never did so completely without reason; he continued to find and love the unexpected in her and, by virtue as much of his pleasurable surprise as of her cool level-headedness, never the slightest argument arose between them.

She rarely thought about love in a concrete way. What she was aiming at was to keep Edwin happy and to remain so herself. When sentiment or physical expression entered into the question, she regarded it as a sort of play-making; whimsically she acquiesced as an adult acquiesces when a child asks him to act a part. Still she did like to kiss him when he came from the office, to make sure his coat was not too light for the raw weather, to slip her arm through his when they left the theatre, to pour out his coffee for him at the breakfast-table. And she liked to be called Mrs. Stratton. He was her man.

In her attitude toward him there was an extraordinary mixture of the wisely maternal and the guilelessly direct. Anything forceful in his passionate desire for her seemed not to touch her; she was as virginal in marriage as she had been before.

Hers was no great sweeping infatuation, she knew; indeed she was proud of it. Reason, affection, friendship, tact, sympathy—those were the things that mattered, and it was by those that she would keep her husband hers for life, while the apparently deeper-felt bonds of other people came somehow to snap.

Toward the end of their second year she first noticed something vaguely amiss. To frame it in words was difficult. On the whole Edwin seemed as fond of her as ever. But an instinct in her told her that much of his manner was habitual. He seemed, of a sudden, to stay away from home at dinner-time more frequently than before. She was not inquisitive, and forced herself to pretend not to notice.

Moreover she believed in his honesty quite implicitly. He was simple, too much so ever to succeed in an attempt to deceive her; externally, there was really no change in him. Still it worried her that he should prefer dining at the club so often. She was quite sure of him and yet, for the future, his absences did not augur well. Some time some woman might very easily get the better of him unless his marital and domestic ties were strong. Henrietta realized there was more than one of her so-called "women friends" who would not be averse to an affair with a man like Edwin; she realized very definitely and poignantly that Joan Travers, whose marriage with Charlie was going so badly, had been very keen on Edwin in the old days. A sad little appeal (wasn't it that very thing that had caused Edwin to propose to her?), the invocation of their youth, Edwin's sympathy, Joan's tremulous gratitude — and then. . . .

People weren't immoral; they were just weak or they liked to see themselves in a romantic rôle; that led to the sordid affair from which in thought Henrietta turned aside in disgust. She was not one to go after Charlie Travers. She was a good woman and was making Edwin a good wife. That was all there was to it: he was her man. And

she would not let him faintly guess that she considered anything amiss. But she would watch and circumvent.

A week before Christmas, one afternoon when she had finished her shopping for presents, she returned home at four o'clock. She had forgotten her latch-key and so she rang for the maid to open. As she passed through the hall she heard the sound of voices and recognized Edwin's. Suddenly she remembered that in opening the front door the maid had given her a curious glance, about which she had not thought of since.

She paused a moment, on the threshold of the library, considering. There might be anybody in there, and yet, as she felt her heart pounding madly against her ribs, instinctively she knew it was Joan. A burst of laughter from the library and there could be no doubt.

In a flash of resentment she asked herself what Joan was doing in her house with her husband so early. Usually Edwin stayed at the office, at least until long after five. It was really very odd, even if there were nothing wrong.

Henrietta reflected. Should she go in, casually, pretend not to notice? Should she burst in as if she did not know? What, oh what! was she to do? She must mistrust the physical nervousness in her that was urging her to try to take them at a disadvantage; she must be very calm and cool; a solution would occur.

She ran up to her room, took her hat off, put on a little rouge and powder and then joined them. Joan she greeted with a little smile of welcome; Edwin she kissed very simply. Presently she was talking to both of them over the tea-table. By the time tea was finished she knew for sure that nothing already had transpired between them, but that it might very easily have happened that way sooner or later.

Her head ached as she smiled as pleasantly as she could. Fiercely jealous, she wanted to cross over to this intruder and choke her. But no!

she wasn't worth choking, she should be treated vulgarly. A slap in the face. Why, Joan was an utter failure; she had not been able to keep her husband more than a few months and here she was trying to snag another woman's. Even if she were not doing it deliberately (giving her the benefit of a doubt she did not deserve) the result would be the same. Pretending to be helpless, crying for sympathy, it was absurd! Why in the world didn't Edwin see through her? Or was he beginning to?

Henrietta must talk to this silly woman, she must ask her questions, make her give herself away, so that Edwin would realize what a narrow escape he was having. Clothes that was a good subject; it drew Joan's vanity. Let her boast of her new fur coat that she had coaxed from Charlie. Second defect: her dishonesty. She would get Charlie to buy her things, and then she would grumble to Edwin about how unhappy she was. Prohibition: another excellent subject. Henrietta laughed silently when she thought how easy it was to make another woman betray her character even while she tried to win a man. Edwin must be noticing what a flippant, silly girl Joan was; and taking Charlie's point-of-view into consideration, surely he must despise her?

One question, however, rose in Henrietta's mind. Does a man want such stable qualities in an affair as he finds in marriage? Might not Joan's very levity and cruelty appeal to Edwin in contrast with Henrietta, especially since Edwin need accept none of the permanent responsibilities that might ensue? No—she knew him too well. And succeeding events proved her right. Three months later Charlie Travers was instituting suit for divorce and naming Tom Denham as correspondent.

#### IV

THERE was nothing to complain of for the next year or two. Edwin seemed to have noticed how nearly he had been singed, and this perhaps as much as his appreciation of Henrietta

helped him to continue their relations harmoniously. On her side, Henrietta congratulated herself both on Edwin's natural love of sanity—or at any rate security—and on the growing familiarities and habits they were forming. For they had, when all was said and done, probably passed the dangerous point of marriage.

Edwin seemed more light of heart and more boyish as time went on. As his passion became less forceful, his affection increased: Henrietta foresaw a peaceful and dignified future for them. In their status of husband and wife, there might still be certain things from which Henrietta shrunk—or at least which she would gladly have avoided—but was not marriage really dependent upon just that? It was not all there was to marriage, but, in a way, it was a symbol. She loved Edwin as much as ever but she very firmly abandoned a feeble hope that had lingered deep within her, namely that some day she might fall in love with him. There was an appreciable difference. Oh, well! possibly it was quite as good that she would never do so.

One evening Edwin telephoned from the office, saying he would not return for dinner. There was an important business deal on and he had to stay late. Henrietta must not wait up for him: in the morning at breakfast he might have some good news to tell her. Henrietta did not. That is to say, she did not sit up. At ten she went to bed, after having brushed her hair and put on her most becoming kimono, and read. At about one, Edwin appeared. He noticed a light in her room.

"So late!" he pretended to scold her.

She saw he was glad, not only on his own score but because he was flattered at her waiting for him.

"Wonderful news!" he told her as he kissed her.

She asked him what had happened.

"Would you like to live in New York?"

She smiled.

He continued:

"We're going to open a branch there

and they want me to take it on. Isn't it splendid!"

Yes, it was splendid. Edwin would have so much greater a field; they would move in so much wider and more cosmopolitan a circle; it would mean another car and matinées and dinners. Cleveland was a small place and why should they always be bound to Cleveland?

"Oh, my dear, it's simply wonderful!"

But even as she said it, something tugged at her heart-strings. Wasn't their life very happy here? Had it not been so, except for the Joan Travers incident? The novelty of breaking in on something so different, the new worries and responsibilities, the strangeness of New York! How easy it would be for either to lose himself so far as the other were concerned. Was New York, indeed, so wonderful?

## V

As she lay in bed, musing over the past years, Henrietta summed up the situation to her own disadvantage. She should have been more feminine, was the way she put it. But that meant—it meant the loss of her pride, no more, no less. Could not any woman in the world be what she was calling feminine? And merciful heaven! was not her present condition intensely so? It was unfair; in one way or another she had been cheated! She had had far more of the responsibilities than of the delights of marriage. She had never known the madness of self-abandon; she had never been as stirred by things as Edwin. Her gain had been comfort, that was all; comfort and the fulfillment of a want she had had from girlhood upward, to look after this man, to help him express himself in the fine way of which he was worthy. That was something, wasn't it?

Suddenly Henrietta longed for Edwin's presence by her side. That was his place. Here she was suffering with every nerve in her body and he was out—at the Harvard Club, he had said—dining with a friend. And she was



there, helpless, trembling with pain, while he was enjoying himself, boyishly, selfishly.

She rose from her bed. The floor was as ice under her bare feet. Where were her slippers? Oh, it didn't matter. But she must close the window; the room was too cold. She slipped the coverlet over her knees as she sat in front of the dressing-table and reached for the telephone. As she bent forward to ask for her number, she caught a glimpse of herself in the looking-glass. Did she look like that, really! So gaunt and yet so bloated. How long, how long was this going to last?

No, Mr. Stratton was not at the club. He had left word for Mr. LaRue—er, who was talking?

Henrietta heard herself answering:

"This is Mrs. LaRue. My husband is urgently needed."

The Club attendant did not mind telling her, since it was Mrs. LaRue, that Mr. Stratton had told Mr. LaRue to get him in time for the last train, at a certain address. Yes, near Madison: and the phone number was Murray Hill 4675. . . . And if Mr. LaRue turned up at the Club he would be told his wife had called him up on urgent business.

After she had hung up the receiver, Henrietta thought for a moment.

All manner of little details, insignificant in themselves, swam into her mind. Edwin's distractness, the cause of which, poor fool! she had imagined to be solicitude for herself. The wild, wide-eyed expression that came into his eyes if she spoke to him unawares. His redoubled affection. And, worst of all, because it lay under all, his recently volunteering the information that Joan was in town.

Henrietta had asked:

"Did you see her?"

"No! LaRue told me she was here!"

A pause.

"No," he had repeated, "I've not seen her. . . ."

So that was it! Well, Henrietta would find out. But oh! how cold it was! There was a box of cigarettes on the dressing-table; Edwin must have left them. Pall Mall. But Edwin al-

ways smoked Camels. It was Joan who had liked Pall Malls; invariably she had carried the red box with her. Henrietta lit one. It was bad for her in her present condition, she knew. But there was, too, a certain satisfaction in her smoking, in her own room, cigarettes that her stupid husband had left behind carelessly. And in knowing whose they were. Why, the pair of them must think her an ass! Had she not already once before proved to Edwin the vapidness and wickedness of Joan? Had she not established a standard of comparison between herself and Joan that Edwin, even, could not fail to realize? Oh, if only she were up and about and herself!

She called Murray Hill, asked for Joan.

Joan's sharp, hard voice.

"Yes?"

For the first time in her life Henrietta felt her self-control leaving her. The pent-up flood of feeling, against which her cool reason built dams of safety, seemed about to totter; all barriers were going to be flung down. She would tell this nasty little beast to keep her hands off other women's husbands in general and off hers in particular. She would advise her to go and find one of her own, if she could, and keep him—or try to! Or else to go out on the streets.

"Hello!" Joan's voice again, metallic and piercing.

Henrietta fell forward in a little heap over the telephone. A racking pain in her back made her tremble spasmodically, all over her body. Her throat was parched, her tongue dry and swollen, a gasp of breath filled her nostrils.

"If Mr. Stratton is there," she managed to call, "home . . . at once . . . his wife . . . terribly ill. . . ."

Joan was saying:

"Mr. Stratton left an hour ago!"

It was at this moment that Henrietta fainted.

## VI

HER first thought on finding Edwin, leaning over her with his arm about her,

was to ask him how long he had been there.

"I took the eleven-thirty from Manhattan Transfer!"

Bitterly she reflected that she would never know whether Joan had spoken the truth, that is, how long Edwin had been with her. It might have been nine or ten or eleven when she called up: she had not the faintest idea. Why had she not looked at the clock? Oh, well—

"What did you want to get up for?" Edwin was asking.

"The window . . . it was rattling. . . . I could not stand it!"

"Why not ring?" he objected. "The maid could have done it more easily than you!"

Ah, but maids told tales. There was a tale that Henrietta was unwilling to entrust to anybody—to anybody in the world—unless she absolutely had to!

"Dr. Freeman thinks," Edwin continued meditatively, "that we had better have a night-nurse as well now!"

"Yes," she agreed, "it would be a good idea!"

Why should she do without one? They were rich, they need not stint themselves; he never did, she had noticed. Since he was so free-and-easy in his ways. . . .

"Go to bed, Edwin, I'm tired!"

She turned her back and stretched her weary limbs. She could hear him in his room, next door, opening his bureau drawers, fiddling about with a match.

"Smoking, Edwin?"

"Why, yes—what a funny question!" he called back to her.

"What are you smoking?"

He stepped on the threshold of her room.

"Are you all right, dear?" He seemed worried about her.

She laughed.

"Certainly. I was just wondering

what sort of cigarette you had!"

"A Camell!" he said. "Does the smoke bother you?"

"No, my dear. Good night!"

He was moving about in there; presently she discerned the sound of his jumping into bed. He turned on the other side once or twice. He fell asleep very soon.

Henrietta wondered why she could not feel more indignant, more vindictive. Not moral righteousness, that had nothing to do in the galley. But sheer hatred! Was she never going to experience a real emotion? Here was her husband, now, being unfaithful—or most likely. There really was no proof absolute, that was quite true. Still, he certainly had no business to go to Joan's and tell her he was going to stay at the club. And then there was the business of the cigarettes. Yes, she was sure Edwin was deceiving her. Well, she didn't care very much. Deep in her heart she was rather glad that she did not have positive proof, but anyhow she did not mind much.

It was quite natural. Edwin had grown to demand certain expressions of feeling from his wife and she had encouraged him in his demand, though she herself was but acquiescing. Now she was ugly, a fright, incapacitated. Was it not perfectly natural for him to seek his solace elsewhere?

Women who insisted on total and unqualified fidelity on the part of their husbands were stupid. A steadfast mind, that was what above all was necessary; little incidents, circumstantial and meaningless affairs were negligible. Because, say what one might, she was the only woman that could manage Edwin. They had shared their youth. For the time being she did not count, but soon she would be well again. She knew her mind and she knew his, he was hers, Edwin; he was her man.



# Journalistic Incident

By Robert V. Carr

**W**HEN Adam Crook died, the editor of the *Crawfish Clarion*, for his secret amusement and satisfaction, went to his ten-point case and set up the following truthful obituary:

## HELL TAKES HIM BACK RELUCTANTLY

Last Friday night Adam Crook kicked the bucket. The *Clarion* is glad the horse-faced old hypocrite is gone. We were tired of seeing the skunk put his line of guff over on this half-witted community. We have carefully examined the records from the time of Noah to the administration of Woodrow Wilson, and we find that no bigger, fourflushing, double-crossing, pussyfooting hyena ever lived than the Hon. Adam Crook.

He was a double-action praying Methodist publicly, and a natural thief and liar. He made speeches on the sanctity of the home, but killed three wives with work and incessant nagging, as well as with mothering his numerous and tricky offsprings. He was opposed to dancing, but ruined a half-witted girl, and bribed her father to swear that Bill Snivey, the town drunkard, was the father of the child. He always preached honesty, but wrecked the bank from the inside and let the depositors whistle for their money. He was strong for prohibition, and was in favor of prosecuting his neighbors when their cider got an edge on it, but at stated periods he concealed himself in a low dive in Chicago while he enjoyed a prolonged debauch.

The funeral was attended by a large mass of mental ciphers, most of them staggering along at the mind-age of seven years. They filled the Methodist church with their carcasses, and listened in a dazed fashion to the pot-bellied preacher gabbling a lot of stuff out of a Jewish book. The coffin was covered with a mess of dead flowers sent by the gourd-headed morons old Adam had robbed and bilked for forty years. His fourth wife was there, swathed in black. Poor old weak-minded hen, inwardly she was relieved, but the morons demanded that she pretend to be broken-hearted.

When the hullabaloo was over, and the bawling and dust-pawing in the church concluded, the pall-bearers picked up the old

dead hog and carried him out to the hearse, holding their hats in their hands out of respect to the biggest thief in town.

Then the procession moved slowly toward Angels' Flight Cemetery, and at last reached the grave. There, they had another yippety-ki-yi, and a lot of mumbo-jumbo by some secret order in which Adam had been Right Royal Kanobs.

He was finally planted—a job that should have been done long, long ago.

The *Clarion's* honest opinion is that anyone who would have pinched Adam Crook's neck the day he was born would have done humanity a great service. Not that humanity deserves any great service, any more than a bunch of maggots deserves great service, but that's the way we feel. Gladly we will give a year's subscription to any man who will prove that he, either by fair means or foul, helped hurry old Ad to his present address.

We have not the slightest hesitancy in saying, when we heard the old son-of-a-gun had finally consented to die, that we congratulated the town of Crawfish.

In conclusion, we may say, the piratical old stiff sneaked off to hell owing us five years' subscription.

For a time, the editor of the *Crawfish Clarion* chuckled over his truthful obituary, and then wrote this one for publication:

## STERLING CITIZEN PASSES TO HIS REWARD

The town was shocked to hear of the death of the Honorable Adam Crook last Friday night. Neighbor turned to neighbor, and asked, "Can it be possible that Mr. Crook has left us?" For years one of our leading citizens, prominent in all good works, a cleancut business man whose only thought was for the advancement of Crawfish, his departure is our loss and heaven's gain.

Adam Crook was a man one had but to know to love. He was a great lover of home life, and in his house white-winged peace and simple unselfishness reigned. His last thoughts were of the church in which he had first answered the call of God. We understand that he did not forget the church in his will, for, though a man of many affairs, his great

heart forgot nothing that was good and true.

The funeral was the largest this city has ever known. Our great man slept beneath a wilderness of flowers, tributes from those who had loved and trusted him and admired his sterling Americanism. Those who viewed the remains were struck by the saintly smile on the familiar face.

Reverend Wamtiddy preached the funeral sermon, and Mrs. J. Smith Cluff sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," with great feeling. The Benevolent Order of Groundhogs in full canopy had charge of the ceremony at the cemetery.

A widow, and twenty-two children by former wives, are left to mourn the loss of a

devoted husband and a fond and indulgent father.

But the printer employed by the editor had been freely sampling a consignment of moonshine sent in by a subscriber, and, when he made up the paper, he found the truthful obituary, and blindly slapped it in the form. His alcoholic error was not noticed until the paper was in the hands of its subscribers.

The editor is now in Honduras.



## For Polonius, Because of Advice

*By Lynn Riggs*

**M**ORE potent than music  
Or rare old wines,  
Beauty is a thing of joy.  
To him who pines.

She comes as a comforter  
In a sober gown;  
Or, when a man would laugh,  
As a checkered clown;

Or, when his passions rise,  
In a sheath of green;  
With ermine at her shoulders  
She comes like a queen

Regal, and superbly cold,  
When his blood is ice;  
Or, when a crust is good,  
Homespun will suffice.

She can be all things at will:  
Servant, comrade, flame,  
High white star—to any man  
Calling on her name.

Beauty is a thing of joy  
To him who pines.  
*With hunger gnawing at my heart  
I write these lines.*



# The Freudian Case of Henry Cleeves

*By F. Hugh Herbert*

## I

**H**ENRY CLEEVES was of that type of whom it is said that they wouldn't harm a fly. Why this should be considered an admirable trait has never been established. In Henry's case it is certainly true that his amiable weakness had caused a lot of unhappiness. Those who lack the courage to hurt other people's feelings usually end by bringing unhappiness not only upon others but upon themselves.

Henry Cleeves had conducted a more or less hectic flirtation with Amy Curtiss some ten years ago during a long summer vacation. By the end of the summer Amy bored him to tears, but he hated to let her know it. Amy was so sweet and romantic, Henry really hadn't the heart. He felt that it would have been an awful blow. So far as that goes he was correct. It would have hurt Amy horribly. So Henry nobly refrained from plunging Amy into grief, and did her the unpardonable disservice of marrying her.

Amy was so devoted to Henry that for a time he almost forgot how much she bored him. He grew almost fond of her. Then she bore him four children in rapid succession, and again, because he hated to hurt her feelings, he perjured himself to the extent of telling her how proud he was of her fecundity.

If Amy as the romantic sweetheart had bored Henry Cleeves, then Amy as the placid, prolific mother inspired in him a resentment not far removed from hatred. But Henry, as the saying goes, would rather have bitten off his tongue

than permit Amy to suspect this. So Henry repressed his feelings and played to perfection the part of a loving husband and devoted father. And Amy, whose lack of intuition was only excelled by her paucity of imagination, loved her husband devotedly and was so far deceived by Henry's pretense that she boasted in all sincerity to her friends that her husband was "just as crazy about me today as on the day we met." She often said it in Henry's presence and called upon him to verify the statement.

When Henry had been married nine years, and two more children had come to bless the union, he met the woman whom he ought to have married in the first place. Ironically enough he was introduced to her by his wife, at one of those frequent nondescript gatherings of women who meet at each others' houses to play bridge. Her name was Dorothy Carter, and she had but recently been graduated from Vassar.

Amy played bridge as she did most things, in a placid, futile sort of way. She was one of the people who double on general principles, and then, having doubled her opponents into the game and rubber, she would remark in a cheerful, complacent way, "Well, it was worth the risk!"

Henry, who was a good player, and loved the game, found that playing bridge with his wife imposed too great a strain even upon his tolerance. He was afraid to hurt her feelings by telling her so, consequently he denied himself the pleasure of playing at all by declaring, and maintaining for years, that he did not know the game.

Dorothy Carter found him at one of his wife's parties, wistfully looking over the shoulder of one of the players. She watched him closely, noticed him wince visibly as a particularly bad play was made. She led him away to a couch in a corner of the room, and asked him to bring her some tea.

Henry Cleeves, despite his six children and nine years of married life, was only thirty-seven. He was good-looking, too, with large eloquent eyes and sensitive, expressive hands. Dorothy was immediately attracted by him.

"Don't you play bridge, Mr. Cleeves?" she inquired, as she sipped her tea and studied him with smiling, contemplative eyes.

"'Fraid not," said Henry, meeting her eyes and smiling, he knew not why. Immediately, imperceptibly, a bond seemed to have sprung up between them.

"I don't believe you," said Dorothy, lowering her voice. "You distinctly shuddered when Amy took that impossible finesse, and again when she blocked herself in the spades that time—I was watching you very closely! Why do you pretend you don't play?"

Henry looked around furtively, to assure himself that they were not overheard.

"You're right," he whispered. "I *do* play—but you watched my wife play—I simply *cannot* play with her. You know how it is—she's so—you see, I try to—you know—" he trailed off incoherently.

Dorothy put her hand over his for an instant and looked deep into his eyes.

"I understand," she said. Henry thrilled like a schoolboy. They entertained each other for the rest of the afternoon. Before she left, Dorothy gave Henry her telephone number.

"In case you should ever want to talk to an understanding person," she whispered.

## II

IN all his nine years of marriage, Henry had never been guilty of techni-

cal infidelity toward his wife. Yes, he had contemplated it often enough, but always at the last moment he had thought better of it. It would break Amy's heart if she found him out. Amy worshiped him. Amy was the most devoted of wives. Amy was the mother of his children. Damn Amy. But he was faithful to his marriage vows.

And then came Dorothy. He had rung her up on the day following their first meeting. Dorothy was not in the least surprised. She fully expected it. Among the things she had learned at Vassar—though without assistance from the faculty—were the symptoms shown by a man who thirsts for an affair.

They had lunch together and sat over their coffee till a quarter to four. Dorothy let Henry do the talking, and contented herself with occasional shrewd, sympathetic questions and swift, intimate, intriguing smiles.

That night Henry hummed a little tune as he sat cleaning his pipe after dinner.

"Are you feeling happy, sweetheart?" inquired Amy comfortably.

"Uh-huh," said Henry, absorbed in his pipe, his thoughts with Dorothy.

"That's right," said Amy, and came to sit on his knee. She weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds.

## III

WITHIN the next month Henry met Dorothy nearly every day, and at the end of that time she knew all that there was to know. She also knew that Henry loved her, and that she loved him.

"You'll have to get a divorce," said Dorothy, "and the sooner the better."

"But how on earth can I divorce her? She's the most blameless creature on God's earth!"

"All right, then, she must divorce you. I'm sure I don't mind," said Dorothy.

"I don't believe she'd do it—I'm sure she wouldn't."

"She's got to!"

"It'll break her heart," said Henry.

"Rubbish. Amy isn't capable of such a deep emotion. Besides, she has the children, hasn't she? Don't tell me it'll break their hearts, too. You've *got* to do it."

"Yes, but it seems such a rotten thing to do—after all these years."

Dorothy faced him squarely, her splendid young body taut as a bow-string, and put her two hands on his shoulders.

"Listen to me," she said passionately. "You never loved Amy in the first place, and you married her because you hadn't the courage to tell her so—you've lived with her for nine years and been damn good to her—you're rich and you can provide for her and the children as generously as you want. Now you owe me something and you owe yourself something—happiness. You've never had it with her and you never will. She stifles you. You've got to do it—you've got to—because you love me and because I love you!"

It was an effective speech, albeit theatrical. Henry took Dorothy in his arms and kissed her fiercely.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell Amy tonight."

"And take my advice," said Dorothy; "make it snappy—and when you've told her, leave her alone. If I know anything of Amy she'll weep, and if I know anything of you you'll weaken. Just tell her, and then spend the night at your club."

"All right," said Henry. "That's a good scheme."

#### IV

HENRY lived on Long Island, and as he drove home that night he would have welcomed a fatal accident, cheerfully. The prospect of telling Amy was not alluring. The nearer he approached his home the less he liked it. Amy was such an affectionate, worthy creature, and so devoted to him and to the children. If ever Henry complained about the food, or some minor domestic detail, and if Amy felt that

this reflected upon her in any way, she was wont to dissolve into copious but noiseless tears. Henry would have preferred her sorrow to be at least articulate. To a woman who sobbed audibly you could at least say "There, there," or something soothing like that, but to a woman who stared at you with reproachful and streaming eyes without making a sound—well, it used to get on Henry's nerves.

Henry wondered how Amy would take it. The more he thought of it, the more despicable his conduct appeared to him to be. And what would the children think? Henry had little love for his children, but, in his kindly way, he hated to hurt their feelings. At their invitation he often joined in their games, but he always felt extremely foolish. They were all so exactly like their mother. They bored him, individually and collectively. Collectively in particular. He would have liked one child, or perhaps two. Six seemed too many. But Amy wanted them, and he could well afford sixteen if it came to that. He devoutly hoped it never would come to that. There had been no baby now for almost two years. This gave him hope.

The car swung into the drive, and Henry braced himself for his effort. On the lawn he saw Amy in a wicker rocker, knitting, surrounded by her children.

As he stepped out of the car the children swarmed around him with shrill cries. He kissed them hurriedly and went straight over to Amy.

"Hullo Daddy!" said Amy in her pleasant, placid little voice, and held up her face for a kiss.

He kissed her perfunctorily, as usual, and sank into a chair. One of the children began to climb upon his knee.

"Listen Amy—I've got to tell you something," he stammered, "send the children away, will you?"

Amy signaled to the youngsters, and the well-drilled brood filed off without protest.

"Before you begin," said Amy, "I've got something to tell you."

She rose and sat on the arm of his chair, putting her cheek to his.

"Well," said Henry, biting his lip with impatience, "what is it?"

"Something very beautiful," said Amy, softly.

A shudder ran through Henry. He seemed to remember having heard something like that before.

"Well?" he inquired again, and his voice trembled noticeably.

Amy rubbed her cheek against her husband's.

"Can't you guess?" she whispered gently.

Henry looked up into the eyes of his faithful wife. He moistened his lips to speak, but could not frame a word.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're glad," said Amy breathlessly. "Bobby's almost two now, and I do so love a tiny baby!"

She returned to her seat and resumed her knitting. "What was it *you* were going to tell *me*?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing," said Henry, and went into the house.

## V

HENRY met Dorothy the next day and the moment she saw him she knew something was wrong.

"What happened?" she demanded excitedly—"what did she say?"

"I couldn't tell her, Dot—I couldn't!"

"Why not?" she asked fiercely.

Henry told her briefly of his wife's inopportune discovery.

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes just this difference—I can't leave her now. We must wait until the baby is born. I can't and won't leave her now. That's flat. I can't and won't!"

"And you'll say the same thing when the wretched baby is born," said Dorothy bitterly. "How can you go on living a lie with a woman you hate?"

"I don't hate Amy," said Henry.

"Oh, yes, you do! You hate her and you hate the children, because she and they keep you from me. You loathe them."

"I do not hate Amy," Henry re-

peated, rather heatedly, "and I wish you wouldn't say such things."

"All right," said Dorothy. "We'll just have to wait, that's all. Six months will soon pass."

## VI

HENRY used to look at his wife across the breakfast table during those six months with a queer look in his eye that even Amy noticed.

"You're surely not worrying about me, are you?" she asked him one day. "I've had six babies without any trouble, and seven is a lucky number!"

Henry smiled weakly. He was living under a considerable strain these days. Every day he spent with Dorothy, and at night he had to tear himself from her arms and return to his wife, to listen to her aimless chatter. The strain began to tell on his nerves.

Before her first baby was born Amy had evinced a sudden craving for green apples, usually at three or four o'clock in the morning. There were never any in the house, and Henry had been compelled to get up and go into the orchard to pick some. He did this uncomplainingly, and Amy always spoke glowingly of his considerate behavior.

With the second baby the craving had been for oysters instead of apples, and each new addition to the family had sent Henry on the search for strange and exotic foods at unreasonable hours.

Chocolate éclairs of a particular brand were now in demand, and every night Henry brought home a box of them and watched Amy as she slowly ate them. She had a very deliberate manner of eating and masticated every mouthful at least a dozen times with a sideways, grinding motion. Henry used to watch her with absorption.

"It's a funny thing," said Amy once, "I just crave these éclairs, and couldn't exist without them, and yet I have a strange choking feeling whenever I eat them. I always feel as if a piece would lodge in my throat and choke me. Isn't that funny?"



"Absurd," said Henry.

But in future he refrained from watching her while she ate.

## VII

ONE night Henry sat in his study nervously smoking cigarettes, while upstairs three doctors and two nurses made preparations to usher her seventh child into the world.

It was a stifling night in late August, and even the two fans in the room could do little more than to circulate the overheated atmosphere. Henry sat with his coat off, his shirt clinging to him with perspiration. The telephone rang shrilly, and almost immediately Dorothy's voice came over the wire.

"Well?" she inquired.

"Within the next few hours," said Henry. "I'll ring you." And he hung up.

Great beads of sweat poured off his face. He tried to read a book, but his thoughts intruded continually. He was loathing himself tonight. Upstairs, so he figured, his wife was fighting for her life giving birth to his child, and here he was chafing at the necessity which kept him tied to the house and away from the arms of his beloved. What a mess he had made of his life.

Why on earth had he ever married Amy? When, for that matter, had he ever asked Amy to marry him? Never so far as he could remember. They had flirted, and kissed with considerable ardor, and Amy had more or less taken the rest for granted. She had been so happy about it, and it had seemed to him, at the time, very cruel to shatter her illusion. After all if he had not intended to marry her he ought not to have kissed her so often and so passionately. Amy was a nice girl. He was quite sure that she had never kissed any other man with such warmth as distinguished their embraces. Anyway he had drifted into marriage with her, and she had made him a good wife. She told him that she worshiped him and he believed her.

In much the same way he had be-

come the father of six lusty children, to which number a seventh was now about to be added. He hadn't wanted any children particularly. He never knew what to say to them. They made him uncomfortable. And Amy always insisted upon discussing all their childish ailments with him. He was constantly being tortured by the recitals of Willie's gastric infelicities, of the dandruff which persisted upon the head of Norah, despite olive-oil massages, and of Charlie's ingrowing toe-nails. Henry never had the heart to tell Amy that these details not only irritated but nauseated him. He used to listen to her attentively, and even forced himself to ask questions which he knew would precipitate a further flood of anatomical reminiscence.

A factor which further increased Henry's resentment was the exemplary behavior and conduct of the children at all times. Everybody said that Henry's children were the nicest and best behaved children they had ever seen. Amy raised them wonderfully. They were hardly ever naughty. And they were so grateful to Henry for everything that he did. Amy taught them to sing his praises and shower him with thanks at every opportunity. It made Henry feel such a beast to be harboring an unjustifiable resentment against them when they lisped "Daddy, I love you though *vewy* much" at him every night. Henry used to reproach himself bitterly for his unnatural feelings. Why on earth couldn't he be like other men, happy and contented with his wife and children? He used to watch other men with their wives and children. They seemed to enjoy going for picnics *en famille* and romping with the youngsters. To Henry it was an exquisite torture, though he went through it with all the outward appearance of exuberant enjoyment.

During the great influenza epidemic Amy used to read to him paragraphs in the paper telling where entire families had been wiped out by the scourge.

"Isn't that awful!" she would say, "just think—here's a case where a mother and five children all died within a week! Oh, it's too horrible! Just imagine if anything should happen to one of ours?"

"Please don't imagine anything of the sort," said Henry, hurriedly and rather thickly, "it's morbid!"

Nevertheless he used to read similar paragraphs every day with a rather wistful enjoyment, loathing himself. — "—just imagine if anything should happen to one of ours!" . . . Yes . . . just imagine. . . .

Henry roused himself from his thoughts and looked at the clock. Almost two hours since Dorothy had rung and no sound from upstairs. He began to pace up and down the room. He was furious with himself for being so excited. There was no earthly use in working himself up into such a state of nerves tonight. He couldn't possibly tell Amy for several weeks. Nevertheless his knees were weak, his hands were sticky with perspiration, and a loathsome void seemed to be doing duty for his vital organs. He trembled violently with impotent rage at himself.

He went to the window, which was flung wide open, and looked out at the stables which he faced. He fancied he could hear the soft whinny of his favorite mare and the champing of a hoof on the brick floor. He called her by name, and was dismayed to hear his cracked, dry voice. He sat on the window seat and, closing his eyes, pressed his forehead to the metal window frame. Even that was hot. He must have dozed for several hours, because when next he looked, dawn was already breaking and he could distinguish objects in the garden.

The sound of the doorknob turning startled him, and he ran to open it. One of the doctors stood there, bland and professionally cheerful.

"Any minute now," said the doctor, and turned to go. Then he looked at Henry.

"Say," he observed, "this will never do! You look fierce! You mustn't

work yourself up like this. Everything's going to be all right! Just you wait here a minute and I'll bring you something that will fix you up fine."

"I don't need anything," said Henry. "I'm all right. I just want—" He thought he spoke in normal tones, but his voice was high and unnatural.

"You sit down there," ordered the doctor. "We don't want you laid up."

Henry permitted himself to be more or less pushed into a chair by the aggressively cheerful young doctor, and presently found himself drinking something rather bitter and aromatic. It made his throat contract and his eyes smart, but its effect was undeniable. His knees began to feel integral parts of him again, and a warm glow beneath his vest served to remind him that he still had a stomach.

"You'll be O. K. now," said the doctor briskly, preparing to leave, "and any minute now I'll be congratulating you upon your seventh."

He smiled brightly and was gone.

"Damn fool," Henry muttered. But he felt better nevertheless. He went to the window again. Noises and smells of the farm and garden were now treading on the heels of the dawn. Over by the stable door the rattle of chains and harness could be distinctly heard, while the shrill barking of a dog punctuated the silence intermittently. The warm smell of manure came in on a gentle breeze.

Henry began to feel better. The perspiration had dried on his forehead, and his shirt no longer clung to him. He suddenly realized that he had spent a sleepless night, and that strangely enough he did not feel in the least sleepy.

He began to think again of Dorothy, eager, passionate, stimulating Dorothy, who had filled his thoughts now for nearly a year. Soon, he reflected, he would watch the dawn break with her. It no longer seemed remote and impossible. Perhaps Amy would understand. And, after all, he was wealthy; he could provide for her very handsomely.

His reverie was interrupted by a

clucking and twittering almost under his nose, and, looking down, he saw one of the hens with her brood of some half-dozen chicks diligently scratching the turf under the library window. He thought vaguely that they looked rather sweet. Small, helpless things always appealed to him in a way, though they were apt to become irritating after a very short time.

A sudden commotion at the library door resolved itself into his sister-in-law Eleanor, who ran to greet him with a happy, rather roguish smile. She had been in the house for the past few weeks and, while Henry was the first to concede that Eleanor was a capable and worthy soul, he found her exaggerated cheerfulness very trying. Eleanor was older than Amy, and unmarried. She was a fat, genial creature, with exceedingly bad teeth and a shrill giggle, which Henry found almost intolerable. She was extremely fond of Henry, and insisted upon calling him "old dear." Henry cordially detested Eleanor, but, as was his wont, he suppressed the feeling.

She came to him now, beaming, radiant, giggling even in this moment.

"It's a boy," she shrilled, and hugged him affectionately. "Amy was wonderful—as usual. You can come up and see her now for a minute."

She swept him out of the room and up the stairs to the bedroom.

Henry felt a queer lump in his throat and hoped that he was not going to cry. He had never felt like this before. Slowly he followed Eleanor into Amy's room. It was a big, bright room, and it was filled now with the depressing odor of wet rubber and disinfectants. Mechanically he walked to the bed and looked down at his wife. He sat on the edge of the bed and took her hand.

She was pale, of course, but she smiled at him weakly and looked at him with eyes of adoration.

Henry gulped, but his saliva glands had ceased to function, and for some minutes he could not speak. Failing speech, he bent over and gently kissed his wife's brow. Something was ob-

viously expected of him, and this seemed the least that he could do. Amy sighed gently.

"Oh, Henry," she whispered. "I'm so glad it's a boy."

If it had been a girl she would have said that she was glad it was a girl in precisely the same tone. Henry knew this, and seethed with unjustifiable irritation. Confound her, why must she bleat these platitudes? As if it mattered a row of beans, with six other children already.

"Are you glad?" persisted Amy.

Henry nodded his head and squeezed the moist hand that he was holding. Poor woman; after all, she loved him. He mustn't hurt her feelings.

They brought the baby to him. It was just like the other six. A pale pink color, utterly bald, and it smelt of warm flannel and hot milk. Henry looked at it and, smothering his feelings, tried to show by a kindly smile how glad he was.

"He weighed over nine pounds," said Eleanor proudly.

"Over nine pounds! That's fine," said Henry perfunctorily.

Amy began to fondle his hand. When he looked at her he found that she was crying copiously and almost noiselessly as usual. The warm tears began to drop on his hand.

"Why—what's the matter?" Henry stammered, while Eleanor began to fuss and a nurse hovered over them.

"It's just that I'm so happy to—to have you—to have such a good husband—I'm so happy, Henry—I—I love you—you're so good to me—" she began to kiss his hand, to his infinite horror.

"You must leave her now," said the nurse hurriedly.

## VIII

HENRY found himself outside the room trembling with excitement. He looked at his hand, still moist with Amy's tears. There were tears in his own eyes, tears of rage and mortification and cumulative repression.

He returned to his study, where he found two doctors smoking and talking

cheerfully. They smote him on the back boisterously. He grinned mechanically at their well-meant ancient pleasantries.

"Several things I want to tell you," one of the doctors began.

"Go ahead," said Henry, and seated himself by the window.

The doctor began to give Henry a great mass of technical information about Amy and the baby and the ordeal through which they had both come. Henry looked him straight in the eye, but never heard a word that he spoke. Wild, confused thoughts were chasing each other through the innermost recesses of his mind. He knew now that he would never have the courage to tell Amy. He knew that he was doomed to live with her until death took one or the other of them away. He couldn't tell her now—not after the way she had kissed his hand and told him how she loved him, and how good he had been to her. He hated himself because he had not spoken a word of love to her just now. She had just come through torment through love of him, and it had been in his power to give her happiness with a few simple, lying words—such as he used every day—and he had refrained. Since his whole life was a lie, why not one more? If it made Amy happy? Amy loved him—since he was compelled to live with her he might as well make her happy. Damn Amy, anyway. Why did she love him? They hadn't a thought in common. It was quite true what Dorothy had said—she stifled him—damn Amy—

The doctor droned on and Henry nodded his head from time to time as if he were actually listening. Outside the window the industrious hen, with her little family, scratched and clucked vigorously. She made a noise not unlike Eleanor when she gave her short, sudden, high-pitched giggles.

The doctor was still talking. Why on earth didn't he go away, thought Henry. All this was surely unnecessary. If there was anything important, why didn't he tell it to Eleanor or to the nurse? He wanted to be left alone. He had to ring up Dorothy to tell her.

Tell her what? Dorothy would never understand. Dorothy was young and impatient and selfish and callous. She had no patience with him and his amiable weakness. She had told him many times that she was not satisfied to share him with his wife. "I want all of you or none of you. I don't care—if you don't take me I'll find another man to love me." Again Henry was overwhelmed, as he remembered her words, by that infuriating sense of impotent rage against he knew not what. He clenched his fists in agony.

The doctor was asking him some questions now, but the persistent clucking of the noisy hen outside the window seemed to drown out the sense of what he was saying.

"I didn't quite hear," said Henry, creasing his forehead. "That confounded hen outside—"

The question was repeated loudly and distinctly. But Henry did not hear it. He could hear nothing but the furious clucking of the hen and the constant, feeble cheep-cheep of the little chicks. It seemed as if his brain, like a radio, had "tuned out" every sound but that. It goaded him to fury.

"Excuse me a minute," Henry muttered, and vaulted lightly out of the window.

The next minute the two doctors saw him stamp two little chicks under his heel and pursue a wildly squawking hen across the lawn. He caught her after a brief chase, and for an instant she struggled and fluttered wildly in his arms, screeching. Then Henry's hands closed about her neck, and her cries were cut short as he twisted the head almost off. He flung the body from him in disgust, dusted his hands and clambered back into the library through the window.

"My God, man," said the doctor, "but you've got a temper! What do you want to go and kill a fine Leghorn and a couple of chicks like that for?"

Henry spoke through clenched teeth.

"Leghorns—were they Leghorns? I didn't mean to kill *them*!" he said in a queer thick voice.



# Journal of an Expedition into the Midlands

*By De Lysle Ferree Cass*

## I

MINNEAPOLIS

[September]

**B**ANDIT taxicab drivers—towering, expensive, suavely-metropolitan department-stores cheek by jowl with the shoddy left-overs from a less pretentious era—girls and women wearing black stockings in combination with white pumps and shoes—no traffic cops, and all common sense driving rules in desuetude—jams, general confusion and risk to life and limb at every street intersection—people parading incessantly and aimlessly downtown after six P.M. with the fatuity of the folks of a country town on Saturday night—three hundred prostitutes in camouflaged ice cream parlors, fruit and cigar stores within a radius of two blocks of First street and Marquette avenue—throngs of unmercenary young girls expectantly haunting the mezzanine floor of a big hotel, dressed temptingly for surrender—depressing, nearly deserted streets outside the downtown shopping district, black and sinister after 8 P.M., with old-fashioned over-street arc lights two and three blocks apart, putting a premium on hold-ups and insults to lone women—a fine, brisk downstairs café at the Rogers, crippled since Prohibition set in—a wonderland of nearby lakes—surrounded by bungalows of the rich—Minnetonka, the Lake of Isles—a big State university out on the Midway, with a horde of city-broke under-graduates—Minnehaha Falls that Longfellow chanced to mention in “Hiawatha”—a plentitude of ornate second-floor

Chinese eating places that now inscrutably advertise chow mein instead of chop suey—the working girls and stenogs affecting a coiffure apparently indigenous to the place—Hennepin Avenue with all-night “Elgin” and “Baltimore” lunchrooms and crowds of blond young loafers congregating at the street corners between Second and Ninth—“The Flour City,” but really less of that on the girl’s faces than is commonly evident elsewhere—Nicollet Avenue, the shopping thoroughfare, not, however, used as a parade ground for feminine pulchritude like the Boul’ Mich in Chicago—much ready money in evidence—automobiles parked slantwise out from the curbs in astounding numbers, anywhere and everywhere downtown—Jewish garment salesmen from New York, carrying yellow sticks and picking their teeth in front of the Dyckman and the Radisson—funny trolley cars on which you pay as you enter going South, and pay as you leave going North—caps and felt hats predominating—no orchestras in any one of the better class hotel dining-rooms—chilly evenings and colder nights in Summer—plenty of fine looking women, dressed to not quite their best advantage—a Swedish laxity of morals and a tendency toward raised voices—the Curtis Court Hotel, unique and positively mammoth, affording everything from single rooms for transients to five-room apartments for permanent guests—a common practice among male diners, on arising, of gazing about at the other tables defiantly and then hurriedly hitching their belted trousers—

one confirmed pessimist wearing both belt and suspenders—deep-bosomed, steady-eyed women—more cigars being smoked by both boys and men than cigarettes—New York prices.

## II

ST. PAUL, MINN.  
[August]

SPRINKLING wagons flushing and roller-scrubbing streets during the busiest hours in the downtown section, retarding and congesting traffic—the fine new St. Paul Hotel, built at the intersection of seven street corners and minus a mail chute—residents slipping over to Minneapolis after dark to misbehave, and Minneapolitans coming to St. Paul—the lovely little White Bear Lake and its summer resort colony—irregular streets lined with ramshackle, shabby stores and dwellings near the heart of the town, unpainted since McKinley was sworn into office—a center for professional pugilism: a public “fight” town—huge, sprawling retail stores—a general, inescapable impression of drab greyness and stodginess—immense wholesale houses that are sullenly jealous of their Minneapolis competitors—the unimpressive cupola of the state capital, which seems edging out of town toward Minneapolis—steep, erratic, exceedingly long-grade hills in the main part of town—rotten street car service—the C.M. & St. P. railroad station falling to pieces—a 45-minute, hair-raising motor bus service, occasioned by the public determination to get to Minneapolis as quickly as possible—long, patiently-waiting queues of people outside the motion picture houses—one good husky newspaper among several weaker sisters—a Scandinavian accent impugning the flattered “No” of the waitress when you ask her to go to a movie.

## III

SIoux CITY, IOWA  
[July]

As logically “the Gateway to the Great Northwest” as the Twin Cities

are and with a peppy little Chamber of Commerce determined to prove it to the rest of the country—right at the meeting place of four huge prairie states, where all the farmer boys can crank up their Fords and run in to blow off steam periodically—a busy, long and wide main retail street—shop windows attractively trimmed and exhibiting good merchandise—an unusual number of large jobbing houses for a city of its population—big granaries and farm implement houses—drummed hard by all Eastern wholesale salesmen—lots of charming girls wandering about the streets, dressed in astonishingly good taste—more life and brisk movement than in Des Moines, the largest city in the State—fresh-cheeked girls from Morningside College, driving bare-headed and haphazard around town in big touring cars—well-kept, substantial residences set up on terraces with smooth lawns—the gauntlet of kimono-robed girls beckoning to you from a row of open doors of the town brothel.

## IV

LINCOLN, NEB.  
[July]

THE Lincoln Hotel, big and rambling with a gloomy, comfortable lobby—squat brick buildings radiating out from what may be either the town square or a dwarfed public park, with loafers smoking old pipes and lounging along the iron-pipe paling—suspenders, Lincolnian chin-whiskers, cotton shirt-sleeves with elastic supporters of passionate coloration—faded overalls along the principal thoroughfare—the big state university not far from the center of town—fine, imposing office buildings and department stores for a mile or more along the main and only pretentious shopping street—a profusion of beautiful trees in the heart of the city—pipes commonly smoked in the hotel lobby—a general deliberateness of movement and a bluff heartiness on the part of chance acquaintances; citizens nodding and commenting on the weather to

strangers as they pass them on the streets—rather plain-faced but shapely, wholesome-looking girls, swinging with a funny little swagger along the sidewalks, wearing knitted vests and slip-overs of bright hues that innocently define the contours of their breasts—middle-aged business men standing bare-headed on downtown street corners chatting leisurely in little groups—the home of William Jennings Bryan.

## V

OSKALOOSA, IOWA

[June]

A SMALL town with the usual weather-beaten hotel for commercial travelers—in front of it, the town square with unpainted wooden benches, crudely carved with initials, hearts and dates—tall, rangy trees—watering-troughs and a long iron-pipe hitching-rail, against which the radiators of innumerable Fords and of muddy black touring cars of obscure make now align themselves—the white stone Court House, an architectural horror, and the low, box-like, red brick Carnegie Library down the street—green-painted farmers' wagons creaking into town along the main thoroughfares—intense, blinding heat that makes the whole town drowse, and thick, yellow dust rising in choking clouds under the plodding hoofs of patient horses—plump, uncorseted housewives strolling about on shopping errands, wearing cheap lace boudoir-caps, all-over aprons or shapeless print dresses—motion picture houses showing only Western cowboy and slap-stick comedy films—long, steady stares of frank curiosity at the newcomer in town, the cut of whose clothing betrays him as an alien—colored sunbonnets and broad-brimmed, shapeless, coarse straw hats—gawky town sports hanging around the front of Ed Kelley's Pool Hall, spitting copiously and wearing tremendously big-visored caps pulled low down over their eyes—dogs of various uncertain breeds running undiscouraged around the square—all the

pretty girls of the town wandering slowly, arm in arm in pairs, around and around the Square after supper, casting down their bright, inquiring eyes shyly as they pass the plate glass hotel windows—the town marshal, chewing his trusty quid, in a big black felt hat and a baggy black alpaca coat, with his shiny badge of office pinned conspicuously on his vest—the sound of a mouth-organ down the street from Jim Howe's Tonsorial Parlor.

## VI

WATERLOO, IOWA

[May]

THE railroad running unconcernedly into town, right along one of the principal retail streets—a scattering of surprisingly tall and imposing office and factory buildings, punctuating the Main Street skyline like exclamation points—the sumptuous spaciousness of the new Russell-Lamson Hotel that seems abashed by the incongruity of its presence in so small a city—bellboys, baggage-smashers, busmen, etc., with a metropolitan avarice for tips—a huge black touring car rushing 40 miles an hour down the main street, all pedestrians scampering frantically from its path, and, on the wind-shield, the huge painted exhortation of a religious fanatic: "Prepare to Meet Thy Maker! Jesus Is on the Way!"

## VII

DUBUQUE, IOWA

[May]

HOUNDED out of your warm Pullman berth at 6:15 A.M.—a river town, long antedating the Civil War and unequivocally looking it—a superb hotel with a staff of bumpkins trying to act used to it—scurrying Fords amid tortuous street traffic like waterbugs in a pool—slow speech, more tardy courtesy—the shallow, broadly sluggish Mississippi basting one edge of the town—a grey monotone of uniform shabbiness, blue mould and lethargy—lots of people wandering aimlessly about streets that

are too narrow and twisting—everybody's business the common gossip of everybody else.

## VIII

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA  
[September]

THE shadow cast by Omaha eastward across the river.

## IX

OMAHA, NEB.  
[September]

LONG, swelling hills, clean, broad streets and towering, block-square business buildings in serried array down the twin two-mile slopes of Douglas and Farnam streets, from Twentieth to Sixth street—a state law against smoking cigarettes in public dining-rooms—a year-round wind at the Fontenelle Hotel corner that makes you grab at your hat and watch feminine skirts—the far-spreading Brandeis retail establishment—cordiality; clean, ruddy complexions—the girls going about downtown all bare-headed and at ease—less rice powder and eyebrow penciling than elsewhere—an astonishing number of college fraternity and sorority pins to be seen casually on passers-by—homes not so far out from the city's heart, and graciously spaced—a Wild West woolly section on Douglas street around Thirteenth, Twelfth and Ninth, replete with bums, stray hands from the prairie hay fields, and shabby loafers, but no wild women—somnolence after midnight—great packing houses along the South side—Ak-sar-ben, the things it has done, is doing, and will yet do—confidence in the future and a quiet determination to help it along—general decency and other unfashionable characteristics—a good-looking little blonde waitress in the Indian Room grill at the Fontenelle, who volunteered the information that she was married—a hotel manager with a healthy respect for newspapermen, especially when they are angry—hills and hills and hills in the outlying residential districts—ter-

rible, sweltering heat—automobiles racing erratically around corners, never sounding a horn.

## X

LA CROSSE, WIS.  
[March]

MAIN Street extending nearly the full length of the town, headed by the Union Depot and raveling out at the foot into battered frame cottages and stretches of god-forsaken morasses—one skyscraper—the five-story department store—also the New York Store, whose buyers go to New York (or anyway, to Chicago) twice each year—the Busy Bee, “candy fresh every day, always two kinds of ice cream,” with marble-topped, iron-legged little tables in the back half of it for soda-pop customers—the inevitable red-painted United Cigar Store at the busiest corner, and the equally inevitable Wear-U-Well Shoe store near by—garages still architecturally betraying the livery stables from which they sprung—“gent's” furnishing goods shops with clerks who try to copy the magazine clothing ads, loitering near the doors to ogle feminine passers-by—grocery shops in the side streets with sawdusted floors and clerks in white bib-aprons and straw wrist-protectors, with pencils behind their ears—furniture stores with massive mission three-piece sets and golden oak rockers displayed in their windows—signs overhead informing one that undertaking also is attended to—the shabby South Side of the town, straddling away from the remainder and entirely dissociated by a mile or more of dreary swamps that the overflowing Mississippi frequently buries—a profound reverence for Chicago and Chicago ideas in business—venerable, gray old factory buildings—an utter absence of hurry on the streets and in the stores—a basement barber shop where they still take the *Police Gazette*—an American flag draped over a bad picture of Wilson above the hotel desk, the clerk having forgotten to remove it—no street illumination after 11 P.M.



## XI

KANSAS CITY, KANS.

To Kansas City, Mo., what a tail is to a dog, only not concealing as much.

## XII

QUINCY, ILL.

[June]

SQUAT, scattered, homey, somnolent and unperturbed—modern buildings not obtrusively new among old, old ones—a single trolley line, proud of its privilege to keep on Main Street, even though it has to do so on single tracks most of the way—one hotel that is no good; no hotels that are very good—the typical square of the '60s, with a horse-trough along the edge, wooden benches where G. A. R. veterans from the local Home hobnob, bent over heavy canes, with yellow tobacco stains about their white whiskers—big, glorious trees flanking even Main Street, with lots of little twittering birds (not city sparrows either!), chirping and hopping fearlessly about—business men strolling home to lunch at noontime in their shirt sleeves and wearing unbuttoned vests, upon which are pendant Odd Fellows and Elks insignia—big, rambling frame homes, with pillared fronts and wide porches, set well back and generously spaced amid rolling green lawns, on which appear baby buggies, swings and playthings—no slum district even for the workers in the three overall factories—the Court House steeple clock run down and nobody caring—“Oh, come on, set down awhile. There are plenty more trains back to Chicago before morning. . . .”

## XIII

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

[JUNE]

DREAMS of days when it thought to be greater than Kansas City, which has now annexed it with a three-and-a-half hour interurban trolley—ancient, gray, drab, weather-beaten, unpainted, dis-

pirited, stagnant—still obsessed with vainglorious memories that Eugene Field once was satisfied to live here and that Mark Twain stayed at least overnight—natives still pathetically loyal to “Old St. Joe,” and imagining that there still remains reason for rivalry with K. C.—immense wholesale houses that haven’t had a new idea in more than three generations—a huge new Elks Club that looks incongruous now that Prohibition is more or less among us—niggers, niggers everywhere—single-track street cars that run every once in a while—a certain lake about an hour and a half out of town, with roadhouses—sleepy, lethargic, cheap, fly-specked and dusty.

## XIV

KANSAS CITY, MO.

[September]

THE intriguing result of cross-breeding the wild and woolly Southwest with the effete East—the Baltimore and the Muehlebach Hotels—signs on hotel doors: “Stop, did you leave anything?” should be revamped to read: “Stop, have you anything left?”—Summerland out-Broadwaying Broadway (New York’s, not K. C.’s thoroughfare of the same name) in service, prices, cuisine and embellishments—the Plantation Grill at the Muehlebach, so refrigerated that you wilt in the swelter of the city’s normal temperature immediately after leaving—the coatman at another place, discreetly discovering synthetic gin in genuine Gordon bottles at \$12 per fifth gallon and assuring you of his friendship—wonderful big stores and specialty shops along Main Street and Grand Avenue—Woolf Brothers, the last word in haberdashery refinement—a check-girl who says “Thanks” when you give her a dollar bill, expecting some change back—the steepest hills that any city ever was built upon, some of them impracticable to horse-drawn vehicles and even to Fords—autos parked at the curbing at a slant and with front wheels turned sidewise in order to keep from sliding on down the steep grades—big

department stores like Peck's that are two stories high on Main Street and eight on the next street to the East—good trolley car service everywhere—the *Star* devoting its entire front page in 18-point black-face to vituperating the corrupt municipal machine in language more vitriolic than that of any newspaper since the days before the Civil War—daylight hold-ups galore by both thugs and retail merchants—a dollar with less purchasing value than anywhere else except in Tulsa, Okla., or Oklahoma City—the streets packed with professional gamblers, juvenile prostitutes, Japs, Mexicans, Indians, unusually black, burly niggers, college men in from the University of Missouri on a tear; cowboys from the Southwestern ranges with tall, dented sombreros, bright-colored silk handkerchiefs, blue or cotton checkered shirts and high-heeled, fancifully stitched tan leather boots; orey-eyed oil men with awesome rolls, showing 'em what spending really is; dapper Jewish salesmen carrying walking sticks about the hotel lobbies and sizing up the cuties pensively leaning over the mezzanine railings—all-night lunch counters and the streets alive with pedestrians who don't want to go home—Electric Park, \$1.60 by taxi from town, with a public dance-floor, an open-air girl-show, the usual rides and all that—a good boulevard system—put a roof over Twelfth Street and call it a sporting house—102 second-floor "hotels" on both sides of the street within a mile and a half east of Main, all old-fashioned establishments with the girls in costume—pretty, painted, powdered, perfumed little jack-rollers street-walking all afternoon and night long—the survivors of Chicago's old Everleigh Club in spangled undress in the bamboo de luxe joint in East Third Street—sidewalks and pavements so blistering hot that to stand still for five consecutive minutes is to feel your sole leather scorching—the handkerchief trick that a complete stranger taught

me—"Everybody always has a good time in K. C." . . .

## XV

KENDALLVILLE, IND.

[September]

ON the fast interurban trolley system that networks northern Indiana and makes railroading a foolishness to the cognoscenti—huge frame homesteads, all painted white, and with green lattice shutters—more than sixty able-bodied men, young and old, prosperous and otherwise, spending the entire afternoon solemnly viewing three laborers with horse and plow excavating for the foundations of another house—lazy butterflies and the drone of bees and flies.

## XVI

NEW CASTLE, IND.

THE peace of Tutankhamen's tomb.

## XVII

MARION, IND.

IMAGINE a large, none-too-clean seidel of beer that has been allowed to get lukewarm and flat, and there you have it—an epitome of staidly bustling, mediocresly prosperous, Mid-Victorian Middle-Westernism—only one regular public restaurant—thick-ankled girls devoid of style in dress—the dissipation of two unventilated motion picture houses just off the town Square—once-in-a-while street cars—interurbans to take you elsewhere, far away.

## XVIII

GARRETT, IND.

[Any time of the year]

Architecture, hospitality, accommodations for transients, and amusements all jake.—Just phone 029-623 and ask for Clarabelle. If she is absent, the 6:43 leaves promptly for Fort Wayne.

# Lustre Ware

*By Priscilla Hale*

**W**ITH the blank, sleek inexpressiveness of a white satin mask, John Sylvester's face shone among the rest of the group on the platform. Its effect was noticeable, contrasted with the countenances of the other men, reflecting their usual child-like pleasure in the remarks of the distinguished Englishman. It was, said the Englishman—who happened to be not only a statesman, but an aristocrat—an especial joy, after his dash through the North, the West and the far South, to arrive at last in the most ancient commonwealth, that was still, in spite of itself, almost a part of England; that had once belonged to the diocese of the Bishop of London. He himself was a churchman as well as a statesman, and the traditions of English Churchmanship were here preserved in all their integrity. The eighteenth-century houses along their historic river front—the river which carried the first Englishmen in America to the new province of their queen—where he had only that morning been so hospitably received, were more English, really, than colonial. Nowhere in the States had he been made to feel so utterly at home. It went without saying that these people must feel with England, spiritually and politically, for here alone, in all America, flourished the Anglo-Saxon race, untainted, pure and perfect.

The men on the platform and the men and women in the audience were obviously and sincerely moved. When just before the entrance of the British party the orchestra had played "God Save the King," there had been a genuine emotional response, never roused

by "The Star-Spangled Banner" or by any other tune except "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Truly, meditated Sylvester, these people were hard to move. It was often remarked, with a measure of truth, that they were still unreconstructed. But he would go further than that. They were not only a separate entity in the Union since 1865; they had not been wholly separated from England in 1776. Did they pray privately for the royal family? It was certain, at any rate, that their reaction to the names of George and Mary was quite different from that caused by the mention of Warren G. Harding. This, though, was unimportant to Mr. Sylvester. He was a part of the State, but not of the tribe. Essentially unsentimental, he walked, mentally, alone like the cat. Physically he walked in the best society, here and elsewhere.

This grandson of a shopkeeper in a little mountain town had worked hard for his college course before beginning to practise law in the capital of his State. By sheer force of intellect and hard common sense—qualities which go not necessarily hand in hand—he had accomplished a national reputation in his profession. His reputation as a social luminary was rapidly becoming international. His appearance was always distinctive against a background of males entirely unremarkable for smartness. He suggested Bond Street in every detail of his dress, and his glossy finish was superlative. Everything about Mr. Sylvester—there were comparatively few people to call him John, for his compatriots were not of the sort who quickly become intimate with a man from outside—was literally lus-

trous, but not too lustrous. His hair, skin, shoes, hands, nails were shampooed, massaged, polished and manicured to exactly the right degree, and no more.

He lived alone in a quite large house, with an English butler and several foreign maids, and, of course, a colored cook to give the correct native touch for northern or European visitors. He never dined before eight, and, it was reported, he always dressed for the ceremony even when alone. His extremely casual neighbors were apt to dress only when there were enough guests to make the last meal of the day "a dinner" instead of merely dinner. His French chauffeur drove him to his office daily in a low-slung car of unmistakably continental make and made, at Mr. Sylvester's exit from his house and entrance into his car, a picture of formal European servility; this to the undisguised amazement and amusement of interested onlookers, accustomed to the gaily informal, even tenderly familiar greetings, of their own African attendants.

When Mr. Sylvester's career brought him to sufficient eminence for him to be sent abroad on delicate diplomatic missions, titled visitors from London, Rome and Brussels, as well as from the embassies at Washington, came with increasing frequency to stay with him. He was on intimate terms with many of the ladies of these establishments, for he, wisely, had not married. He had probably never been ruled by impulse on a single occasion of his life. The victim of neither sentiment nor sensuality, he was in fact almost an incarnate intelligence. He had no prejudice against matrimony, singularly free as he was from prejudices of any kind, but he looked cannily ahead. Each year it became possible for him to make an alliance in quarters inaccessible to him the year before. He had arrived at the point where people do not spontaneously marry, but when, after fasting and prayer on the part of two families, the *London Morning Post*, for example, announces that "a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place

between. . . ." This being true, it was only logical, and Mr. Sylvester was, above all, logical, that next year other doors, still further removed and more forbidding, would swing open to his hand. Marriage, therefore, might well wait.

He had no real intimates, but his law partners and a few others who were of necessity reasonably close to him knew that the shiftlessness, the blindness, the sentimentality and—worse—the infinite complacency of the social rulers of the old administration maddened him. He was, in the opinion of the judicious, immeasurably superior to them in countless ways. He was completely a man of the world, and they, self-admittedly, provincials. Most inexcusable of all, they were proudly provincial. He had tried hard to break the old political domination in his section, and had become eminent in the minority party, but with no manifest result in the existing régime.

His clothes, his servants, his parties, his cherished manner, which passed triumphantly through the sharpest inspection by the great world, merely evoked the exclamation "Anglomaniac!" from the residents of his block. This was unendurable to a detached mentality living in a hotbed of Anglomania. He was probably the only man in the great hall on the night of the English lecture who remained aloof, ready to use Englishmen as coolly and as scornfully as Englishmen used Americans; who had no illusions whatever about them or their government. True, he had adopted some of their superficial customs, customs which he very properly admired, while his contemporaries clung stubbornly to their own. True, he called the immaculate bit of turf behind his town house a garden, when the neighbors flaunted theirs, in ostentatiously American terms of "backyard" in the faces of him and his visitors. For the neighbors had been taught from childhood that only winding box walks surrounding a big plantation house could veraciously be termed a garden. Externally they bristled with localisms, where he



had none, but spiritually he knew that they were the real Anglomaniacs. Did they not take their churchmanship seriously, while he, brought up a Methodist, possessed a free mind? He occasionally appeared, of course, in their oldest church with the same callous punctiliousness with which a modern Roman noble goes occasionally to mass.

They came to his dinners, and invited him to theirs, for money is important, oh, but very important, even in Mr. Sylvester's relatively sheltered corner of the world. But he knew that they were tolerantly, amiably, amused by him and his embellishments and his surroundings. He had been graciously received by royalty, and was a welcome guest in many houses in upper Fifth Avenue, for he was in a position to protect certain railroad interests in the South. These people among whom he lived were glad, even eager, to know him and to meet and entertain his guests. They took from him as much as he was willing to give. But they were not impressed. They were never impressed. They regarded him and his clothes and his valet and his formalities as a light and not uninteresting, decidedly humorous serial play continuously enacted for their enjoyment. Careless, ignorant, narrow-minded they sometimes were; also, beyond doubt, freer from pose, uncomfortable straining or affectation, than any people in America. Their very sloppiness held a quality of grace that made Mr. Sylvester and his superior breed seem just a trifle stiff and premeditated, slightly,

it had been once remarked, in danger of being overcome with the earnestness of being important. Unpardonably easy-going and self-satisfied, they were not without their peculiar humor, a sometimes invisible attribute stirred to impish activity by the spectacle of what had been conscientiously acquired. This aversion to acquisition of any sort, argued Mr. Sylvester, not unreasonably, was the barrier between them and necessary improvements; for they regarded with respect only that which had been always there, and the limitations of what had been always there shrieked in his ears hourly.

Mr. Sylvester's face, on the platform and elsewhere, was like a white satin mask, and he apparently had no confidante. The Englishman, who knew something of his record, perhaps took him more seriously than he took any other member of his audience. Mr. Sylvester was very certainly one of the most successful men of his place and time. But if a bit of gravel in his shoe now and again made his progress along his home streets a torment, it would not be a cause for undue surprise. For the genial persons who hailed him on those streets had failed to forget who he really was, and if his name became familiar in every house along the East Side from the Plaza to Ninetieth Street, in every embassy at Washington and in Europe, they would not be impressed. They would even be amused. Nor would they experience the throb of personal and often unjustifiable pride that they felt in one of their own.



**I**DEAL affinities: men who talk and say nothing, and women who do not talk and say much.



# "If You've Forgotten My Kisses . . ."

*By Gladys Hall*

## I

**S**HE really had to admit to herself that he did it very well.

Very well indeed.

She was a bit touched. She had always dwelt on the desiccated edge of Fool's Folly, and, it seemed, one never learned. . . . There was the faintest moisture about her eyes. Of which, of course, she had to be careful. Wary. Mascaro is so imperfect . . . you would think. . . .

But she had to admit that his technique was as irreproachable as ever . . . the black narcissus about the room . . . the half-drawn curtains. . . . She had always felt that the perfection of his technique detracted ever so slightly from the perfection of his passions. One cannot serve gods and mammon.

There shouldn't be technique in passion. It should be more spontaneous, less well arranged.

If she had only met him when he was very young, instead of in his late twenties. But even then, she fancied, even in extreme youth, he would have been punctilious. Had he taken her walking in the Springtime, at nineteen, he would have selected "some mossy bank where violets grow."

It had been fifteen years. . . .

That is a long while for a woman. A long while for a passion. A long while for remembrance.

When she had phoned him he had answered her on a note of eagerness. He had asked her to come to tea that same afternoon. If he had had other

engagements, other plans, and he had never been lacking in either, he had swept them all aside. But he had said simply, and, yes, spontaneously, just one word, "Come!"

And now, in a few moments, she was going to see him again, after all these years.

How like him to say that one little word to her. Committing him to nothing, yet more significant, more subtly stirring than all the amorous hyperbole he could have geysered forth.

*Come!*

Women are witless things. Her tinted lips emphasized the truism with a faint twist.

Men had made love to her ever since she had "come out," here in New York, at the age of eighteen. Men had always made love to her. There had been a poet of national fame. His sonnets were dedicated to her. His life would have been dedicated to her, too, if she had wanted it to be, but she hadn't wanted it to be. That was it. She had never wanted, *really* wanted, any man saving this man, this man whom she had not seen in fifteen years, nor heard from. This poseur. This sycophant. This genius of gesture. She knew him for all of these things. She could see through him as easily as she could see through the intrigues of her women-friends, and yet she had wanted him from the first moment she had met him, all through the affair they had shared together, all through the years. . . .

People had said of her, "Diane has the best time of anyone I know, plenty

of money, plenty of attentions, no responsibilities. . . . Well. . . .

She had never married. She had felt that it wouldn't be fair. Under her gay gaming, she was fair. Just. Fundamentally fair and just. She wouldn't take what she couldn't return in kind. And all of her love-life was buried in those six months at Fontainebleau with him.

They had begun it as a game.

"It shall be a very charming game," he had said, and she had answered, "Yes, unforgettable. . . ."

"Oh, as to that," he had answered, shrugging in his delightful, casual way, "as to that . . . who can say . . . ?"

Ah, but, she hugged herself a little, secretly, ah, but he had NOT forgotten. Here, after fifteen years, at the first inflection of her voice asking his name, he had said "Come!"

But fifteen years ago . . . then the game had begun. It had been very charming, as he had said. The lyric quality he had diffused for her sang still in her veins.

Six months . . . six months . . . and then he had gone away. Had told her that they must not keep it up any longer. That she was beginning to disturb his peace of mind, and that that was a condition he never permitted. He told her that if they played about together for another week he would probably be dropping on his knees and begging her to marry him forthwith, and that that would be blasphemous. His heart he said, was a night-shade, deadly and brief of bloom. And as for her, he said, ah, her small, white hands were like half-tamed birds that should never be manacled with the deadly circlet.

Well, but he had made even her pain beautiful. Afterward, she had heard from other women that he had done the same for them. His farewells were as exquisitely rendered as his first and always poignant kiss.

She had foreborne heroics. She was pleased to remember that now. It was one of the reasons for her being here, in his apartment. She could come with grace of bearing, with dignity. Her

heroics she had covered over carefully from his eyes, even from his suspicion.

She remembered that someone had once told her that for a woman there comes, soon or late, the one man. The one scar.

Yes, it had been like that with her. After fifteen years. . . . How, really, how she had suffered!

There had been that nice boy, that winter in Rome. He had begged her to marry him. Children, he had said. Home. But she couldn't go "home." Not with him. A door was shut. She had drawn away from the nice boy. She could still feel *his* kisses, deeper than all the others. What were the others when underneath them all his kisses still knived her. It was no use.

She had had wild fits of wanting to send for him. Just at first. It had been inconceivable to her that she could be so suffering and he be so forgetting. Moments they had spent together recurred to her, whiter than the spindrift of the moon. But pride restrained her ultimately. "A charming game," he had said. All games ended sooner or later. There had to be one loser and one winner. One had to lose gamely.

## II

AND so the years had drifted by, touching her lightly enough on cheek and brow, only blighting her where her hope lay securely hidden. She didn't hope any more. She didn't know that she particularly cared any more. She could hear old songs now without a twinge. She could breathe the Glory roses. April . . . May . . . and June . . . impartial months enough.

Then she drifted back to New York. She had heard that he was there. She knew his old address. It would be rather fun to call him on the phone. Once he had said that her voice was like the odours of her hair, unforgettable and reminiscent. He had remembered her voice with that first "Hulloa. . . ."

After she had spoken to him, dreams stirred again. Strange things, women's hearts. Hardy and perennial blooms.

Never dead. She wondered with a sort of macabre delight whether they still beat under the soil and sent up the red bleeding hearts and the faint yellow crocuses. . . . And now she was here. She wore a faint green hat, the color of new grass, and a sheer black frock. He had always liked green.

There came a footfall, eager and restive, and he was in the room. She was seeing him again, with eyes that strained a little, so as to be replete. He had changed very little, all things considered. His crisp black hair had grayed, but his blue eyes, blue as sapphires, still laughed under his level brows. His lean hands . . . she closed her eyes a moment and made a little gesture . . . the way he had of walking, with that forward-going spring.

He talked to her. From the coolness of his outer seeming his voice came warm and penetrative. . . . He was saying something about ordering tea . . . mixing her a cocktail himself . . . she didn't quite hear what . . . and he had given her a cigarette . . . begged her to feel at home. . . . Now, through the haze of smoke, alone again, she was waiting for him to come back. . . . She was admitting that he had done it very well, very well indeed. This was just the setting for a bygone love. The black narcissus in their crouched cream bowls, their heavy pistils malodorously sweet. Drawn shades, making filtered and fugitive the light. And a fire that had burned a bit too long.

She dreamed crowdedly now. Strange things happen in life. He had looked a little tired. He must be forty now, maybe older. How slender and scornful he had been at twenty-five. But now. Now, he might come back and fold her in his arms. But if he did he would know how she had starved for him. If he did, she might break the long-taut thread of her control. That would never do. She had been rather perfect all along. No one had ever guessed. No one had ever pitied her. "Diane has the best time," everyone had always said. But if he held her in his arms. If he should tell her that she

had been to him what he had been to her, a forever unhealed wound. . . .

If he should cry against her breast, "Diane, Diane!" how she would comfort him. How she would be tender with him!

He came back, eager and swift. His eyes were on her eyes. They seemed to be asking something of her, his eyes. More than the amenities.

"You look so beautiful there," he said, "how have you managed always to be so beautiful? Even in my memories, and memory grows dull sometimes."

"Yes . . ." she said.

She had given him tea, and as they drank their tea and ate the tiny sandwiches of caviare he had asked her about herself. She told him things. Recent things. Trips. Odd people she had met. Diverse interests.

He had been groping. Unsatisfied with what she told him. She felt with a knifelike pang that he was reaching out for something more vital, something nearer to them both. He had wanted to break through the glittering superficialities. Well, but he was past master. . . .

His eyes had searched her so. What did he expect of her? That she, *she* should be the one to break through their silence with some consummate confession? He ought to know her better, who had known her so well. Well enough to trust her with her pain.

He was sitting by her and his hand was reaching for hers. Of course she gave it to him. She had never denied him anything, even her silence. Even her remoteness.

Now he was drawing her to him, speaking swift, soft things to her. She could feel the mounting mastery of his emotions, his passion . . . just the same . . . just the same . . . delicate, deliberate and dangerous. . . .

So, after all, credibly and incredibly, he hadn't forgotten. . . .

Suddenly his head was against her heart and his voice came up to her, splendidly broken and strong. . . .

"Rosamond," he cried, "Rosamond!"



# Next Door to Zelli's

*By John Mosher*

## I

**Y**ES, there is something in this no-place-like-home, this homesickness. I know there is. Though I haven't a friend in America, and I don't suppose I shall go back for ten years, or twenty years, when I go with my pictures for an exhibition. Generally I don't think much about it, but sometimes the strangest regret sweeps over me and I long to be back in those ridiculous, ugly little streets where there isn't a house over ten years old, and not one that will last ten more.

These attacks usually seize me when I'm low anyway, low in spirits, which is just another way of saying low in the pocket with me. But there is more in them than that. When I had my worst spell, I know, I had more money than I've had since I've been in Europe—ever in my life for that matter. I was earning it too. Actually earning money! Putting it away! I stored up enough to carry me through the summer. In Mittel-Europa, that is, where the valuta is such a blessing to the elegant indigent, as I said to the Princess Poldoski herself. She laughed, though she has a house on the Champs Elysées and her father cans meat in Chicago.

I was playing then in "Le Rat Dans La Cave," which, if you know a great deal more about Paris than most Americans do, you will remember as the most brilliant place in the city. But I don't suppose you do know about it. One has to explain so much to Americans. Of course, you know "Zelli's." Everybody does. Well, "Le

Rat" was next door. But, in another sense, it was at the other end of the earth. "Zelli's" is the Paris of the tourists; "Le Rat" is the real Parisian Paris, the Paris to which I belong.

If you weren't looking for "Le Rat" you might very well miss it, as, if you're not looking for it, you are sure to miss the real Paris, though you are standing in the very middle of it.

"Le Rat" had an obscure enough entrance, and a chasseur at the door in a sober blue livery with brass buttons and a yellow and green striped waistcoat. You might easily suppose all those Fiats were drawn up for "Zelli's," if you didn't know that the patrons of "Zelli's" generally went there in taxis. Inside it was much smaller than "Zelli's," just a small bar, tables around the walls, a space for dancing. Nothing showy. But first-class. Some framed photographs, autographed, of the younger artistic and literary people. A Picabia over the piano where I played. For a while a negro played with me on the cornet. We feel differently about colored people in Paris than you do in the States.

All the people who came there, practically, were celebrities, either socially or in the artistic and literary way. The same people came every night. It was really a very distinguished gathering. The Princess Poldoski and her set, the Comtesse d'Epinay and hers, which constitutes the inner-inner of the old Bourbon Fauburg St. Germain clique, then the Da Das, the Six, and always a varying stream of visiting English play-

wrights and poets, not to mention the American (so-called) artistic crowd from the Rotonde. I knew them all of course more or less intimately. It was only because it was such a social, personal kind of place that I could afford to play there.

Not that I didn't need the money. I guess when I began I owed every human being in Paris something. Some of them, too, I really felt I ought to pay back. Here I was getting eighty francs a night, besides my dinner—as good a cuisine as there is in Paris too—which really drew it all up to a hundred. Not bad!

And drinks!

Not to mention invitations. I had too many of those. Once I had to stop a taxi and jump out—but that isn't the side of life I need go into now. Any good-looking young fellow who's been around Paris knows what I mean.

It was a very brilliant life, but I was very discreet. It was a Mrs. Vanderbilt or a Mrs. Astor—not the Princess Mary—who asked who was that nice-looking American boy who played in "Le Rat." He had such good manners. That was the general impression I created on people who know about such things.

In the very middle of it all I had this curious experience of home-sickness, this nostalgia, as the literary people call it, which I, for one, believe some time or other overtakes every one of us Americans living in Europe, ex-patriots, exiles, hyphenates, whatever we are. In my case it came suddenly, like a shock. I had gone in to play as usual. It was too early for the dancing crowd, and only one or two people were lounging about the bar. Then a couple drifted in, and without noticing anything more about them at first except that they were strangers, I started right off on a fox-trot, according to policy, to give an air of life to the empty place.

They ordered drinks, and at last I took a look at them to see if they appreciated the music I was giving

them. I was startled. I thought the man was someone I knew. Then I realized that I had never seen him before, but that didn't matter. I had seen hundreds, thousands, like him. So have you. In High School. Every American school is packed with them. Younger of course, but the same idea. He was the most typical American I had ever seen in Paris. Oh, not that raw-boned Yankee we think so funny over here. Nor that noisy salesman type that make themselves so odious all over the Continent. But that awfully decent, clean-cut—that is the word for them—healthy colored, big-shouldered American boy. Not the collar-ad. breed. Very obviously, small town. High collar, white necktie and scarf-pin, hair towseled. And honest! Those blue eyes of his! Honesty like that appals me. I couldn't imagine how he ever got so far from the village smithy to "Le Rat Dans La Cave." I'm small-town myself, but I'm different. Then I looked at his girl.

That might explain something. She was Parisian. No doubt about that. Parisian from the tilt of her hat to the tip of her toe. Quite pretty. Light hair, dark eyes. She wore a blue dress with red beads on it, and a big bright red hat. Nothing extraordinary. Not Poiret, nor Chanel, but smart, very good altogether. She had a sweet nice sort of smile. A wedding ring too. Their table was near the piano, and I saw that, and also, of all things in the world, one of those diamond-solitaire engagement rings. A mere chip of a diamond. Tiffany setting. Dear me, that little chip just did me up. It was so American. I could just see those little chips glittering about the Odd Fellows ballroom at home, and the pink party dresses and maiden-hair fern and forget-me-nots and dance orders and lemonade in the punch-bowl.

I was ready to cry. It only shows in what a neurasthenic condition I was. Here at the height of the season, in the most brilliant capital in the

world, right in the heart and core of it, and being, too, some part of the whole show, and I was ready to cry over those ridiculous little dances which I had always hated when I was at them, and hadn't thought of once for two years. Some mysterious urge drove me, and I thumped out those old things: "John Took Me 'Round to See His Mother," and "Everybody Works But Father."

He loved it. He just drank it in, and got drunk on it. When I looked up he was grinning all over, with a salmon-pink flush on his cheeks. I grinned back just as you would in the Union depot of the old town. He was very excited, and whispered to the girl about me. Whether or not I was an American I suppose. No one else could know that music, yet I didn't look like one.

I remember that night I was wearing a blue, flannel shirt, dark blue with a black tie, a regular old common navy shirt, but it was becoming. People always admired that shirt. I can wear things like that; they make me look young. I've been thought eighteen in that shirt. Actually I'm twenty-three. Someway, though, navy or not, that shirt on me isn't at all American. Americans dress up so in Paris. It's such a mistake unless you can do the thing thoroughly. I've really made quite a study of the clothes problem.

The upshot was that he asked. Called over to the piano, and I rambled around to their table.

"You're an American, aren't you?" he said.

"I guess we both are," I answered.

"I knew it," he declared triumphantly to the girl.

She smiled.

"You don't look much like one," she said.

She spoke English very well, with just the trace of an accent. I was quite surprised.

"Well," I said, "I've been here two years. But I was born in Oil City, Texas—born and raised there."

The boy was as pleased as if he had found an old friend. He hadn't been over long enough to learn all Americans aren't brothers because they happen to be in Paris together. But I was glad he hadn't.

He held out his big hand.

"Sit down," he said, "My name's Lincoln. This is my wife."

For once I didn't mind my name.

"Mine is Perkins," I said, "Raymond Perkins. Isn't that American enough for you?"

You may be sure that I didn't pronounce it Ra-mon Per-kan, as I had gotten into the habit of doing sometimes.

He'd been to Oil City, and I'd passed through Chipmunk Falls where he "hailed" from. "A great little town," I heard myself saying as in a trance. He hurried to say that he had a great respect for Oil City. It was funny.

Yet I was perfectly serious till I happened to catch Mrs. Lincoln's eye and that brought me back to "Le Rat" and Paris and reality. She didn't believe that I meant a word of it. It's the honest truth though that you never mean anything half so much as those crazy things you don't half know that you're saying.

"You ought to see Chipmunk Falls yourself," I said, forgetting she was his wife.

But she reminded me right off.

"See it!" she cried, "See it! I've lived there four years."

I can't give you the way she said it. I couldn't help laughing, and she laughed too. But it was tragic. She managed to compress into it all that I have ever felt and have never been able to express, except by running away, of those Godforsaken, dreary, wicked little western towns, the worst of them and the worst sort of living in them.

Other people came in and I had to go back to my piano without further conversation on the matter. I didn't have another chance with them then.

I guess such a brilliant assemblage

frightened them away; they called for their check and departed very soon.

With smiles and nods and all that! "Il a un béguin pour toi," M. Mayol said who runs the "Rat."

I let him see clearly that I resented this. What business anyway had he to *tutoyer* me?

## II

THEY came back. People always did if I sat a while at their tables. Even M. Mayol acknowledged that, when I reflected on it referring to the matter of a raise.

Not only did they come back, but they became regular customers of the place. Always I sat a while at their table, and soon we became great friends. But, dear me, new friends just mean new responsibilities, don't they? Though in my case I'm pretty quick as a rule to shift that part of the bargain to the other party. But with the Lincolns I didn't even try to, what with my neurasthenic condition. I not only let that boy talk, but I encouraged him, and just wallowed in all the news of Chipmunk Falls, the new Harding block, and the baseball. I loved it. Though I knew I'd be cured quick enough if I ever had to go back there.

Odette—that was Madame Lincoln's name—would sit there, absorbing it all. Or perhaps she just pretended to. She was used to pretending things. She was pretending enough at that time as I found out soon enough.

Out of the general excitement about the doings and progress of Chipmunk Falls, I began to piece together their own story. They had been married four years. Lincoln had crossed in the A.E.F., and had won his commission just before the armistice. Also his wife. He had met her—oh, quite respectably, *thès convenable*, and all that—at a Y. M. C. A. party. Didn't the Y. M. C. A. have a room here for "friendly people to be

friendly in?" Really, the Americans! Of course I was too young way back in the war days.

No doubt Odette thought herself pretty lucky to get out of poor dear France over to America where everybody is a millionaire and owns an automobile. She still did. That's what made things all the harder for all of us—later.

But! America wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Not by a long shot. She didn't have to tell me. I could see her climbing out of the train at Chipmunk Falls, meeting the family and the Secretary of Commerce and a committee from the Rotary Club, the women falling over each other to see her clothes, which were real Paris clothes, all come to meet the hero of the war and his bride.

Then the settling down into the routine of daily life. Oh, that settling down in America! How well I know what that means! The "socials," and card-parties, and lectures on current events! Without much leeway for extras. For the Lincolns weren't millionaires, weren't rich. I had seen that at my first look. His father kept a hardware store. The only one in the Falls. Young Sam was to carry on the business. He might open a branch in Delmar Corners.

Odette had accepted it all, as she had to. She'd been very nice about it, I gathered. But she was only waiting her chance, and when it came she jumped at it. It seems an uncle had died. Old Uncle Leonard Lincoln had died, and left the young couple a clear thousand. It wasn't much, but it was enough for Odette. She came right to the front and showed she meant it. She was going to Paris. They must remember that she too had a mother and a father, and a little brother, Emmanuel, who might die any moment, the way Uncle Len had. They hadn't seen her for four years, and she and Sam might never have another chance like this one. She had no intention of leaving Sam behind. What would



they think in Paris if she came back without her husband? Didn't her family want to see her husband? She had good Chipmunk Falls logic on her side. It was all a mistake to marry a foreigner of course, but once that was done, the consequences had to be accepted. That first evening they came into the "Rat," they'd been already a week in Paris, living with Odette's people up near Passy.

I began to meet them places outside the "Rat." We'd have an apéritif at the "Napolitan" or the "Deux Magots." Back home in America I don't suppose Sam and I would ever have spoken ten words to each other. Except in a business way. I might have bought a package of tacks at his store. Store! How the language comes back! But during this feverish phase of my existence he was a breath of fresh air. He was so healthy and normal and good. Yes, he was good. I suppose it shows I was pathological to enjoy a person like that. But I did, and though it was such a brilliant season for me I managed to see a lot of them.

Or at least of him. Odette had her hordes of friends to see, and her relatives, all those interminable cousins, the French always have, and after they had their official look at him, it wasn't much fun toting Sam around. H'd never learned the language—oh, just a few words he couldn't miss. It suited her to the ground to shift him off on me. Though there was more to her idea than that as I found out soon enough.

It was all a symptom of my homesickness to fit him into my schedule. Look at my schedule at this time. Every evening, and after dinner from ten till two, except once a week off, at the "Rat," then generally on parties where I was expected, to "Zelli's" and Les Halles till morning, when I would sleep till noon. In the early afternoon I always painted as long as the light was good. Besides, I was giving lessons twice a week in American jazz. Some idiot French-

man with fingers like *petits pains*. But he could pay money for it. There's no sense letting those little things slide by.

Then, let me see,—my hair woman. Not that my hair is thin, but I am troubled a little with it falling, and it's a good idea to watch those things while you're young. I had a treatment once a week. Then the social side. About this time the Princess Poldoski began to show symptoms of wanting a portrait, and I had to keep that little inspiration burning bright. I was so rushed I just took taxis everywhere. The money I spent on taxis that spring!

Sam got the habit of coming up to my room in the mornings before I was up, and sometimes we had déjeuner together. I turned down some very swagger invitations to have lunch with him. Though I didn't say so. I never put on any airs with him. Though you know how it hits Americans between the eyes when you speak of a princess or a countess as friends of yours. They don't know the nobility the way I do.

Sam would sit there in my room—just off the Rue des Saints-Pères it was then—with a leg thrown over the chair, and a cigar between his white teeth. Cigar, not cigarette! He wouldn't say much. I'd do my exercises, touching the floor twenty-five times, keeping the knees straight, and shave and rub the lotion into my hair, and perhaps sew on a button or two though the concierge was supposed to tend to those things.

"Where is the madame?" I'd say, meaning his wife.

"Oh, she's run off to see Cousin Too-la-loo," he'd say.

Then I'd massage the crème Simon into my face, and he'd watch me so gravely. So gravely! It used to embarrass me. I remembered that in Oil City men didn't do things like that—in public. But I guess he was getting used to them in Paris.

"How do you like Paris?" I'd inquire, just to keep conversation going

and distract his attention from my toilette.

"Live little joint. I like Paris. Sure I like Paris."

Imagine!

Later he began to ask me about myself. How I happened to come to Paris. How I got there. I was glad to tell him, for I wanted to show him there was more to me than this *crème* Simon and "Le Rat dans la Cave" side. I told him how I had worked my way across, washing dishes on a freighter, and how I had dropped into Paris with two hundred francs, and hadn't much more since, till I cornered this jazz job. He was impressed as well he might be. He could knock me out any day with his little finger, as could about nine-tenths of the American male population I guess. But mighty few of those lumberjacks and welterweights have been through what I have. As for all those literary mollicoddles who come over here, subsidized up to their ears, they can write their little sonnets, but I for one will say they're as far from art as a soap ad. Farther. There's a lot of talent in advertising these days.

As I say, Sam was properly impressed.

"Must 've been pretty rough for a kid like you."

But most of the time we talked about home. I mean America. I just had to start him, and he'd go on forever. All about Chipmunk Falls. The new hotel they were putting up there. With fifty bathrooms. They needed it. The bathrooms too, I suppose. There were twenty new model bungalows on Lark St. Delmar Corners was coming along too. The Corners had a first-rate baseball team. He had felt very badly about leaving in the middle of the season. They needed him, with the Corners bracing up so. But young Walker, the druggist's son, could swing any team. Oh, they were all "coming along" in Chipmunk Falls.

One day he was outlining the prospects of a new hardware store in

Delmar Corners, and I said to him:

"Sam, *you're homesick.*"

No. He denied it. He hadn't been over a month, and how could he be homesick? He just thought I would naturally be interested in the situation in Delmar Corners. I had to laugh. We were sitting out on the boulevards that time, I remember; but Delmar Corners was much nearer Sam than the Place de l'Opéra and the Boulevard des Capucines. I could see that without being told. So could Odette.

### III

THINGS began to develop at last in that direction. I had dinner with them, one of my nights off. They were going to the Cirque Medrano, and I was meeting a crowd later at the Ba-Ta-Clan. So we had rather an early dinner at a little place near the Cirque, the "Dauphinois" on the Boulevard Batignolles. A nice quiet little place. Not cheap, but not expensive. Their *hors-d'œuvres variées* weren't much, but the *potage* was excellent and the *filet* good enough. I always have to have good food. I never economize on food, even when I'm broke, and someone else has to pay for it. It helps so in keeping up your morale. But of course that wasn't my situation this time. In fact I was host. No one can say I'm stingy when I have the money.

Someway or other at this dinner the Lincolns got talking about Uncle Leonard. The Uncle Len who had left them the thousand dollars. And Sam sighed.

"Poor old Uncle Len," he said, "he ought to have been good for another ten years."

"Why, he was sixty-eight," Odette cried surprised.

I was surprised myself. But as I remember these little towns you get used to seeing people around who are sixty-eight and eighty, and absurd ages like that.

Sam, however, shook his head.

"It's too bad." He looked quite broken up over it.

"You needn't groan about it," said Odette adding the obvious rejoinder by way of consolation, "if he hadn't died, we wouldn't be here now."

Of all things in the world what does Sam then say but that that didn't help Uncle Len much? He didn't get much pleasure out of that.

Now I ask you!

What an attitude! I laughed, but Odette was bewildered. She had sometimes the most perplexed look in her eyes when Sam was talking, as though she was trying awfully hard, but she couldn't for the life of her make him out. I felt sorry for her. I know how difficult that sort of person is to handle. You never can tell how they'll react. No one is so thoroughly unaccountable as a man with a conscience.

It gave me fresh insight into the boy's character, and was a help later when I was called upon to contribute my bit of worldly wisdom. As happened soon enough when Odette began to lay a card or two on the table.

One afternoon I was meeting them both at the "Deux Magots" for tea, but Odette turned up alone. She had sent Sam on an errand purposely to have a little chat with me. I began things right off, without intending it, by asking how long they planned to stay in Paris.

Her words just shot out.

"Do you think I'm going back? Back to Chipmunk Falls?" (She pronounced it "Sheep-mongk.") "No. Never. *Pamais de la vie.*"

I was bouleversé. I didn't dare speak. But it wasn't necessary. She wanted to get it all out before Sam appeared.

"Sam can work here. He can find some work. All you Americans do. We shall be happy. Sam and Paris! That's all I want."

"Just that." But I didn't say it out loud. I just thought it. I was doing a lot of thinking but I didn't need to think to see the breakers ahead.

Then she began to outline her plans. She had planned it all in that cool-headed, cold-blooded way the French do. Her family couldn't help. Her father had one of those miserable little government posts that hardly supply the onion soup for the family, much less the in-laws. But Sam could earn something. She didn't mind being poor. Then in a few years the old Lincolns would follow Uncle Len, and the hardware, pots and pans, could be sold, and would bring in dollars.

Only this was just the part she couldn't discuss with Sam.

"You see how he is about Uncle Len. Of course he's much worse about his own family." She looked at me quite pitifully. "I like them, old Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. They're very nice, kind people, and they've been as good to me as they knew how. But they've got to die some day. They're both older than Uncle Len. Oh, these Americans, they're so funny! We French people aren't like that. We love our families, our fathers and mothers, just as much as they do. But we know they must die. Doesn't everybody? Isn't it a blasphemy to think anything else? We accept it. It's a fact, and we don't avoid it. We plan accordingly. I don't think that's being cold-hearted. It's just sensible. In America you pretend those things never happen. If you make any plans, even in your mind, you are wicked and without heart. Then it does happen. You're all unprepared. I've tried so hard to understand. Really I have, Raymond. You have no idea what it's been like."

She broke off to catch her breath, adding again, "But I've thought it all out."

Oh, she had. Trust these French for thinking it out. She had thought it all out before she ever saw Chipmunk Falls, before she ever planted her feet on the liner to go there four years ago. She hadn't breathed a word of her idea. She had been leav-

ing Paris forever. As though a Parisian ever left Paris forever! She kept the little home going in Chipmunk Falls. Planted her little garden. Was entranced with the neighbors. Never a word, a whisper, that she didn't expect, or want, to spend her life there. All the time cheerful and interested and pleasant, and always underneath, waiting, for her chance. Oh, these French. They're wonderful. Wonderful!

She had succeeded. Half! Here she was, and here was Sam. Now the question was, to stay.

"Sam must like Paris," she cried. "He can't help liking Paris. Don't you think he likes Paris?"

"He says he does." I was careful.

Then I found out where I came in. I haven't a thought that the idea occurred to her, the first time I spoke to them in the "Rat." You see she was desperate in a way. She had to grab every possibility.

"You support yourself here," she said, "you get along, and you know all the Americans who do. You must know some way Sam can pick up something."

She never doubted a minute that the matter wholly depended on the money question. If he could manage, Sam must want to remain in Paris. He must love Paris. She relied on Paris winning him, wooing him over to her own feeling for it. There was something touching in her faith. Faith always is touching, isn't it? I know I was quite moved by it myself. I promised to do everything I could for the poor girl. This sensitiveness of mine to the general human problem adds the important emotional value to my work.

#### IV

ABOUT this time, I remember, I did my little Pierrot drawing. Not the trite, sentimental conception of Pierrot and a mask and a moon. I pictured that gay, gallant figure of the tradition strumming his guitar on a

tight-rope, above a black abyss, where the spikes of factory chimneys and tenements, symbols of the modern slavery, stretch up their claws to clutch him. You can feel the hatred in those inanimate structures for this one creature who has escaped them. Yet you can not be sure that Pierrot can balance there forever. There's a certain unsteadiness in the figure to bear out the illusion that some day he may fall, something I was hardly aware of when I drew it, but that seemed to grow into the picture from out of my subconscious mind, and that I realized immediately gave the special quality to the work.

I thought this piece might interest the Lincolns, and one afternoon I invited them both up to the studio. I even suggested a drawing of Sam. It pleased Odette, and soothed any resentment she bore me for not immediately having established Sam in some remunerative position. Really, life is just a series of apologies for not achieving the impossible.

"What do I want a picture of myself for?" says Sam, "I've got my passport picture."

His humor was quaint, though not intentional.

"I want it," said Odette.

"You've got me. Isn't that enough for you?" He laughed and pinched her arm. "But I guess they'll think I'm something pretty big when they hear back home that a Paris artist drew a picture of me."

"There! You see. Everywhere we turned, up it came. Chipmunk Falls! And always Odette's mouth fell a mile at the sound of it. I'd hurry up to change the subject. At which I'm very adept. About half of my career is changing the subject.

Sam posed very patiently, perfectly happy since he could look at Odette in the process. I didn't keep him long, just for a quick sketch. He hardly glanced at it. He ran across the room and swung Odette up in his arms, and she cried: "You do love me—you do love me." Tears in



her voice. It upset me. These manifestations of genuine affection are trying for the rest of us. Good society is so sensible in considering them bad form.

He was very jolly that day. Actually that man didn't have an inkling of an idea what was going on in that girl's head. Not the ghost of one. He was a child—a baby. Odette called him that herself.

"All American men are," she said, forgetting where I came from, but I knew what she meant.

"That's their charm, isn't it?" I answered.

"Oh, it is at first. But after a year or two, you get tired of it."

That was all very well to say. But Odette hadn't gotten tired of Sam. But she was worried. She was beginning to see the affair might not be as simple as she had thought. She was doing everything she could to make Paris attractive to him, unearthing odd little dance places and musical shows that he would like. I found that she had actually inveigled some of her father's pathetic little savings out of him to smooth the way.

You know what that means, with the French thrift and all. She wasn't going to have him worry about money. She bought tickets herself, as he couldn't speak the language, and then she lied about the price, telling him that they were cheaper than they were. Paris was cheap, so much cheaper than America. She was careful to play up that side. Look at all the things they could do in Paris, that they couldn't afford in America.

I told my friends about them. The story had that dash of sentiment the Parisians love with their aperitifs. Their sympathies of course were all with Odette. I pointed them out to the Princess in the "Rat." She looked at them.

"Keep that boy in Paris," she gasped, the way she always does gasp. "If he ever gets out, it will be over my dead body."

But then she ripped her train on the rail of the bar, and in the excitement forgot all about him.

Things, I knew, couldn't go on like this forever. I half hoped I wouldn't be there when the bolt struck. I didn't feel I could expend any extra nervous energy on this affair. On the other hand I had that perfectly natural human curiosity every artist has, to see what happened. Fortunately—or unfortunately then, as you look at it—I was right on the spot every time. Never once in the business was I spared a minute.

I was willing to do anything I could to help the poor girl. On the other hand I couldn't resist, my own homesickness being at such a stage, leading the boy on to talk of the Falls and the Corners. Life is complex like that. Motives are so involved. That's a thing the moralists are so apt to overlook. But think all those tickets Odette bought with her own money! Telling him they were cheaper than they were too!

We all had dinner together again. That rich Cuban who came so often to the "Rat" was giving one himself, and offered to send round his Rolls-Royce for me. To refuse an invitation though, now and then, is an important secret of a social success. I didn't begrudge the time a minute to the Lincolns.

We went up on Montmartre, up by Sacré-Coeur. That's a place even the tourists can't spoil. I was very charming, talked a great deal, and took charge of the ordering. I felt very carefree, as you do when you can pay the check, but feel pretty sure that you won't have to. Then that flame swallower came around, and swallowed a flame or two, and spit them out at little dogs that barked. Sam thought that was fine. And that filthy old thief of a fiddler up there fiddled the tum-ta-ta from "Louise." Altogether it was a great success, and we were all in that bright, merry mood that invariably seems to be just a prelude to some-

thing terrible. Don't things always happen that way? Actually every-time I laugh I know it's a sign tragedy impends.

But I forgot the inevitable course of nature at this dinner, and joking and laughing we drifted afterward along the rampart at the head of the funiculaire and took a look at the city lying below in the evening mist.

"Isn't it beautiful, Sammy?" said Odette, after we had all been standing there in silence and awe for some time.

Sam said it was beautiful, or at least he granted that it was pretty fine. Probably he said: "Some view." Something non-committal like that. I was waiting to hear that there was a superior view in the region of the Falls, but, instead, Odette came forward with the completely uncalled-for remark that they never could leave it.—"Can we, Sammy?"

"Do you want to sit up here all night?" he inquired, jokingly.

But she was serious.

"I mean Paris. We can't ever leave Paris, can we?"

It was a mistake. I knew it was a mistake to bring up the question then. But how could I help it?

"Leave Paris?" He began to wake up to what was in the air. "Well, little one, I guess we'll have to go back to work someday. And pretty soon too."

If he didn't right there and then launch into the dates of sailings and the prices of tickets. Odette and I just stood there listening.

But you know how it is. A person schemes and manœuvres for years, and never makes a wrong move. Then, crash, at the critical moment, he loses his head, and bungles everything. That's what Odette did now, and when I think of the strain of those four years I don't blame her. Without any preliminaries she had hysterics. She threw her arms around Sam's neck, and broke down, talking too, so fast in French with so much

of the tutoyer, that I couldn't follow a word of it.

Sam clutched her tight. His face was white, and his mouth drawn, as he began to see what he was up against. All this in about a minute. I myself was trembling all over. I had no idea what to do when around the corner came my guardian angel, disguised as a taxi, and I yelled at it, and stopped it, and just bundled them both in it, and packed them off home.

My nerves were so unkeyed that I didn't even look up another party to join, early as it was. I went home at once, and slept.

## V

NEXT morning before I was up—it couldn't have been after ten—in walks Sam. Absolutely I was shocked. He looked so old. He looked like an old man. Actually he looked thirty-five.

"Well?" I said feebly.

"Odette said you said," he began, "that I could make a lot of money over here."

There! You see! What comes of being friendly with people, and sympathetic. With women especially. He blamed me already for the whole row. I corrected him at once. I informed him that I had promised to look out for any opening for him in case he did decide to stay.

"Then she's had this in her head all along," he groaned. I didn't say anything. What is there to say when a man begins to find out what a fool he is about his wife?

But I was unprepared for the next.

"Go ahead," he said, "Show me. I'm goin' to stay."

With that, would you believe it, he put his head in his hands and cried. Words fail me. I can't describe my emotions. I jumped out of bed, and ran into the little cabinet to wash, leaving him alone to come to. Imagine the night those two must have had together. Imagine! I tried to, I know, as I got dressed, but I gave it up.

Well, sir, the momentum of the whole thing was so great that I got him work. I, of all people in the world, hustled out in that big city, and landed him a job. I pulled wires. I was in position, with my public life, to do that. Quite a decent sort of fellow who wrote dramatics for one of the American papers here, used to come to the "Rat," and he squeezed Sam into the office somewhere. The salary was in the free-lunch class, and hours uncouth. But it seemed to be all right. Odette trotted into the "Rat" to thank me, all smiles, a little tremulous, rather bridal about it.

"*Ah, mais vous êtes gentil, mon cher petit Ramon,*" she said.

Sam, I didn't see for two or three weeks. Then I ran into him on the rue de Rivoli, stalking along under the arcade. I was afraid he'd say something depressing, but instead, he grabbed my arm with a chuckle.

"Say, what do you think?" he laughed, "The Corners beat the Falls all hollow. What do you think of that? I'm glad I met you, Perkins. You're the only fellow in Paris would see the humor of that."

Imagine!

I was glad enough now, though, to be free of my protégés. All my nervous strength was needed for my own affairs. Things were going very well, and at last I reaped the reward of my application and industry. The Princess came across in high style, and ordered the portrait. Paid in advance! I can tell you, I felt pretty good. Of course the news leaked out. Around the American crowd at the Rotonde. I scattered it myself gently to the breezes. "Yes—I'm doing Poldoski." That sort of thing.

Finally I remembered the Lincolns, and thought I would let them in on the glad tidings. I wanted to see them too, and hear how they were getting on. But I did not want a scene, or anything harrowing. I knew I was running a risk in going near them. I had a premonition I shouldn't do it. But I did. Looking back on my life

I can find time after time when I have had premonitions like that and always I've ignored them, and every time disaster has followed. I'm getting wiser now.

Odette was alone when I appeared on the scene. She was looking well. A little gray mousseline model, with a quaint white fichu around the throat. Probably she made it herself, but it was clever. She was delighted to see me, and very appreciative of my good fortune. She was surprised that the Princess had such discriminating taste, though there I think she is wrong. Poldoski is really a very brilliant woman, if she does fly around like the old Harry and come from Chicago.

Feeling encouraged by the look of things I asked about Sam.

"He's still here," she said.

She smiled. But wanly! My heart fell at that smile. I should have left at once. But I thought a fact or two might be interesting. Facts often are.

"How do his family take it?" I inquired.

She leaned forward in her chair.

"Do you know," she said, "they simply don't believe it? They're so funny. I made Sam write, and I wrote, as soon as we decided to stay. But they take it all as a joke. They write that we'll be back, that we can't help it." She laughed. "Because Sam has always lived in Chipmunk Falls and I've lived there four years, they can't believe that we can ever want to live anywhere else. Did you ever hear of such a thing in your life?"

We both laughed heartily at the old Lincolns and the general oddness of people, especially Americans. But Odette grew serious suddenly, and I had my second hint that I was on dangerous territory, and ought to get out quick.

"It isn't easy, Ra-mon," she said, and she sighed, "It isn't easy."

Really, counting that preliminary twinge I had when I first thought of the Lincolns that day, that sigh was my third warning, and I learned at

once my mistake in not heeding it.

Odette had said Sam wouldn't be in for an hour, so I was considerably surprised to behold him all at once standing in the door. He didn't pay any attention to me.

"Odette," he said, "I'm done with it."

Odette stood up, and looked at him.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand Paris. You know I can't. I'm going home."

His voice was hoarse too.

"I am going home tomorrow. There's no sense putting it off. I've gotten my ticket. The boat goes tomorrow."

Odette didn't faint. She did something worse. She threw herself on the floor and grabbed him around the knees and screamed. "No, no, no," she screamed, "No, no, no."

Think of me! Think of my feelings!

I left. My God, I had to get out. I ran straight to the "Rat" and played Jazz just as hard as I could.

I looked it up in the papers, and found there was only one steamer sailing next day, and the boat-train left at eight-thirty. I was at the Gare St. Lazare at eight. Before eight! Just praying all the time that he wouldn't come. Then I saw him. Alone! With his suit-case. He wasn't shaved. He didn't say anything to

me, pressed my hand, and we went out together on the platform.

You know how those boat-trains are. All the people going home. Everybody American. Everybody talking American. It's just as if a chunk of America had dropped right down into Paris. It makes you dizzy, it does. On Sam it acted like a tonic. He seemed to come out of a trance. He jumped off the step of the train and shook my hand.

"If you ever come to the Falls—"

Oh, Lord! It just did me up. I cried. I stood there on the platform and cried. I know it wasn't tactful. I should have said: "It'll all come right in the end." That's what I should have said. And I almost always say the right thing.

It was a good thing for me that I had a busy day ahead of me. Lunch with the Princess, and my hair—woman and the "Rat." Wouldn't they blink their eyes back in Oil City if they could see little Ray Perkins having lunch with a princess? Some day, I suppose, I'll be taking that boat-train, and Oil City will turn out, Rotary Club, and all to welcome the world-celebrated artist come home to visit.

You do think of those things, you know. I know you do. Even at the height of the season, in the most brilliant capital in the world, and you right in the midst of it all, and part of the show.



**W**HEN two blondes get interested in the same man, he should keep in touch with his relatives. When two brunettes have elected him for their regard, he should immediately make an arrangement with the Marines to protect him on land or at sea.





# The Will to Witticism

*By W. E. Sampson*

I HAVE observed, in my periodical wanderings among my fellow-men, that there is nothing at which they rebel so obstinately and so consistently, as a general rule, as the effort to make them laugh. The answer is easy enough: All men are at heart would-be humorists. A man will leave a good meal, or a pretty woman, or even a rendition of the "Meistersinger" overture, if he be convinced that there is an immediate opportunity for him successfully to deliver himself of a strikingly original bon mot, or epigram, or the garden variety of lingerie story, or even, if he be sufficiently depraved, a pun. And he will keenly resent any manifestation of witticism on the part of his equals, and in many cases even of his superiors. There is no jealousy like that born of the envy of a sense of humor. Real and lasting hatreds emerge from the fatal clash of minds on his point.

Thus, when one is expected to laugh at another there is rebellion, provided any personal element at all is present. A man may crack a joke and get many a laugh, but let the presumption be that he wrote the joke, and his auditors will display no more capacity for risibility than so many hyenas with the mumps. Let a man read you his story, or his play, or his letter to the editor, and provided there be no attempt at levity all will be well. But let him essay to be merry, let him flaunt the cap in your face and jangle the bells in your ears, and you automatically, inherently, irresistibly erect a barrier of solid steel, eighteen feet thick, before his fire—a barrier which nothing short of the most deadly, thundering broadside can ever hope to pierce.

S. S.—Aug.—9

Of course, if the element of personality is removed, our hostility is to a large extent, and often entirely, removed also. Thus, in the presence of a celebrated humorist, of whose ability there can be no question and of whose "edge" on us in the matter of wit there can be no room for discussion, we are apt to discard our armor and our system of fortifications entirely, and receive his shots, big and little, swift and slow, straight into our hearts for what they are worth. Where is the mulberry bush that can withstand a glacier? Where is the sane man who can withstand Al Jolson? But let our friend Tom, or George, or Algernon, mount the platform and unburden himself of jibes ten times as pointed, ten times as potentially belly-rocking as those of the professional and acknowledged humorist, and back go the breastplates, back go the shields, back goes the whole intricate system of defense against attacks on the most vulnerable point in the human ego: the sense of humor.

Tell a man a joke, ostensibly at second-hand. Then, while he is, let us say, engulfed in uncontrollable mirth, suddenly inform him that you yourself invented the pleasantry. Watch his face: first an instinctive, inadvertent, momentary flicker of admiration, then blank incredulity, and finally utter rebellion. He requests that you should not kid him. But you insist: you can show him the very paper on which you wrote the joke, you can show him the first person to whom you told the joke—but all to no avail: he remains adamantly unconvinced. You could not have written the joke: the joke was good, he laughed at it—it must have been good. Somebody

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must have written it, of course—but not you. It was perfectly absurd for you to keep repeating such nonsense. . . .

The passion for being funny dominates all male humanity, not in like degree, nor in like quality, but certainly in like essence. Some men want to be funny about the length of whiskers worn by a large number of the Bolsheviks; others, a little higher up, want to be funny about the fact that the words gate and gait are pronounced identically; others, as high as we can get at present, want to be funny about those not so high—but all men want to be funny.

It is one of the very strongest passions the good Lord has given us. Sometimes I wonder if it is not the strongest, indeed. Think of Napoleon's reference to the Scotch Highlanders, in the heat of one of the most decisive battles in the world's history. . . . Think of George Washington, inventing and spreading the "cherry-tree" story, with eight cocktails under his belt and his tongue in his cheek. . . . Think of Abraham Lincoln, interrupting important affairs of State with characteristic pithy jabs. . . . Think of God Almighty, creating love, and then—marriage. . . .



## The Seer

*By A. Newberry Choyce*

ONE night there come to Ravenstone  
A ragged man with curious eyes  
Desiring nought save bread and cheese,  
But he was curiously wise.

For now he spake of government . . .  
And now he spake philosophy . . .  
And now he stayed all dumb because  
A sudden bird sang in a tree.

I think the earth meant more to him  
Far more to him than met the eye;  
And at the dark I saw him love  
The stars a long while in the sky.

And at the dawning he had gone  
In tatters on, and I daresay  
A dandelion in his coat  
For a gold button all the way.



DEMOCRACY is also a form of religion. It is the worship of knaves by fools, of jackals by jackasses.



# The Intellectual Cast of Drama

*By George Jean Nathan*

**T**HAT the theatre is coming rapidly to live up to the entreaties, hopes and dreams of the professorial critic, that it and its drama are becoming more and more divinely blessed with an intellectual content, and that there is imminent the dawn of a theatre and drama that shall appeal to the intelligences of the community instead of, as in the past, wholly to the superficial emotions—these phenomena are duly impressed upon the skeptic by a survey of the plays produced in New York during the season just concluded. A careful backward scrutiny of these plays reveals a stunning advance in dramatic philosophy, an amazing hospitality to new ideas, a hitherto unapproached adventuresomeness in the philosophical fields of ethics, economics, theology, metaphysics and æsthetics. That the season was the best that the American theatre has thus far in its career enjoyed is unanimously granted. The plays that have comprised that season may therefore the better be accepted as illuminating criteria of the aforesaid remarkable advance that the theatre and drama have made away from mob-thinking and in the direction of fresh and vital thought.

Herewith, then, by way of a record to confound the detractors, a play by play catalogue—extending from August, 1922, to May, 1923—of the themes of the new-born intellectual drama:

1. "Whispering Wires." — A rich man is found mysteriously murdered. It eventually develops that he was shot by a pistol concealed in a telephone re-

ceiver, said pistol having been discharged when the villain hollered into the 'phone at the other end of the wire.

2. "Shore Leave."—A spinster falls in love with a sailor. The sailor leaves port and forgets her. Meeting later, he realizes that she loves him. This impresses him and they get married.

3. "The Monster."—A maniac lures passersby to his secluded laboratory where he vivisects them. A comic tramp comes to the laboratory and after an elaborate and prolonged affectation of terror and alarm discloses himself to be a detective and nabs the maniac.

4. "Manhattan."—A rich and fashionable literary man falls in love with a slangy girl of the tenements and wishes to make her his mistress. Upon learning, however, that she is a good girl with a heart of gold underneath her rough exterior, he apologizes to her for his presumption and makes her his lawful, wedded wife.

5. "Lights Out."—A crook cheats a fellow crook. The latter, by way of revenge, gets himself a job with a movie company, stages an accurate movie version of a bank robbery committed by the cheating crook and thus brings about the latter's sojourn in the hoosegow.

6. "The Woman Who Laughed."—A wife, in order to cure her husband of the lulu of whom he is enamoured, ties them together until the husband is sick of his charmer. The husband returns to his wife a better man.

7. "Fools Errant."—The eternal triangle of husband, wife and lover.

8. "The Old Soak."—A young man in love with a chorus girl steals some

bonds from their hiding place in the clock on the mantel. His mother, grief-stricken, blames her husband, a heavy drinker. Enter in this crisis the village skinflint with the mortgage. In the end, everything is explained and all ends happily.

9. "The Serpent's Tooth."—A scapegrace son imposes upon his poor mother. The latter is still loved by a suitor of her youth. She eventually accepts him and they send the son West to work in the open and make a man of himself.

10. "I Will If You Will."—The farce in which the right man gets into the wrong bedroom.

11. "The Torch Bearers."—Theme: When amateurs try their hand at theatricals many accidents happen.

12. "So This Is London!"—Despite the patriotic prejudices of the two families, a young American falls in love with a young English girl. The lovers finally win over their parents and get married.

13. "Her Temporary Husband."—In order to beat the terms of a will, a young woman marries a supposedly aged man on the point of dying. The man not only does not die but removes his white wig and discloses himself to be a very handsome young dog. The young woman falls in love with him and they get married.

14. "The Endless Chain."—A luxury-loving young married woman tries to play with fire without getting burned. Her husband opens her eyes to the danger of her conduct; she is repentant; and they decide to leave New York, live in the country, and mend their ways.

15. "The Plot Thickens."—A blasé young millionaire hires a movie director to supply him with thrills. The movie director's subsequent activities involve the young man in various embarrassments. In the end he is happy to resign himself to a prosaic existence.

16. "Wild Oats Lane."—A scarlet woman comes face to face in later years with the man whom she loved in the days of her sweet and virtuous girlhood. She attempts to conceal the nature of her trade from him. In this she is

assisted by a benevolent old clergyman. In the end, the couple are united in holy matrimony.

17. "Dreams For Sale."—A young man is in love with a young woman. Their families are bitter rivals in business. After various misunderstandings, during the course of which the young woman professes to love another, the couple come to an understanding and get married.

18. "Why Men Leave Home."—A wife goes on numerous holidays while her husband slaves away in the hot city. During one of his wife's absences, the husband takes a fancy girl to a cabaret. The wife, returning, berates him. Whereupon he turns on her with this withering moral lesson: If wives stayed at home with their husbands, the latter would not seek the company of fancy women at cabarets.

19. "The Awful Truth."—A husband, believing that his wife has been guilty of infidelity, leaves her. He learns later that he has done her an injustice, and they make up.

20. "It's A Boy."—A young man is getting on successfully in a small country town. His wife, seeking excitement, insists that they move to the big city. The atmosphere and vice of the city cause the husband to lose all his money. His wife, contrite, promises that she will go back with him to the small country town and start life afresh.

21. "Banco."—A married woman has a lover. Her husband, a gambler, plays baccarat with the lover with the wife's affections as the stake. He wins.

22. "East of Suez."—A Eurasian wench married to an Englishman betrays him with his best friend. The latter, overwhelmed by his deceit, commits suicide. The wench feels the call of the blood and returns to her own people in the person of an old Chinese beau.

23. "The Exciters."—A young society girl marries a burglar. In the end the burglar turns out to be the scion of a wealthy Philadelphia family.

24. "La Tendresse."—An old man has a young mistress. The latter de-



ceives him with a movie actor. The old man forgives her because of her great tenderness toward him.

25. "Spite Corner."—A young girl runs a country store that has been bequeathed to her. The rich man of the village seeks to ruin her. She outwits him and marries his son.

26. "On the Stairs."—A house is supposed to be haunted. Deaths mysteriously occur. It is eventually disclosed that an electrical apparatus, rigged up on the stairway by the Hindu villain, is responsible.

27. "Rose Bernd."—A girl is seduced. The man responsible for the seduction gets into a lot of trouble with his wife. The father of the girl, upon hearing of his daughter's seduction, is mad as hell.

28. "Loyalties."—A young Jew who is a guest at a house-party loses a wallet and accuses one of the Christian guests of having cabbaged it. The Christian vituperates the Jew. The Jew sticks to his theory and tracks the Christian down, whereupon the latter shoots himself to protect his honor.

29. "Dolly Jordan."—A celebrated actress is guilty of numerous sexual lapses and, despite the caustic criticisms of others, enjoys them very much indeed.

30. "That Day."—A husband who is a stern moralist seeks to prevent a young man from marrying a woman with a blot upon her name. He learns presently that his own wife also has a blot upon her name. This charitably opens his eyes.

31. "Thin Ice."—The play in which the sagacious butler smooths out the family's difficulties.

32. "The Ever-Green Lady."—A plain old Irish woman comes, through her son, into a pot of money. He insists that she leave the lowly old home and installs her in an opulent uptown ménage. She is very unhappy there and secretly sneaks back to the old dump.

33. "Malvaloca."—A peasant girl who has sinned falls in love with a pure young man. Her former lover appears

upon the scene. But pure love triumphs and she and the young man get married.

34. "R. U. R."—A scientist invents mechanical men to do the work of human beings. The mechanical men become so powerful that they fall upon and crush out the race of mortals. Only one is spared. This one is overjoyed to find love suddenly manifesting itself between a piece of the male mechanism and a piece of the female mechanism and cries out that the world is thus saved!

35. "The Faithful Heart."—A young man seduces a young girl. Time passes, a daughter is born, and the mother dies. The young man some years later meets his daughter. He decides to atone by giving up society and devoting his life to her.

36. "Swiftly."—A man's sister is seduced. The man seeks out the seducer's sister and plans an eye for an eye. He relents however and, upon the seducer marrying his own sister, marries the seducer's sister.

37. "To Love."—A married woman has an admirer who covets her. She plans to surrender to him but eventually concludes that there are two kinds of love, animal and spiritual, and that her husband's brand is the safer.

38. "The Fool."—A present-day clergyman decides to try to live his life as Christ would have lived it. He finds that there is no money in it. Mr. Pollock, the author, however, finds the opposite.

39. "The Last Warning."—Mysterious deaths occur in a theatre that is supposed to be haunted. It turns out that the man who wants to obtain a lease on the theatre is responsible for the dirty work.

40. "The World We Live In."—An allegory showing that insects have their troubles just the same as human beings.

41. "Persons Unknown."—A young man murders a man who is the possessor of certain documents that incriminate him. The father of the young man learns that his own son is a murderer and is considerably upset.

42. "Seventh Heaven."—A poor little

French girl and a poor young Frenchman fall in love with each other and plan to get married. On the day set for their wedding the young man is called to war. The girl waits patiently for his return. He is reported dead and she is grief-stricken. The report turns out to be untrue; he has merely been blinded. He returns and they fall into each other's arms.

43. "Six Characters in Search of an Author."—Thematic philosophy: It is frequently necessary, because of the demands and limitations of the stage, for a playwright to hypothecate certain phases of his characters. The characters in plays thus sometimes conduct themselves differently from the way they would in real life.

44. "Rain."—A missionary bent upon reforming a girl finds that she has a great sex appeal for him and seeks to have an affair with her. The realization of his misconduct so weighs upon his conscience that he kills himself.

45. "Merton of the Movies."—A country boy wishes to become a famous movie hero. He goes to Hollywood and, after many trials and tribulations, makes a success not in romantic roles, as he had hoped, but in comic.

46. "The Love Child."—The fact that a young man is of illegitimate birth weighs heavily upon his mind. He plans revenge against the daughter of his mother's seducer by getting her into his clutches and seducing her in turn. His better nature triumphs.

47. "The Romantic Age."—A romantic girl sees a young man in the cloak and costume of a knight and concludes that he is the man of her dreams come to woo her. He turns out to be a business man on his way to a fancy dress ball but convinces her that there is romance also in modern marriage. They wed.

48. "Virtue?"—A clean politician learns to his discomfiture that there are in politics many men who are not up-right.

49. "Hamlet."—A sensitive and introspective young man finds the evil machinations of the woebegone world

bearing down heavily upon him. After his father has been murdered, his mother seduced, subsequently poisoned and killed, his uncle stabbed, his friend slain and after his best girl has gone crazy and died, he finds the whole thing too damned much for him and passes away too.

50. "The Texas Nightingale."—Philosophy of theme: an opera singer is more temperamental than the average woman. Her husband, therefore, is likely often to be made more uncomfortable than the husband of the average woman. An opera singer, furthermore, often goes in for love affairs.

51. "The Lucky One."—The man who possesses his full share of the world's goods is sometimes a decent fellow at heart, sometimes more so than the man who is unfortunate in his battle with life.

52. "The Bootleggers."—Prohibition has brought with it considerable crookedness on the part of certain officials appointed to enforce it. Additional philosophy: if a hotheaded Italian learns that his girl is carrying on with another man, he is angry about it.

53. "It Is the Law."—A man cannot twice be placed in jeopardy of his life for the same crime.

54. "Listening In."—Many supposedly spiritualistic phenomena are brought about by fake means.

55. "Fashions For Men."—Unless a man has some get-up and go to him, there is a good chance that people will today get the better of him in the world.

56. "The Doormat."—If a person is bullied, abused and stepped on for too long a time, he will presently get sore and rebel.

57. "Gringo."—The Mexicans do not like Americans who come down to their country for the purpose of swindling them and are not backward in manifesting their displeasure.

58. "Johannes Kreisler."—A sensitive man feels it deeply when he is jilted in turn by the two women whom he has loved.

59. "The Merchant of Venice."—A Jewish merchant is disposed to get hot

under the collar when a man to whom he has lent money doesn't pay it back. He is also disposed to get worked up when his daughter runs off with a friend of the fellow who owes him the *mazuma*.

60. "The Masked Woman."—If a man, after a deal of planning and trouble, gets a girl into his rooms for the purpose of seducing her and she gets nasty about it and will not be seduced, he doesn't like it.

61. "The Red Poppy."—A girl who has led a gay life sometimes experiences difficulty in settling down to a prosy, everyday life and occasionally feels the need of a little fun again.

62. "Why Not?"—Some men marry the wrong women and some women marry the wrong men. Divorce is one of the ways in which they may try to recoup their happiness.

63. "Rose Briar."—A man married to a nagging and irritating woman often wishes that he had married a woman who wouldn't nag and irritate him.

64. "The Egotist."—Vanity plays a considerable share in love.

65. "Secrets."—If a wife has loved her husband devotedly for fifty years it is unlikely that they will part in their old age.

66. "The Lady Cristilinda."—If a person buys a painting supposed to be the work of a great artist and then learns that it is a cheap fake, he is not pleased at the discovery.

67. "Romeo and Juliet."—Youthful love is romantic, and sometimes does not turn out as happily as the lovers wish it to.

68. "Will Shakespeare."—As a young man, Shakespeare experienced some tormenting moods and got himself into trouble with the girls.

69. "Mike Angelo."—If a man paints a fine picture and then learns that some scoundrel of a rival claims that *he* painted it, thus hoping to win the former's girl away from him, the man is at first likely to be very much put out about it. But the truth is destined soon or late to come out, to the discomfiture of the villain.

70. "Polly Preferred." — Hollywood movie scandals embarrass the persons they involve, but if a man loves a girl he will not believe all the bad things that are said about her. Furthermore, some movie stars have been made by devious methods, ingenious publicity being one of these.

71. "Give and Take."—The laborers in a factory sometimes know less about high finance than the officials of the company.

72. "The Humming Bird." — The Apaches of Paris are passionate lovers. Occasionally one of the Apache women is found to have a heart of gold.

73. "Jitta's Atonement." — When a man finds out that his wife has a lover he takes her to task for it and it requires a deal of skill on her part to smooth things over again.

74. "Dagmar."—When a man finds out that his mistress has a lover he takes her to task for it and it requires a deal of skill on her part to smooth things over again.

75. "The Cherry Orchard."—The old aristocracy is weakening and is meeting with considerable opposition from an increasingly materialistic civilization.

76. "Extra."—A newspaper owner who is afraid of new ideas sometimes finds, when they have been put into operation and have proved successful, that his attitude has been wrong.

77. "A Square Peg."—A wife who seeks tyrannically to run her household sometimes finds that she muddles things up, especially when she declines to listen to anything her husband and her grown son and daughter have to say.

78. "The Three Sisters." — The dreams and ambitions of young women are not always realized.

79. "Peer Gynt."—A young man experiences many difficulties of mind and heart before he arrives at the age of sophistication.

80. "Mary the Third." — When a young daughter learns that her parents hate each other like cat and dog, where they had led her to believe that they loved each other, she is disgusted at their hypocrisy.

81. "Ice-Bound."—A family, anticipating that a rich relative upon her death will bequeath her fortune to them, finds that she has willed it to a stranger. This angers them very much indeed.

82. "The Laughing Lady."—A divorcée falls in love with a married man and he with her. She knows that if they run off together it will mean great unhappiness for the man's wife. She therefore concludes that it would be wrong of her to run away with him, tells him so, and returns to her own former husband.

83. "The God of Vengeance."—A father learns that his young daughter, the apple of his eye, has run away from home and gone into a bordello. The news brings him grief.

84. "You and I."—A man of artistic impulses is forced by circumstances to go into trade. It irks him. He decides late in life to get out of it and belatedly to try his hand at painting. He finds that it is too late. He thereupon concerns himself with keeping his son, who also has artistic aspirations, from making the mistake that he made.

85. "Hail and Farewell."—A fashionable courtesan, after having toyed with masculine hearts for years, meets a young man with whom she falls deeply in love. She appreciates, as time goes on, that she will ruin his career and so, with aching heart, removes herself from the scene.

86. "Rita Coventry"—A temperamental opera singer successively throws over one man for another. One of her affairs creates a scandal which greatly worries her manager.

87. "The Sporting Thing To Do."—A woman learns that her husband has been carrying on with another woman. She divorces him. He soon tires of the other woman, a coarse mopsy, and is glad to go back to his sweet wife.

88. "Anything Might Happen."—A bachelor goes out one night, meets a pretty girl, and gets a mash on her. They go to a jazz restaurant and get plastered. While plastered, they get married. On sobering up they decide, as they love each other, to stick to the

marriage. All this annoys the young man to whom the girl was previously affianced.

89. "Humoresque."—A young and successful musician decides to go to war. His mother seeks to dissuade him; his art, she urges, should come first. He will not listen to her. Patriotism, he says, is greater than art. And he goes forth to make the world safe for democracy.

90. "Roger Bloomer."—A sensitive and romantic young man finds that New York is a hard, prosaic and unsympathetic city. It jars him. But he learns that there is little he can do about it.

91. "Morphia."—A woman is in love with a drug addict. She gives herself to him by way of substituting sex stimulation for the stimulation he has been deriving from drugs. She thus cures him of the drug habit.

92. "The Lower Depths."—There are, in Russia, many persons who lead miserable, futile lives. They don't like it, but there is nothing that they can do about it.

93. "Pasteur."—A man with an exploratory scientific mind often finds that he is opposed by skeptics. Upon convincing them that he knows what he is talking about, however, they must admit that they have been wrong. This is gratifying to the scientist.

94. "Barnum Was Right."—A man, in order to sell a piece of property that he is having great difficulty in disposing of, spreads the report that buried treasure has been discovered on it. Hearing the news, many persons come forth to make bids.

95. "The Comedian."—An actor has married a stage-struck young girl. He gives her a chance in one of his productions. She is very bad. He is compelled to tell her so. She resents it, and insists that he permit her to continue in the part. He declines to do so. Angered, she leaves him.

96. "The Love Habit."—A young man falls in love with a married woman and seeks to have an affair with her. She rebuffs him. Presently, however, she finds out that her husband is cutting



up with a music hall cutie. She thereupon decides to get even by surrendering herself to the young man.

97. "The Adding Machine."—A poor bookkeeper spends his life adding up figures in the hope that some day his employer will elevate him to a more agreeable position. The employer is without gratitude and does not do so. In a fit of frenzy, brought on by his disappointment, the bookkeeper kills him, and then kills himself. He goes to Heaven, and there gets a measure of the happiness that he missed on earth.

98. "The Love Set."—In order to break up his daughter's interest in an undesirable man, a father hires a handsome fellow to make love to her. The daughter falls for him. Then she learns the nature of the bargain her father made with him. It makes her dog-gone mad, but she gets over it in time.

99. "The Guilty One."—A man is apprised by his wife that she is sick of him and that she is going to leave him for a man with whom she has fallen in love. Her husband says that no other man shall possess her, and rushes out of the room. When he returns he informs her that he has killed the other man. The wife now fears for her husband if the police track him down. She lies to protect him. Seeing that he has recaptured her love, the husband tells her that it was all a hoax and that he only pretended to have murdered her lover in order to test her love for *him*. Whereupon the wife falls into her husband's arms, whispering that it was he whom she loved all the time.

100. "The Wasp."—A woman is suspected of murdering a man who attempted to seduce her. She is about to be arrested when it is brought to light that the man was murdered in the dark by a friend whom he had tried to double-cross.

101. "The Enchanted Cottage." — Theme: When two persons fall deeply in love with each other, each becomes oblivious to the other's defects.

102. "If Winter Comes."—A middle-aged man brings a pretty young girl

into his home. The girl presently gives birth to an illegitimate baby. The man's wife suspects that he is the father of the child and leaves him. The girl, realizing all the trouble she has caused, commits suicide. . . . It turns out that the son of the villain was the seducer.

103. "The Dice of the Gods."—A morphine addict finds that she is rapidly becoming a burden to those around her and nobly takes an overdose of the drug and kills herself.

104. "Zander the Great."—A girl is rescued from an orphan asylum by a kindly woman. When the latter dies, the girl seeks to return the favor by saving the kindly woman's little boy from a similar fate. The child's father has deserted his family years before and the girl now sets out in a Ford with the child to track him down and persuade him to make a home for the youngster. She rides from New Jersey to Arizona and learns that the father is dead. She falls in love with a noble fellow, marries him, and they agree to look out for the child together.

105. "The Exile."—A young French nobleman, banished because of his democratic sympathies in 1792, returns to Paris incognito, falls in love with the ward of his landlady, helps her to become an actress, and assists his friend, Rouget de l'Isle, to work up the Revolution. The nobleman's sweetheart creates an artistic furore at the Comedie Française in a play written by himself, despite the evil plotting of the villainous Comte de Santerre, and all ends happily as the curtain descends to the singing of the "Marseillaise."

106. "Anathema."—The Devil seeks to learn from God the secret of man's destiny. God won't tell him. The Devil is very grouchy, but can't do anything about it.

107. "The Life of Man."—Man begins as a child, as he grows older becomes a youth, as he grows older still becomes a man, and then successively becomes a middle-aged man, an old man and, finally, a corpse. During his lifetime, he has many worries, troubles and annoyances.

# Biography and Other Fiction

By H. L. Mencken

## I

SOME time ago, in this place, I had the honor of praising the autobiography of the Hon. Henry Ford, the eminent Michigan *Fabrikant* and soothsayer. A practical book by a practical man, and more rich in wisdom than a whole shelf of tomes by professors and archbishops. Now comes another of the same sort: "My Thirty Years in Baseball," by the Hon. John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants (*Liveright*)—265 pages of sagacious and illuminating stuff, never dull for an instant. Need I say, parenthetically, that the name of M. McGraw is not in "Who's Who in America"? All sorts of third-rate poets, snide politicians, jackass judges, lecturing preachers, obscure army officers, crooked bankers and other such vermin are listed there, often with lengthy accounts of their futile and degrading doings, but when I look for a genuinely first-rate Americano only too often I look in vain. Some time ago, for example, I sought Captain Cunningham, commander of the S.S. *George Washington*, at that time the largest merchant ship under the American flag. His name was not there. A great many other Cunninghams were solemnly described—one of them a contributor to the *Sunday-school Journal*, another a member of the Knights of Columbus, a third a Knight of Pythias and Rotarian, a fourth the author of a work on genito-urinary diseases, a fifth a Philadelphia company director, three others unimportant judges—but not a line could I find about the

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talented and distinguished mariner who took a 24,000-ton ship to Bremen and back once a month. So with the celebrated McGraw. There is a McGraw in "Who's Who" who is a publisher of technical journals, and two others are noted who are now dead, but the far more important John J., a man known to every male American above the age of five years, is *non est*. Nevertheless, as I say, he has done a very good book—a better book, in more than one way, than any ever composed by four-fifths of the professional authors listed in "Who's Who." It is simply and clearly written; it covers its subject thoroughly and yet not pedantically; it is full of wise observations and sound reasoning.

No man, of course, ever does an autobiography that is absolutely frank and honest—if we forget, for the moment, Frank Harris. The Hon. Mr. McGraw, like all the rest, knows how to put down the soft pedal on occasion. I have read every word of his volume, and yet I can't recall a single mention of the fact that, as a public tribute to his rowdiness on the playing-field, he used to be called Muggsy. Well, I suppose he is ashamed of it, and he ought to be, for there was a time when his high animal spirits got so contagious that they almost wrecked big league baseball. But though he thus suppresses the embarrassing *nom de guerre* of Muggsy, he very frankly mentions the high animal spirits, and even ventures upon a defense of them. The simple truth is, he says, that the American baseball fan is still barbarian enough

to like rough work in tight places—that American sportsmanship has yet to attain to so high and delicate a development that it can view the defeat of the home team with equanimity. The morons in the stands want to see the home team win every time, and if it appears to be unable to win with the bat they try to help it with whoops and pop-bottles. Alas, not only morons pursue that democratic form of chivalry; it is also practised by the young gentlemen of the universities, with their yelling matches and cheer-leaders. In such affairs all normal Americans are yet a bit Neanderthalish. They can never quite conceal their emotions—and their emotions, in the main, are very simple ones, taking audible form as bawling. M. McGraw discusses the whole matter very intelligently and honestly, and pretends to no refinement that is not in him. One would naturally expect such a man, once he got a pen in hand, to imagine himself a literary gent and begin to soar and snuffle like one; instead, he keeps in character from start to finish, and is full of the same realistic cunning that has made him unsurpassed on the ball-field. Curiously enough, though he came from the town-lots himself, he says that he prefers college-bred ballplayers to those hatched behind the rolling mill. The reason he gives is rather convincing. A college boy, he says, is used to criticism; he therefore admits his mistakes and tries to rectify them. But a low-brow is too suspicious to do so; he always tries to lie out of them.

The Hon. Mr. McGraw says that, in his opinion, the greatest baseball club ever to disport on God's green footstool was the Baltimore Oriole team which won the pennant three times running in the early nineties. Here sentiment may prompt him a bit, for he was a member of it, but he certainly supports his view with ample argument, and I, for one, am surely not disposed to challenge him, for I was a boy in Baltimore in the early nineties, and roasted on the bleachers every day that I could raise a quarter. However, my

idol in those days was not McGraw himself, nor even his eminent colleague, Mr. Jennings, but the great second-basemen, Henny Reitz, already I fear, forgotten. Reitz, I believe, was the most gifted second-baseman ever seen in this world; his proficiency in his very difficult art was as stupendous as that of Paganini in his. Strangely enough, McGraw leaves him off his ideal all-American team. He leaves off, in fact, all but three of the old Orioles, and two of these, I suspect, get their places because he loves them. But, as he well says, the Oriole team was not a collection of stars; its distinction lay in its high development of mass action and major strategy. Every night its members met to plan next day's battle, and when they went upon the field it was already half won. McGraw lets it be known delicately that he was a moving spirit in these councils of war. It is not a boast; it is the simple truth. His sharp mind detected the weakness of the old system, and his vast energy gave force and effect to the new one. No man in the history of baseball has left such deep marks upon the sport. As I say, his effervescent bellicosity once came near smashing it altogether, but he has certainly made atonement by his numerous and important improvements in its technique. He found it a mere idle show, carried on mainly by idiots; he converted it into something quite as intricate and as interesting as playing the pianoforte or pulling teeth. I commend his book to the learned—in fact, to the whole fraternity of literary snobs. If they read it with proper humility, they will perhaps learn something from it.

## II

Two biographies of a more literary cast follow, and both are rubbish. They are "Thomas Nelson Page: a Memoir of a Virginia Gentleman," by the decedent's brother, Rosewell Page (*Scribner*), and "A Man From Maine," a treatise on Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the Philadelphia Barabbas, by his son-in-

law, Edwin W. Bok (*Scribner*). The Bok book is a great disappointment, for Bok's account of his own life, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," at least had the merit of letting a great deal of light into the soul of a quite unusual Babbitt. But in dealing with his father-in-law he is often very obscure, and when he is not obscure he is inordinately platitudinous. Nothing, indeed, could be much more stupid than the pious reflections with which he covers up gaps in his narrative: they are by Roger Babson out of Dr. Frank Crane, with music by Dr. Orison Swett Marden. Nor does Bok, when he returns to his story, manage to make much of a hero of his subject. The truth seems to be that old Curtis's vast success as a publisher has been chiefly due to dumb luck; he is a gambler upon whom the gods have smiled. He wobbled around for years before he started the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and when it took form at last it was his first wife who chiefly determined its character and laid the foundations of its success. Curtis, true enough, bet his money on it, and also a good deal of money belonging to others, but there is no record that he put anything of value into it; his interest was solely in the merchandising of the finished product. In the case of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Bok credits him with having originated the editorial formula which brought the magazine to its colossal success, to wit, the sharp drummer formula, the business fiction formula. But in the next breath he admits that it had been tried out long before Curtis's time by some other publisher. George Horace Lorimer, who has made the magazine, was not Curtis' first choice for editor. The man he had in mind was Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of "The Elements of Analytical Geometry," "But Yet a Woman" and "The Life and Letters of Joseph H. Neesima," a former army officer, professor of mathematics and amateur diplomat—in brief, probably the least likely man in the whole United States to enchant the Rotarians, Shriners and Kiwanians.

Lorimer was a sort of afterthought, or accident. Moreover, it appears that even after he had been put at the helm, and his unquestionable editorial skill was in full play, it took an investment of \$2,000,000 cash to put the magazine over. With so much money, I believe that a competent publisher could make a national success of even the *Menorah Journal*, the *Liberator*, or the *Dearborn Independent*. The *Country Gentleman* was shoved down the gullets of the peasantry by the same exercise of *force majeure*. In the case of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* money seems to have failed. Bok says that the paper now shows a profit, but certainly it has not attained to anything properly describable as importance or influence. Despite its lavish employment of such eminent vacuums as "Col." House and the Hon. William H. Taft, and its heavy efforts to imitate the *London Times*, it remains a third-rate provincial paper.

But it would be manifestly unfair to judge Curtis by Bok's account of him, for that account is fragmentary, pecksniffian and stupid. It suggests, indeed, a variety of biography that went out of fashion with the rise of muckraking in the closing decade of the last century—the oleaginous, slobbering biography of the rich nobody. The shelves of the old-time Sunday-school libraries were full of such edifying works, each with a steel engraving of its subject for frontispiece. Of him one always learned two things: that he had only a feeble liking for money and esteemed it merely for the good that he could do with it, and that he was a pious and moral fellow, never forgetful of the theology learned at his mother's knee. Bok somehow manages to sneak Curtis into that half-forgotten gallery. One sees him at his devotions, performing hymn-tunes at the organ, organizing church-choirs, singing in them; one sees him, with magnificent gestures, sacrificing readers and money in order to promote some great moral cause. I can't get away from the notion that all this Y.M.C.A.-ish gurgling somehow



libels Curtis. One derives from it a concept of a man who has never loosed a hearty damn, never got himself decently stewed, never genuinely laughed. I doubt that any such phantasm of the Christian Endeavor Societies actually owns the *Saturday Evening Post*. With the daring that has risked millions on ventures full of perils and pitfalls, there must go some other masculine qualities. Bok hints that, until age overtook him and he began to consider his arteries, Curtis was extremely nervous and jumpy. Well, what form did his jumpiness take? Did he simply pluck at his beard and crack his knuckles, or did he occasionally cut loose in the manner of a printing-office foreman and fill the air with blue blasts? If I could be assured that he did this last, then I could read the *Ladies' Home Journal* with greater comfort. The thought that it is owned and operated by a Morris K. Jesup somehow makes me lose confidence in its treatises on sex hygiene. . . . A bad, bad book. An incredibly mushy, banal, tedious and preposterous book.

The Hon. Mr. Page's biography of his brother is still worse—in fact, so much worse that I refuse absolutely to try to describe it. If I did so, you would suspect me of piling up marvels in order to make your eyes bulge, and all the great public journals of the late Confederacy would denounce me once more as a German spy told off to blow up the whole sub-Potomac *Kultur*. Instead, I advise you to buy the book, turn to page 74, and read the author's account of an evening with his brother at the Richmond Club. The occasion, it appears, was a gathering of the town wits. Well, all I ask is that you give prayerful study to their witticisms. If anything imaginable could more eloquently testify to the decay of human intelligence in the South, then I'd like to know what it is. The rest of the book is almost as bad. Thomas Nelson Page, I believe, was a literary artist of very slender talents, and as a diplomat he seems to have been little more than one

of Woodrow's rubber-stamps, but certainly no man of his amiable manners and honorable industry ever deserved to have so vapid and nonsensical a volume written about him. It is, from first to last, drivel, and it is nothing else. Let the Scribners take the gold-mounted custard pie for printing the worst biography ever heard of.

### III

Always, in these remote colonies of the Empire, there is a new neglected genius on the mat, vociferously whooped up by a small band of earnest partisans. His shabby first editions are eagerly unearthed and sold at high prices; some enterprising publisher or other begins reprinting him in a formidable uniform edition; all sorts of curious authorities are put up to testify to his rare and precious talents; to read him and talk about him becomes a mark of lofty and esoteric distinction, like being a Christian or not belonging to the *Legion d'honneur*. I proceed at once to the case of Arthur Machen, the English lifter of goose-flesh. For months past all the more passionate and bankrupt literary journals, both in London itself and in the colonies, have been full of encomiums upon him—some hymning his pellucid and insinuating style, others celebrating his adept evocations of the occult and horrible, yet others denouncing the human race bitterly for letting him slave away for years as a sub-editor, *i. e.*, a copy-reader, in Fleet Street. He becomes the Leo Ornstein, the Picasso of literature, the Gertrude Stein of prose. To admit that one finds him dull is as grave an offense as to let it be known, in Greenwich Village, that one believes in monogamy and belongs to the Elks. Literary Chicago is with him to a man—that is, all save the minority of literati who actually sell their literature. He begins to be mentioned in the same breath with Ronald Firbank, Edgar Saltus, Walter de la Mare, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, Joris Karl Huysmans, George Grosz, L. Pearsall Smith, all

the other current objects of dark and ecstatic devotion. Nevertheless, I have to confess shamelessly that this Machen entertains me only indifferently—that he seems to me, indeed, to be very positively a third-rater, both when he tries to charm with his rhetoric and when he tries to alarm with his cabalism—that he is, in the main, a quite hollow and obvious fellow. In witness whereof, I point to three volumes of his tales, just issued: “The House of Souls” (*Knopf*), “The Hill of Dreams” (*Knopf*), and “The Shining Pyramid” (*Covici-McGee*); above all, I point to his autobiography, “Things Near and Far” (*Knopf*).

This autobiography is an embarrassing give-away of the author, and must make very unhappy reading for the more reflective of his admirers. What it reveals is simply a life of letters full of vacillations and false starts, with occasional descents to the lower varieties of journalism, and even to the stage. Machen seems, in youth, to have been one of a numerous company, great pests to editors and publishers everywhere—youngsters with a hot desire to write something lovely and startling, and no ideas in their heads. He was turned into occultism by the merest chance. A second-hand bookseller employed him to catalogue a collection of books on magic, and going through them filled him with vague notions about alchemy, witchcraft, astrology, and all the rest of that archaic bilge. The result was a long series of fantastic and often incomprehensible tales, all of them apparently failures. Machen says that his total income from his books, in forty years, came to only £635, which he figures out to have been £15 and a few shillings a year. Then, during the war, he made a sudden and cheap newspaper success with the now celebrated story of the angels of Mons—a piece of childish and obvious nonsense, taken quite seriously by the hysterical British public of the time. There ensued the discovery that he was a neglected genius, and presently the news got to America, with the con-

sequences just described. But are there any signs of genius in this somewhat solemn and pretentious autobiography? I can find none. The author says absolutely nothing, from the first chapter to the last, that is worth hearing. His story is completely pointless and stupid. If he shows any sagacity at all, it is in his apparent judgment of his own books: he seems to be considerably less proud of them than he is of the fact that he was once a second-rate provincial actor, and that F. R. Benson praised him.

Well, what is in his books? In spots, I am glad to say, there is very smooth and agreeable writing. It is not everywhere, but it is here and there. “The Shining Pyramid” is full of the ornate guff of a university professor of rhetoric and composition; the two men who are its main characters talk to each other like chautauqua orators. But in “A Fragment of Life,” the Darnells, husband and wife, are done capitally, both by description and by representation—that is, until Darnell begins to see things, and the whole story goes to pieces. Again, in “The Hill of Dreams” there are signs of an extremely graceful style—a style still showing some of the laborious cerebration that the author himself says went into it, but nevertheless very smooth and musical at its high points. The trouble with it is that it is monotonous—that it grows cloying before one has got to the end of the book. But this effect, perhaps, is produced less by the style than by the story itself. It is far too long-winded and repetitious. The central idea is surely not bad. A romantic and imaginative boy, Lucian Taylor, growing up in a part of England where a Roman city once stood, gradually works himself into such a state of illusion that he can see the ancient town as it was two thousand years ago, and mingle himself with its people. Here is a notion that Walter Pater might have made a lot of. But Machen is too infertile in invention to get much beyond what is obvious in it. He seems to be unable to visualize the Roman city clearly; he develops his

portrait of the boy without ingenuity; he gets rid of the story in the end by taking refuge in the crassest banality. The poetry in the picture has a pumped-up effect. One has no need to be told, as one is told by the author in his preface, that the story came near stumping him—that he got through it only after weary effort, and by dint of heroic strength. It is the story of a man with great feeling but with very feeble ideas. There is absent from it that sense of sheer competence, that visible mastery over materials and means, which one always finds in the work of a truly first-rate imaginative writer.

In nearly all of Machen's other stories the same faltering may be detected. Consider, for example, "A Fragment of Life," the first and longest tale in "The House of Souls." It is actually two stories, almost unrelated; its back is broken in the middle; its ending is puerile and without logical relation to what has gone before. First we have an elaborate picture of the life of the Darnells in their London suburb—a picture overladen with irrelevant detail (for example, the long episode of the housemaid and her clash with her fiancé's mother), but none the less one full of sound observation and good writing. Then, of a sudden, the prosaic City clerk, Edward Darnell, develops into a mystic and begins to write occult Latin verses. How? Why? The reasons given by Machen would scarcely convince a Christian Scientist. The thing simply happens; its causes are identical with their effects. Nor does this incomprehensible efflorescence of mysticism lead anywhere; Darnell simply writes his bad Latin, and then fades from the scene. Just what is the story about? I confess, again shamelessly, that I don't know. "The Shining Pyramid" is even worse. Here a vast and complex machinery is employed to recount a trivial and highly unconvincing anecdote; there is actually a feeble and mirthless parodying of the manner of Conan Doyle in "Sherlock Holmes." So in "The White People," a pointless fairy tale tricked out with gaudy and in-

congruous trappings—the best writing, perhaps, that Machen has ever done, but all the same a story without sense. So, even, in "The Great God Pan," apparently the favorite of most of the author's more voluptuous admirers. On the slip-cover of "The House of Souls" is the news that John Masefield thinks that two of the stories in the book are "the most remarkable written in this generation." All I can get out of this amazing judgment, considering "Falk," "Heart of Darkness," "Youth," "At the End of the Tether," and "Typhoon," is the uneasy suspicion that a bartender makes a very unreliable critic, even after he turns poet.

It would probably be unjust to blame Machen for "The Shining Pyramid," for there is no evidence in the introduction by Vincent Starrett, who edits the volume, that the author had any hand in putting it together. It consists of stories and articles rescued from old newspaper and magazine files, with a couple of hack prefaces to book catalogues added—a ghoulis collection, indeed. Nevertheless, Machen wrote them, and now one of his principal American worshippers presents them with a magnificent flourish, as new proofs of his genius. They prove only that he is incompetent, even within the narrow field of occult romance. Compare, for example, his story, "The Lost Club" with Lord Dunsany's "The Exile's Club," printed in this magazine five or six years ago. Dunsany is adept and ingenious; he gets his thrill surely; his writing is extraordinarily musical and charming. But Machen, attempting almost precisely the same trick, is as heavy-handed as a longshoreman. His story simply fails to come off; it would be rejected as amateurish and flabby by the editor of any cheap fiction magazine. To offer it as the first work of a genius, as Mr. Starrett does with all solemnity, is to reduce criticism to a childish imbecility. Machen's own critical writings, which follow the stories in this volume, are bad enough, but it is only fair to him to say that they are not that bad.

## VI

THE appearance of a collected edition, in twelve volumes, of the writings of W. C. Brann, once celebrated as the editor of the *Iconoclast*, is almost as strange a phenomenon as if some pious newspaper should begin reprinting the weekly sermons of De Witt C. Talmage—or the even more depressingly forgotten weekly buffooneries of Bill Nye. Nevertheless, here are the books in a long row, soberly bound in green cloth, and apparently there are customers for them. Where? No doubt in the South, and especially in Texas, where Brann himself flourished in his heyday, and where he met the Texan *Heldentod* in a street duel with what would now be called a realtor or Babbitt, and where his ashes await the summons of Gabriel's horn. How does his once famous invective read after 25 years? Is it now flabby and pointless, like the early newspaper philippics of Ambrose Bierce? Curiously enough, it is not. Some of the tricks in it, of course, now seem old and obvious—the startling use of profanity, the wallowing in obscenities under cover of moral indignation, the violent piling up of mere abuse—; the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday has borrowed them and worn them out. But not a little of Brann's fundamental doctrine is still extremely sound, and it would do the South good if he could arise from his Waco tomb and preach it again.

For example, his notion that the Protestant clergy of the region, in the main, were public nuisances. The shafts that he aimed at them were often barbed with railroad spikes; he hacked and hewed in a truly heroic manner; ecclesiastical heads rolled off in all directions. But all in vain! The same Baptist rabble-rousers whom he denounced in 1897 for their libels against the Catholics are still at their old game, and now, having invented the Ku Klux Klan, they have the support of a secular arm. How Brann would have whooped and roared if the Klan had appeared in his time! . . . But it didn't, and so he got diverted from his proper business of denouncing frauds, and became a vociferous advocate of William Jennings Bryan, who is now, alas, almost as dead as Brann himself. That was before Bryan became a Prohibitionist and an itinerant evangelist against the elements of primatial zoology. It is unthinkable that Brann would have followed him there. On the contrary, it is pretty certain that Brann would have fallen upon him and done barbarous execution upon him. What a show was spoiled when that fatal bullet pierced that bellicose gizzard! . . . The man who fired it, and who had the honor of being killed by Brann in return, was one Tom E. Davis. To this day every Texan named Davis holds his head a bit higher than the general, and is given precedence whenever there is a Methodist revival, Elks' street carnival, public baptism, lynching, or other public ceremonial.





# Finding "The Fountain of Youth"

*Along-Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness, Has Been Discovered.*

*By H. M. Stunz*

*Alas! that spring should vanish with the rose!  
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.



A SECRET vital to human happiness has been discovered. An ancient problem which, sooner or later, affects the welfare of virtually every man and woman, has been solved. As this problem undoubtedly will come to you eventually, I urge you to read this article carefully. It may give you information of a value beyond all price.

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The peculiar value of this discovery is that it removes physical handicaps which, in the past, have been considered inevitable and irremediable. I refer to the loss of youthful animation and a waning of the vital forces. These difficulties have caused untold unhappiness—failures, shattered romances, mysterious divorces. True happiness does not depend on wealth, position or fame. Primarily, it is a matter of health. Not the inefficient "half-alive" condition which ordinarily passes as "health," but the abundant, magnetic vitality of superb manhood and womanhood.

Unfortunately, this kind of health is rare. Our civilization rapidly depletes the organism and, in a physical sense, old age comes on when life should be at its prime. But this is not a tragedy of our era alone. Ages ago a Persian poet voiced

humanity's immemorial complaint that "spring should vanish with the rose" and the song of youth too soon come to an end. And for centuries before Omar Khayyam wrote his immortal verses, science had searched—and in the centuries that have passed since then has continued to search—without halt, for the fabled "fountain of youth," an infallible method of renewing energy lost or depleted by disease, overwork, worry, excesses or advancing age.

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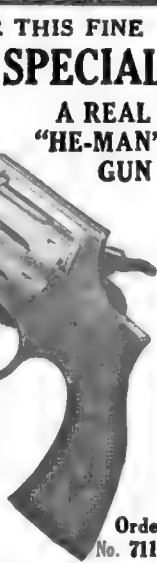
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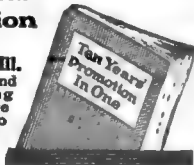
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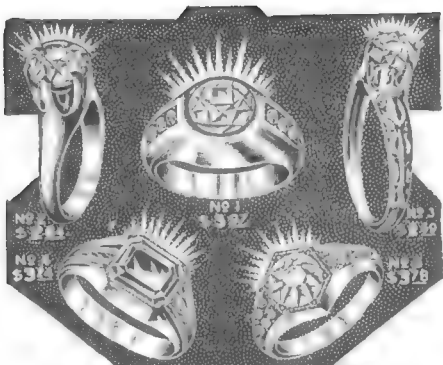


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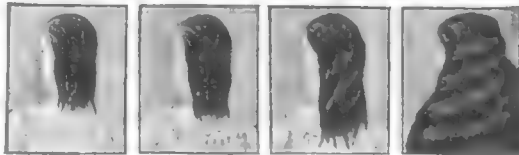
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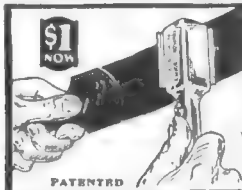
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A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 54

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